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IRRITONES BEYOND PINK FRENCH SCENE REPORT
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- OKKULTOKRATI-Knarkskog-EP
- DE HØJE HÆLE-Skal Vi Aldrig Videre?-LP
- P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S.-Sweet Little Thing/I Got Nothing-45
- HERÄTYS-LP
- LAS SEÑORAS-Digitación-EP
- AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER/BUKKAKE BOYS-split EP
- DE-CULTURES/THURNEMAN-split EP
- BURNT CROSS/CRESS-split EP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY / NUCLEAR FAMILY-live
- ROOFIE AND THE NIGHTSTALKER-live

BRACE BELDEN

- MOTHER'S CHILDREN-That's Who!-LP
- MOONHEARTS-LP
- WHITE LUNG-It's the Evil-LP
- DRI-All Reissues
- NEON CHRIST-Parental Suppression-EP
- MALE NURSES-Religious Hypnotist-EP
- MICKEY-Electric Dreams-12"
- PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS-Raw Pie-LP
- BLACK TIME-More Songs About Motorcycles & Death-LP
- DEATHWISH/EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-split 45

TIM BROOKS

- DE HØJE HÆLE-Skal Vi Aldrig Videre?-LP
- STATUES-Holiday Cops-LP
- GIUDA-Senza Paura, Senza Domani-LP
- BURNT CROSS/CRESS-split EP
- LAS SEÑORAS-Digitación-EP
- MOONHEARTS-LP / FRANKIE ROSE AND THE OUTS-CD
- BORED STRAIGHT-Tinnitus-EP
- BLOODY GEARS-End of the Line-EP
- P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S.-Sweet Little Thing / I Got Nothing-45
- DEATHWISH/EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-split 45

ROBERT COLLINS

- LAS SEÑORAS-Digitación-EP
- BLOODY GEARS-End of the Line-EP
- MATURE SITUTATIONS-Old Hands-EP
- SEDIMENT CLUB-Sediment Club-EP
- BORED STRAIGHT-Tinnitus-EP
- AGRIMONIA-2xLP+live / THE BODY-live
- ANTIMASTER-LP / QUEST FOR FIRE-LP
- HERÄTYS-LP
- WHITE LUNG-It's the Evil-LP
- DE HØJE HÆLE-Skal Vi Aldrig Videre?-LP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- RED DONS-Fake Meets Failure-LP
- STRANGE ATTRACTOR-Just Looking-EP
- KEBAB-We Live in a System-LP
- MOONHEARTS-LP
- STATUES-Holiday Cops-LP
- THE RANGER SOUND–I Ragazzi Dai Capelli Verdi-LP
- DAN WEBB AND HIS SPIDERS-Oh Sure-LP
- THE CREEPS-Follow You Home-EP
- WHITE LUNG-It's the Evil-LP
- STICKS AND STONES-Telling the Truth/Is It You?-45

LAYLA GIBBON

- KEBAB-We Live in a System-LP
- LAS SEÑORAS-Digitación-EP
- BLACK TIME-More Songs About Motorcycles & Death-LP
- HITLERSS-Skate Like Elvis-CD
- MOONHEARTS-LP
- HIPSTER PISS PARTY-LP
- DEATHWISH/EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-split 45
- MALE NURSES-Religious Hypnotist-EP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY / BRILLIANT COLORS / NEONATES / NUCLEAR FAMILY / AIRFIX KITS-live in Marissa's backyard

DAN GOETZ (NEW TOP TEN!!)

- DRI-Dirty Rotten-LP
- LOKUM-LP / WHITE LUNG-It's the Evil-LP
- BUKKAKE BOYS-side of split-EP
- ROOFIE AND THE NIGHTSTALKER-live
- DE-CULTURES-side of split-EP
- HIPSTER PISS PARTY-LP
- BLACK TIME-More Songs About Motorcycles & Death-LP
- KEBAB-We Live in a System-LP
- RED DONS-Fake Meets Failure-LP
- BLOODY GEARS-End of the Line-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- RAW NERVES-Our Banners Read Only...-LP
- STATUES-Holiday Cops-LP
- RED DONS-Fake Meets Failure-LP
- BORED STRAIGHT-Tinnitus-EP
- NEON CHRIST-Parental Suppression-EP
- MOLESTED YOUTH–We're Always Good To Have...-EP
- RIVERDALES-Tarantula-LP
- DAN WEBB AND THE SPIDERS-Oh Sure-LP
- HAZARDOUS WASTE-Destroy-EP
- DE-CULTURES/THURNEMAN-split EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

KENNY KAOS

Said something about a holiday in the sun...

CAROLYN KEDDY

- DEATHWISH/EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-split 45
- BLACK TIME-More Songs About Motorcycles & Death-LP
- LAS SEÑORAS-Digitación-EP / TROPICAL SLEEP-45
- MALE NURSES-Religious Hypnotist-EP
- MICKEY-Electric Dreams-12" / MOONHEARTS-LP
- PLEASURE KILLS-Bring Me A Match-LP
- THE REACTION-We Have Nothing To Lose But Boredom-10"
- SHANNON AND THE CLAMS-Paddy's Birthday-EP
- PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS-Raw Pie-LP / Puffy Areolas-live
- HITLERSS-Skate Like Elvis-CD

RAY LUJAN

- YEAR ZERO-Year One-CD
- THE 20BELOWS-For Better Days-CD
- GRAVE BABIES-Gouge-EP / PUDGE-Chippy Tea-CD
- REHASHER-LP / FAINTEST IDEA-Ignorance-CD
- HI-FI SPITFIRES-England Screaming-CD
- PLEASURE KILLS-Bring Me A Match-LP
- REVERSE-Complete Sideways-CD
- STATUES-Holiday Cops-LP / SUN GOD-Time Lord 45
- THE ATARIS-live / JELLO BIAFRA AND THE GUANTANAMO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE-live

BRUCE ROEHRS

"Everywhere working class men and women continue their struggle..."
RIP Bruce Roehrs 1950-2010

KEN SANDERSON

- GLÖM DA-EP / HERÄTYS-LP
- BURNT CROSS/CRESS-split EP
- ANTIMASTER-LP / INNOXIA CORPORA-LP
- EXTINCTION OF MANKIND/PHOBIA-split LP
- OI POLLOI-Ar Ceol, Ar Canan, Ar-A-Mach-LP
- AGRIMONIA-live
- THURNEMAN/De-CULTURES-split EP
- DE-ROTXE/LA BRIGADA DEL VIZIO-split EP
- BAD JESUS EXPERIENCE-Demokratia-10"
- MURDERESS-The Last Thing You Will Ever See-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

- THE REACTION-We Have Nothing To Lose But Boredom-10"
- CRIMEWAVE-Rampage-EP
- WHITE LUNG-It's the Evil-LP
- BURNT CROSS/CRESS-split EP
- DE HØJE HÆLE-Skal Vi Aldrig Videre?-LP
- LAS SEÑORAS-Digitación-EP
- BAD JESUS EXPERIENCE-Demokratia-10"
- KEBAB-We Live in a System-LP
- CONDENADA / SOUR PATCH / OPT OUT-live
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY / NUCLEAR FAMILY-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- MOLESTED YOUTH-It Only Makes You Worse-EP
- LOS CAIDOS-Complete Demos Collection-EP
- LUSH VEGETATION-Not in my Backyard-EP
- HAZARDOUS WASTE-Destroy-EP
- MALE NURSES-Religious Hypnotist-EP
- DISCO VIETNAM-Dong Xuan-EP
- BURNT CROSS/CRESS-split EP
- BORED STRAIGHT-Tinnitus-EP
- HERÄTYS-LP
- DE HØJE HÆLE-Skal Vi Aldrig Videre?-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Absolutely Zippo #45*
- *Germination #1*
- *Quiero Soñar Despierta*
- *Go Fuck Yourself #1 / Ontroad #13*
- *Ploppy Pants #11*
- *Standard Issue #10*
- *Hey Ronnie #6*
- *Eschew #2*
- *Subculture Spirit #2*
- *Node Pajoma*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waiffle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Blueboods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video. Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)

#321/February '10. Photo Issue. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed. Letters are subject to editing.

Hey MRR—
I used to be the owner of that Destino shirt Fred wrote about in #327, it was one of two shirts I brought with me to Mexico City for two months and, boy, was it a perfect fit. I saw La Urss play down there and their roadie was wearing the same shirt, but hers was actually a Destino Final shirt. Anyways, back in NOLA my friend killed himself and we had a killer memorial generator show in a squatted warehouse for him and there were shirts screened for it so I took off the *MRR* shirt and got drunk enough to let it all fall out of my bag… then that kid Nick found it and I never got it back from him. Now, I've rebought records before (Faith/Void split at least twice, *In the City* a few times and *Milo Goes To College* more times then I would like to say), but I've never rebought a shirt, but what can I say, it's a really cool shirt. That kid left the shirt on a fence in Kansas City.
—Jonah
PS I do not know what the fuck was up with the dirty needles. Size small.

Dear MRR—
Thank you for the positive review of the Hazzard's Cure demo tape in *MRR* #328. It's nice to see that a metal demo can slip through the cracks and get a fair chance from a punk perspective (although I have not been so lucky in the past!). Interested parties should note I've had to change my address, and should now get in touch at 4123 Broadway Box 441, Oakland, CA 94611.
—Clint

Dear Mariam, Layla, and MRR staff—
Greetings from the inside! I'm a fifteen year reader of your zine; it's helped clarify who I am, what I believe and why. As I got older and started coming to prison (due to heroin addiction), losing touch with the punk scene completely, *MRR* helped me preserve my inner punk even if outwardly I've long ago shed the look. More importantly, though, has been the political columns by informed writers like Lefty Hooligan and Ted Rall, who single handedly exposed me to real radical politics that I somehow missed in the Philly punk scene I grew up in. These columns, unfortunately, have largely given way to music oriented columns, which make sense for a punk rock zine! But I don't have access to any kind of punk; I live for the political content, like Neil from the Weiner Society and others. That's the point of my letter. I imagine those columns have disappeared largely because nobody is writing them. Like you say, if you want to see certain things covered in *MRR*, submit your own content! I would like to do so. I've written the first column in the hopes that you have the space and time to print it. It's about the power of symbols in prison and the tendency for complex ideas and ideologies to be reduced to simplified, vulgar, and usually reactionary creeds: zealot Christians, hostile Wahhabist Islam, and neo-nazi gangs. It is the latter that I analyze in the column, the symbols of "white power", what these people really stand for, and how, in a world of forced segregation, where its dangerous and sometimes lethal to cross the race divide.

I manage to resist falling into the fascist idiocy of most of the people around me. Its not easy, and I feel that it must be somewhat relevant to the many incarcerated people who subscribe to *MRR*. Prison is a rough place for left communists (like me) and libertarians / anarchists, and I feel like I may be able to offer some insight to my fellow travelers: I've spent ten years in the penitentiary and have at least ten to go. So my question is, are you accepting column submissions? I haven't typed my first column up yet, although it is almost finished. There's really no point in doing so if you have no room. If the answer is "yes," I need to know the criteria like word count and deadlines. So I'll wait till I hear back till I make my next move. I am just about to start to send my article, which will examine the realities and serious drawbacks of the US's compulsion to export Western-style (and revisionist, at that) democracy to societies who've never undergone an European Enlightenment of the type that makes democracy possible to begin with. It's had tragic consequences, and it seems to me that even in a perfect democracy, majorities often allow horrible regimes to come to life, so vividly illustrated in 1933 Germany.

So, are you game? I can do monthly, quarterly, or bi-monthly stuff. I'll be mainly political, but also address personal issues related to incarceration. Please respond when you can, and until then I'll be eagerly awaiting your next issue. Thank you so much for the work you guys put in every month to bring *MRR* to life.
In Solidarity,
—Mike
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HQ-1389
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Graterford, PA 19426
www.portal.state.pa.us/portal/server.pt/community/hide_graterford/11366

Hey Michael,
Thank you for your letter and the kind words. We always welcome contributions and you are right that within many of the prisoner letters we receive, the topic of steering from racist influence in prison comes up often. One common theme being that it's extremely difficult and dangerous. Your column idea sounds interesting and about subjects that need to be talked about. We do run an occasional Prisoner column, so please send us your contribution of 2000 words or less and we will let you know if it's printable. Thanks again and hope to hear from you soon.
—Mariam

Hi MRR—
It seems like Vinyl Rites has gotten a few reviews for tapes I've put out saying things like "this will be gone before *MRR* goes to print" insinuating that Vinyl Rites has some interest in this music-rarity bullshit culture being perpetuated by other labels. I press as many as it seems is necessary unless the band only wants a certain amount done. If anyone "missed out" they can send me a blank tape and I will make them an extremely limited "one of one" version of whatever they want.
Thanks, and keep up all the good work.
—Daniel
PO Box 924
Gainsville, FL
32602

Thanks for the letter and being a solid dude. My tapes are in the mail, hehe... Also, I totally appreciate the rad things you are doing in Gainsville.
—Mariam

MRR—
I love DIY music, but I rarely listen to *MRR*'s radio show when I have a chance, but for the most part I never even hear most of the music that gets reviewed or the bands that are interviewed. And that's OK. I have been reading *MRR* for fifteen plus years and I still look forward to it every month. It's the columns! Each one is like a mini-zine unto itself. I love the diversity of the columnists too. In every issue I read something about something unexpected. I am often moved and always inspired. Thank you so much to everyone who gives his or her hard-to-come-by time to the venerable rag.
Keep fighting!
—G.S. Rangnst
12461 E Olive
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LETTERS

Dear MRR—
Hello from Arizona. As J.F.A. announces their first new record in ten years, singer Brian Brannon posts photos of himself in full military gear overseas "keeping the peace." Brannon has been in the Navy Reserve for a decade or so and now parades his advance to full-blown gun for hire. Is there suddenly a new fad called Military Punk? Fucking hypocrisy! We all remember the last J.F.A. release too. Think it was called "We know It Sucked".

So skateboard kids, the next time J.F.A. milks their "day" in your town ask Brian to give a speech on his military calling. Maybe you too could find a career in the military with Brian's help. If Bob Hope was still alive J.F.A. could have entertained the troops on the U.S.O. tour.
Disgusted.
—Dave
PS Leaving address out. Creepy to fuck with anyone in the military.

Dear Mariam—
Would *MRR* run an issue with an image of Muhammad or maybe Muhammad in a Bad Religion / *Ghostbusters* crossed out circle thing on the cover? I would like to know. If religions maintain the ongoing fucked up order should they maintain the central domain of their cultures? I know that watered down punk can be safe for the masses, is watered down religion safe for *MRR*? I would like to know?
—Mars
PS I drink coffee, not tea.

Dear Mars,
I am confused by the generalizations in your letter (except the cute joke at the end...). Maximum *would probably not run the image of Muhammad with a Bad Religion /* Ghostbusters *crossed out circle thing. Here's why—no idea what Muhammad looks like, just like God being some white Swede with a long beard. That shit is ridiculous. The Bible, the Koran, the Torah? Sure. Plus, there is something fucked up about putting a brown person with a turban, which I don't doubt that this is what you mean by an "image of Muhammad," on the cover with a "no" sign on it. You, even as a coffee drinker, might guess why...*

Our business is not to spout religion, "watered down" or otherwise. MRR*'s aim is to talk about music, mainly killer hardcore and punk. We get all kinds of stuff here and if the sound is right, we review it unless it is RAC (We used to, but with the advent of the internet, we decided any exposure is bad. I digress...). Since when does punk not include a reaction to what is going on around you? '80s USHC suburban white kids were reacting to their shit, so who's to say that punks of other culture and countries shouldn't do the same? Do I think religion has a place in punk and hardcore? If it's for the purpose of proselytizing (like D** R**), Fuck No. But If that is your reality and you are rejecting and reacting to things that you were told were out of your control, who are we to say no. We have been talking about how religion has fucked us over for generations, so why not welcome some informed opinions of people that are directly affected? Isn't that sort of the tradition here?*

So religions maintain the on going fucked up order? I had no idea. I don't know if I would agree with that generalization, particularly because I disagree that religion exclusively is to blame, but I would say that the manipulation of such things, definitely contribute. Also, I assume you would agree that "culture" and "ethnicity" are multi faceted and multi dimensional, to imply that you can simply extract one of the vital building blocks (whether you like it or not, religion is one...) seems like an unrealistic "solution" stemming from an uninformed view. The relationship is convoluted, you'd have to admit, and for others to question it is absolutely possible, but not without its own risk and pitfalls which are exponentially more difficult and dangerous to those directly involved. I would say that it all depends what choices you have, sometimes rejecting the "religion" part of your cultural make up is easier for some than it is for others, but you can't really make that decision for anyone else. If you really want to be part a solution, you have to understand what it is you are fighting against.

My issue is that punks seem to think they have some insider information about religion at large because they think it's bullshit. Not so, you have to know your enemy, and there is no other way around it. I can only assume that you mean "watered down" in reference to my last column about Taqwacore punks, well, your point lets me know that you seem to have fallen victim to asserting an uninformed opinion. I do believe that the more you learn about people, the more you realize that you may have been wrong about them (our dialogue included), but in no way does that mean that you come out on the same side. I can say this from experience due to some of my past prejudices and beliefs about people and worldviews whose function I thought were just maintaining "the fucked up order" and here in lies my focus when responding to ignorance about religious tradition as a component of cultural make up, I don't care what you believe, but don't assume that you understand what everyone else does. The problem itself is much more complicated that your simplistic solution. So, no, MRR *has never had a space for religion, "watered down" or otherwise, but we don't have room for watered down, coffee table intellectual bullshit either.*
One Love,
—Mariam

Justin Briggs (insert picture of dick and balls here.)—
Your review of my band's CD, *The Long and Gnarly Road*, was extremely and lame and unfair. It was ridiculous and subjectively trite and shallow. Oh, what a little poser chump you must be.

Did you actually listen to it a few times? It sure doesn't seem like you did from the flippant tone of your review. You said nothing about the music, the songs, the lyrics or subject matter. You merely compared us to Ween and They Might Be Giants, which is so off mark it's laughable. We sound nothing like those bands. And then you dismissed us just for our artwork. Shallow. Your "review" completely missed the mark. It's quite obvious that you had no clue.

Here's a question for you? Are you in a band? Just curious. If you are in a band and have some guts or spine, send me a copy of your music and I'll write a truly rational, objective review. I imagine that you are a young, neo-neo-punk who's cocky and you think you know a lot about punk. But chances are you are too young to really understand punk rock, but you think you do and have your egotistical opinions.

Have you embraced the conformity within punk subculture? Plenty of so-called "punks" do indeed conform to all their little genres and subgenres and subdivisions of punk. These days it's really quite ridiculous and is ultimately very negative and disheartening.

Here's what you need to know about Gnarly Love. We are an old school punk band. We've played for over twenty years. We play our own original material and we reject punk rock conformity. We sound like a band who plays our own original punk rock and we don't imitate our influences. We just do our own thing. Of course you would not know this but I am telling you this because I can. To say that we are just "an old school punk band" sounds rather generic but on a simplistic level that's all we are. Or I could say that we're like Black Sabbath and Sex Pistols with an Alice Donut enema. So yeah, go back and listen to us some more and take the enema, my peach fuzz boy! Actually we don't really sound like that but it's fun to think of...and of course you do need a gnarly enema!

Your "review" said we are "freak music for sure." That was about the best thing in there. Gnarly Love is freak music and that's a good thing. I hate to have to write this letter to you, but Gnarly Love deserves better. It's a shame that *MRR* slams the band all the time. Have you ever thought about how bands often struggle and have no money. Bands do all this work and they make a decent record and then a pudwacker like *you* provides a worthless two cents.
I would like to hear your band if you do indeed play. And it would be refreshing if I actually liked it.

I'm a deep guy. I can take my lumps and I have many times. I can take a bad review but your *turd blurb* was so insipid and ignorant that I had to write. Show more intelligence and curiosity when you write reviews. In general, you need to work on being more objective. Let me ask you this: How can a music review such as yours be legitimate when it says nothing about the music itself and only utilizes inaccurate comparisons to other bands and merely passes judgment on artwork? Your spiel lacked intelligence.

I hear it's been kind of rough on you out there with finding and keeping a girlfriend. Your little puff-paint pastry seems to repulse the ladies! When they see your rank little member they just say "No. Nope. Uh-uh. No, no, no. It's a Y Be Abnormal Justin! Get the fuck away from me!"

So dude, if you get lonely and distraught out there, you are welcome to visit me on my farm here in Kentucky. We have a pet cow named Chubby and he's very eager for a man named Justin Briggs to orally massage his genitals! Chubby can't wait to see your pretty mouth!
Best wishes,
—Moses Naedele
Gnarly Love
Justin, a mere babe in arms, was so upset by your

incisive critique of his review that he quit the magazine. He will be missed.
—Coords

[redacted] *MRR—*
Rudimental greetings with a punk rock twist.

My punk rock blasphemies are shouted loud n proud out my rot to you on this day of unlimited disappointment and utter regret. Argh. I'm in cement entombed Cell #107 in this razor wire chaotic hell. A few reasons why I am penning these words,..

First—Thanks for #326 July issue. Another fine read that liberates my diseased mind out of this Bolshevist swine's lair of shit. I've been flipping through your pages since the '80s and never disappointed.

Second—in hopes I am for August 2010 #327 issue and enclosed is $5.28 hopefully you accept such payment again, Thanks!

Third—Perhaps you'll print this in your mag in order for me to find a penpal. Male or female does not matter as I like punk rock, from the UK mostly then LA stuff and Dead Boys. I got two years left to force my punk rock sickness on these powers that shant be.

Thanx *MRR*...
Up the Punx!
—Brody Bro
Brody Davis #F-57379
FAC 4B-8B-107
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In case you too are in prison, we just wanted to let you know that we accept stamps as payment for magazines-it's $4 for a single issue ($4.34 in Cali). Also, a six month subscription is $24 ($26 in Cali) and a one year subscription is $42 ($45.92 in Cali).
—Mariam

[redacted] *Dear MRR—*
This past Wednesday, July 28, Moscow hardcore punk band Proverochnaya Lineyka was supposed to play a street gig, supported by antifa hip hop band Moscow Death Brigade. However, instead of playing any music, Proverochnaya Lineyka singer had announced that he didn't expect anyone silly enough to listen to music to turn up for the gig, and the crowd, 300-500 strong (different reports put its size to between 90 and 700 people), mostly antifa, punks and anarchists, travelled to the Moscow suburb of Khimki where they attacked the local administration building with axes, pneumatic guns, stones and torches. Local administration is involved in trying to destroy a local forest, which is supposed to make way for a motorway. Neo-Nazi football hooligans have previously helped the company, which is felling the trees to keep protesters at bay. No one was arrested following the clashes, although the police, who were wise enough to retreat while the protesters were in Khimki, have later arrested environmentalists who manned a camp in the forest.

Here's footage of the attack:
www.youtube.com/watch?v=TqQFtJMBPbc&feature=player_embedded#!
and a couple of reports in English, I reckon you can find more if you google hard enough:
http://avtonom.org/en/node/12853
www.themoscowtimes.com/news/article/khimki-forest-battle-takes-violent-turn/411339.html
and an article giving some background to the confrontation:
http://www.opendemocracy.net/od-russia/yevgenia-chirikova/battle-for-khimki-forest
Thanks,
—Szarapow
PS Fucked Up played in my town today but I still think it was a teeny tiny bit less exciting than what happened in Moscow the night before.

Thanks S!
—Mariam

[redacted] *Dear MRR —*
My name is Jason Beck. I used to do the demo review column in *MRR* back throughout most of the '90s, and I've been reading your mag since long before that. I'm writing you guys to let you know about something terrible that's happening here in Houston, which has also made me aware of a trend that's happening around the nation.

We have two local radio stations that are worth a shit—KPFT (a Pacifica station) and KTRU, which is Rice University's station (I believe your columnist Graham Booth used to go there). I DJ at both stations, but this letter is about KTRU. It was built from the ground up by students in the late '60s, and has always been dedicated to underground music. Its mission statement, as a matter of fact, is to educate people on music that they can't hear anywhere else. That doesn't mean "college rock" or "alternative rock" bands that just haven't made it famous yet. That means truly experimental and under represented music, and focuses on offbeat stuff like noise, punk, art punk, under represented international music, experimental jazz, underground rap and hip hop, etc. We do play a little bit of the post punk and college rock stuff, but that's mostly just to keep people listening to the other stuff (and when I say bigger, college rock type bands I'm talking about Dischord and Alternative Tentacles type stuff, not stuff like Modest Mouse or REM). What I'm trying to convey is that it's not a "typical" college radio station.

This station also focuses strongly on local music (it has a two hour local show) and really helps out a lot of Houston bands. It has quite a few specialty shows for underground rap, offbeat electronica, spoken word, experimental noise, underground metal, and several international ones (such as the Africana show, that only plays traditional music from Africa). It's been a beloved and important part of the punk and underground Houston community for over four decades.

Now what has happened, is that an NPR station ran by another college has offered Rice University 9.5 million dollars for it, and is going to turn it into a 24 hour a day classical music station. Rice agreed to do this, and made the sell in secret—even though the station was put together and built up from the ground by the students (and the transmitter was a gift), ran by the students, etc., the university secretly sold it and we all found out when a Houston newspaper told the news. They also timed it in the summer when there would be a lot less students around to protest. So now there is an insane flurry of trying to stop this from going through. It would be a tragedy to lose this station! In our researching of this, we uncovered a trend of NPR stations taking over grassroots college music radio stations around the country and turning them into NPR stations. They are closing the last stations in the country that play good or at least different from commercial music and turning them into talk radio or classical music stations (here's an article on that: www.radiosurvivor.com/2009/12/24/the-decades-most-important-radio-trends-11-cash-strapped-schools-turn-their-backs-on-college-radio/)

The one good thing to come out of this is seeing the communities KTRU represents scrambling and coming together—Houston has often mixed their underground music communities (seeing a show with an underground rap band, a punk band, an experimental band, and a death metal band isn't out of the ordinary), but to see these people all coming together and really fighting—Rice graduates and ex-KTRU DJs are flying in from all over the world to try to help out with this. I really haven't seen this level of dedication and outpouring of support for anything in a long time. It just shows how special and how big a part of people's lives KTRU is. Other college radio stations (and bands) are sending support, and it's amazing how fast we come together when something we hold so dear is threatened. I don't know if it can actually be stopped (money seems to beat art every time these days), but we're fighting our hardest. There are massive protests, ex-grads calling the college saying they will stop contributing funds to the college, a march, media blitzes, petitions, ex-KTRU DJs who are now lawyers looking over the specifics of the deal, etc. going on. Any ideas you guys could suggest with would be awesome. I know *MRR* workers are old pros at this sort of thing, and if you can get the word out at all, we would much appreciate it.

So wish us luck, guys. I'm writing this to *MRR* because you are another part of the community KTRU is a part of, and also just because I have to vent to someone, and *MRR* has been a part of my life for as long as KTRU (I had my first scene report published in 1988, I was barely a teenager but I wrote it up and you guys printed it. You also printed the last one I did in 2008, 20 years later). Check out www.ktru.org (regular site) and www.savektru.org (new site for info on the fight).
—Jason Beck

Sorry to hear that you are getting swindled. NPR seems to be the wolf in sheep's clothing. We are pulling for you over here at MRR *HQ. Let us know what's going on and thanks for bringing this to our attention. Good luck!*
—Mariam

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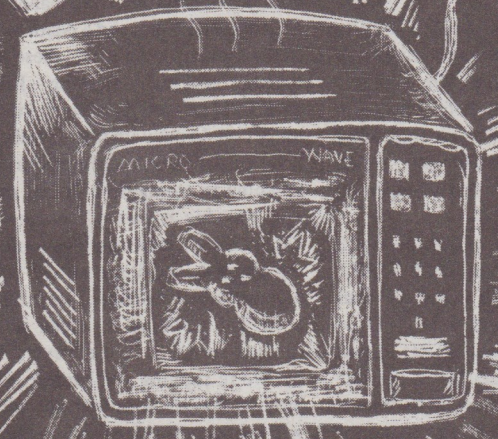

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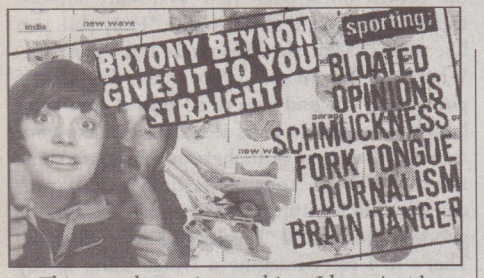


This month: you're moshing. I have just been watching the Chicago punk *You Weren't There* doco and a few conclusions became clear: Vic Bondi's kind of a jerk (I am sad about this) but Verboten (actual *child* shredder punx!) ruled and so does moshing, but here's a thing: the slam-dance is a party and everyone's invited, the less rhythm the better!

I am writing my post-grad final major dissertation report thing right now, so quite aside from the fact that I just had a sobbing fit outside the library (user error) new ways of "reading" what we do (secret or otherwise) in the name of punk are very much on my mind. Ethno/socio/anthropology exposes you to a whole world of academic case studies on certain groups of society, and my curious eye has more than once wandered to those written on punk. Some of it is cheesy, some of it is ludicrous—not to mention just wrong—but it's always a trip to read. Reading early participant observation research done within certain scenes is like cultural studies porn, you wonder who they spoke to! Imagine a researcher snogging under the bleachers at the Mere Vipere, or posing at the Roundhouse. Academia and punk mixing might be super uncool but if you let 'em have it at least they're a tiny bit more likely to get it right. (For the lamest piece of punk "analysis" read *The Philosophy of Punk* by Craig O'Hara—truly embarrassing.) Anyway, some of the reports of "practices" within what they used to call subcultures (shit got all postmodern and you can't get away with that term anymore) got me thinking about moshing. No one's ever really been able to explain that one without sounding mildly neo-tribal, and those are the meatiest parts of any participatory culture, the weird nuanced shit that makes sense to the real deal doers only, and by the virtue of it making no sense at all, really. We need to keep the unexplainable and the uncodifiable alive and kicking (pref. not spin-kicking, but hey, you know, whatever floats your boat).

Talking of moshing: Hardcore with a capital H. That's a funny one. Those dudes like moshing for sure. As with all contemporary hardcore punk, of all permutations, making authenticity judgments is lame because no one style is really anything more than another set of confused referents swilling around in a socialized cesspit of questionable intentions. So, yes, in this case you can swap your beat up Vans, Viva La Vinyl (or Termbro if you think you're above it), and the high church of Greg Sage, for Air Max 90s, B9 (or the Livewire board if you think you're above it), and the high church of... er... Mark Porter? About five years ago I went out with someone who was a proverbial big dick (but for the record a good human) in the UK's wilted branch of that kinda scene. Here, where there is no homegrown tradition of such sounds if we're honest (beyond bands from the last ten years influenced by outsiders who've been indicted into a sort of quasi-canon), the large majority of bands aim, or used to aim, to sound the more American the better. That boy was a pretty great mosher in a baseball-themed band. (For real, we do *not* play baseball here!) Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't, sometimes you just end up wondering what part of Kent is twinned with Upstate NY. Saying all that, there were some of the most solid friends made during those years, and I think I saw more Cro-Mags covers then (including ones involving the actual John Joseph at least three times) than I will in my whole life to come.

Now, I don't know about you, but I love New York hardcore. Give me, I don't know, the Absolution demo, or Life's Blood, or even any period of Underdog, and I will likely throw bricks through your bedroom window... in my head. (If you wanna read more about NYHC and miss out on the girl "wah wah" you can skip to the end now). However, my external reality is that while I weigh enough to topple any skinny dicksplash with neck tattoos if I wanted, I never took myself seriously enough to do any of that because, well, let's be real, it is actually kind of just skipping, and also at that time I was hanging out mostly with a crew of boys who made it abundantly clear that a girl moshing would for the duration of her outburst have all eyes and the harsh judgment of all genders in the crowd upon on her. I have heard "Man, who the fuck does she think she is?" and "Go check and see if she's actually singing the words, dude." And that was from other women—or "mosh-wags" as the insult *du jour* went at the time. (International readers, "WAG" stands for Wives And Girlfriends.) It might be deeply unfashionable to say so, but I came across enough interminably bullshit attitudes to question my then 19-year-old self and my presence in hardcore punk constantly. I would eventually turn that perma-bummed-out-ness around into some fairly scathing early zine writing and generally feel a lot better as a result—not without getting slammed up against a venue's toilet wall and called a "dyke with a dyke's haircut" for my opinions, but still.

My only conclusion is that the '90s PC vs. un-PC thing was so much bigger in the USA almost as to affect a paradigm shift or fragmentation of hardcore itself, whereby people for all their fuck-ups are at least aware of what's okay and not okay in the widest sense, or choose to stick to pretty ghettoized versions of punk to be on the safe side. I don't know what's a better idea, but either way it's a major bummer that younger kids getting into any kind of hardcore in the UK often won't have the weight of those arguments to draw upon. Sucks to think that there will still be girls starting to go to gigs and feeling, just as we all did, that the only way to negotiate all this awfulness was to be as sectarian as possible, foster deep suspicion of all other women, question their integrity, use boy's insults on them, whatever it took somehow, thus further isolating themselves. I have it on good authority that it wasn't just me who felt this way. Like, there's a girl I'd always see around from that time, who now lives in Australia. She recently made the first contact with me after knowing *of* each other for five or six years, and we realized that we'd been set up as sworn enemies for no other reason than some groundless suspicion and the awful auto-hatred that reduces us to what Helene Cixous called "agents of our own annihilation." Now we're working on an international anti-street harassment project together. Still, how quickly the dialectics of, well, shit (fanx Billy) become a part of what it means to be involved at all when you've got a glass ceiling of credibility pressing down on your head.

The recent resurgence in the UK of both straight edge as a going concern and generally hard-sounding bands that aren't total turd has got my ears pricking up. Sadly, in terms of the don't-be-a-dick-ometer not too much appears to have changed: still too many apparently untouchably high-status old men on their shitty blogs moaning about how seeing girls moshing ruined the show because "that shit just looks terrible to me." Of course, buddy, of course, because these women are just incidental guests in *your* culture and if their actions offend your idea of authenticity then please do have them relegated to the back of the room. Not kidding. It's 2010. Whatever, Rot In Hell suck, but to end on a positive note, here's *ten good NYHC bangers for today*, I'll put em up for download at www.sceptredy-outh. co.uk

The Psychos – "Pac Man Fever" (from the *One*

Voice demo, 1983)

Pac Man Fever! I knew this was the nexus from whence came AF etc., but did not know one of the Psychos went onto be in S.O.D, I am poorly informed and that's a bit gross, but I also did not know that Carl the Mosher was in the Psychos for one show. Which leads me to…

The Icemen – "No Guts No Glory" (from the *Rest in Peace* 7", 1991)

Fronted by the legendary Carl the Mosher (cf. Underdog *Carl the Mosher* demo, also how many times can I type "Carl the Mosher"? Think about that nickname for a second. Life must have ruled). This band's demo is so good, drum sound is like someone snapping some twigs but sure it works… It could almost be Crass it's so rudimentary and stripped down, but if someone had turned Penny and Steve onto ridiculous incongruous solos.

Kraut – "Onwards" (from the *Son of Oi* Garry Bushell comp LP, 1983)

Why YouTube is okay (see: *awesome*) sometimes: "I saw these guys at a club on Long Island called Legz and gave them a ride somewhere. One of them started tearing the interior roof lining of my friends car and ended up vomiting in the car. That was a pretty fun night.'"

SFA – "Power" (from the *Look at All the Children Now* comp LP on Evacuate Records, 1990)

"It's a system for the people but we have no say. It's a system where the people just get pushed away…" Dark and angry, definitely a great band. Video footage of this band is mind-blowing as well. As if, Super Furry Animals tried to sue them!

Breakdown – "Jail of Depression" (from the *Blacklisted* LP on Eyeball Records, 1997)

Gosh, when this song starts, well rip up my birth certificate and rechristen me Born II Skank. Also note inspired use of echo. "All because, I'm screwed up mentally, they wanna lock the door, and throw away the key…*key key key*." Bonkers from Yonkers.

Our Gang – "My Tomorrow" (from the *New Breed* tape comp, 1987)

This is possibly the best song on there along with the Abombanation stuff, especially the layout of their page where Bryant appears to have pre-empted the emo stylings of Mineral *et al* by a good five years, sporting a lovely knitted sweater and shirt combo. How darling! Seriously, though, the demo.

Even Worse – "Emptying the Madhouse" (from the *New York Thrash* comp LP, 1982)

Everyone loves No Thanks, rightly, but I think this could be the best female-fronted NYHC. It's tough and raw and even though she's not snarling it's fast enough to come over as hardcore, more indeed than a lot of the other songs on the *New York Thrash* comp. I nearly shit when Ralph found out R.B Korbet who sang for Even Worse now lives in Brighton, England. Sadly she declined to do a band with him.

Krakdown – "Blinded" (from the demo, 1988)

The drumming in this band is stupid raging, and this song has that great kind of creepy and mean NYHC guitar sound that morphs into hyperspeed madness. They were known for doing that Mental Abuse song "Sock Woman" but I only just heard their Void cover?! It's, er, crazy, but not insane.

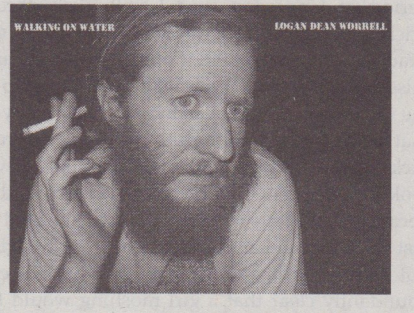
Crown of Thornz – "The Juggernaut" (from the *Train Yard Blues* 7", 1995)

C'mon, it's an undeniably strong tune. Fun fact: Ezec's rap crew is called Jewish Gangsterz—is there *anywhere* that rogue "z" won't go and cheekily pluralize!? His Wikipedia entry also contains multiple references to that time he "took care of business."

10. Norman Bates and the Showerheads – "Hellminded" (from the *Where the Wild Things Are* comp LP on Blackball Records, 1990)

NBSH sounds like they must be bad and were the obvious curveball on that comp, but they're actually pretty great in a weird kind of downbeat street punk way. They had an LP on Desperate Records I think (?) and they get bonus points for being from the "Do not give one single solitary…" school of naming your band.

In summation, I dig, and I think everyone should, the value in being an exacerbatory presence within any of punks various consensus realities, whether that's informing the designer-kagoul-wearer that they don't actually get to decide who's allowed to mosh, or telling crasher crusties to have a fucking bath, you know, everyone needs a little poke. Finally, to girls who feel like they can't "lose their shit" in any way they want to, if indeed they do want to, because of arch-wieners like lame blog dude judging them, well, it's time to make a new language (slamguage?) of dancing that accommodates hips and boobs and is all the more menacing and fun for it, something that explains the rage whichever way you damn well like. For instance, I feel at 24 that I have finally perfected the Beynon Bash—it's a bit like the dance Bushwhacker wrestlers used to do, but you must run around and be very, very drunk… send other ideas to bryonybeynon@gmail.com. Thinking about it, this is like the slamdance version of Brontez's dance crew, maybe we can collaborate.



I've never had a girlfriend for more then a few months at any given time. Maybe it's because I'm a total loser, but it probably has more to do with my petrifying fear of commitment. However, I'm not gonna lie, it's getting old. Most nights I sleep alone on a couch in my friend's basement waiting for a five-year-old to jump on me at 6am to wake me up. The highlight of my day is drinking a Dr. Pepper at 3pm everyday. My teeth hurt from drinking so much of it, and my pubes are starting to get a mind of their own. Years are going by faster, and the nights of sleeping cold and alone are getting the best of me. All my friends are starting to pair up and get all cozy, probably gonna get fucking married soon or whatever… and it makes me feel lonely. Maybe it's time to settle down.

So you walk into a gig. Maybe in some warehouse space on the wrong side of the tracks, and bam, there she is. All five-foot-ten of her. Legs just how ya like em. Kinda on the thick side. Looking pretty fucking good. So you step to her. You ask her name, sign, shoe size, whatever. She feels it. After all, you're looking pretty fresh yourself. Got a nice pair of cords on. You know, the brown ones. Slick new Wal-Mart slip-ons right out the box. It's your night. "Holy shit, you like punk?" Man, she likes punk. I like punk too. What can this mean? Who cares, this shit is gonna pop off and you're so into it you can't breath. The show's over, it's time to make your move. "Wanna get outta here and listen to some records?" It's on. Your place, clothes off. Power chilling. Shit's getting cool. Then she says it, the good old post-coital "I really like you." Fuck!!!!!! That's it. I can't imagine a worse thing to say right after I got my swang on. Why you gotta go and say some shit like that? "I really like you?" Girl, you don't even fucking know me. I'm a piece of shit who doesn't care about anyone other then himself and am only hanging out with you to temporarily numb the pain of being me by engaging in casual sex. This is how the next phase goes: I leave in the morning (I got shit to do), probably leave the whole town entirely, and never call again.

Freeze frame. High school. Aidan Fickling. So fine. South African born. Rich parents. Sexy accent. The whole kit and caboodle. We met at a party. Well, it wasn't really a party. A buddy of mine lived on a farm a couple miles from my house. I forget his name, there was a lot of crack smoking in those days, but his old lady had a friend, Aidan. Double date. You know the drill. Once I saw her I was done. Girl was so fine I'd have drank her piss if she would have asked me to, and probably would have enjoyed it. I bet it would have tasted like vanilla. After the night was over I asked for her number and planted a kiss on her. To date, the smoothest thing I've ever done. We dated for a while. We'd get loaded and drive her car around the suburbs. We'd fuck in her parents' hot tub and raid their liquor cabinet. It was a great time. I was in love. Seriously, I'd just listen to her talk. It was like a movie. Of course we had our fair share of problems, but who wouldn't? It was young love and I couldn't have been happier. Skip to a few months later. Aidan and I ended up partying more then fucking, sending us both down a pretty rough patch. Around this time I ended up in rehab. I was able to call Aidan on the phone from the place. It was all set up—once I got out, we were gonna clean up and just be together. I was gonna get a job and the two of us would move out of our folks' houses, head south to Austin, and start a new life. Just her and me. Psyche. After being out for a few days I got the boot. She wanted to keep using and was fucking my best friend the whole time I was inside. I vowed to never fall in love again.

On tour a few years back I met a girl. Tattoos, Swans shirt, heaven. Our bands were on tour together so that meant that every night I got the

chance to spit game to her. After about a week or so I was able to break her down and ended up making out in our van. (Side note: most of the best and worst experiences of my life were in a van). Anyhoo, we promised to keep in touch, send letters, mix tapes, what have you, and visit as much as we could afford to. Everything we had talked about doing happened. I made her one mix tape a day for a month and she would send me my favorite cookies and photo booth pictures at least once a week with cute little messages written on the back. You know, "Wish you were here" and all that sappy, stupid fucking bullshit. I should have known I was being duped by a cold-blooded, evil fucking harlot. Most nights were spent falling asleep together on the phone. Once I even woke up to the sound of her snoring on the other end of the line. I know, I know, too cute for words. Then one day, after a decent few weeks at work, I finally had enough money to make my way to Pittsburgh where homegirl lived, for a two week love fest, chock full of sex games and dumpstered CiCi's pizza. Well, guess what? It was actually really nice. We boned on the reg, went on adventures around town, and basically looked at each other—just talking until the sun came up. Sadly it was time for me to go back to Texas. We made more plans to visit and on the last day I broke down and told her I loved her (*stupid!!!!*). Back in Texas she was all I could think about. At work, the gym (yeah, right)... everywhere. All of a sudden something changed. I text. No text back. I call. No call back. What the fuck? Did this chick know who the fuck I am? I was so down for the woman, it makes me want to throw up just thinking about it. Then one day, while I was waiting for the other shoe to drop, it finally did. Homegirl gave me the fucking boot. I was crushed. Said she met a guy. Some graffiti writer kid. I told her I hated her and that I wished she would get hit by a car on her way home from work. Crushed. Up until a couple of years ago, every once in a while I would shoot a little "Fuck you" text just to keep her on her toes. Thankfully, I'm far too mature for that now. Some of my girls spotted her in Pittsburgh about a year or so back and slapped her with their dreadlocks for me. Thanks Moe. Thanks Holly. I got you.

Now I just spend my time collecting ex-girlfriends. They sure are getting up there. Timmy brought to my attention recently that I have dated five girls named Julie. OK, Julia or something like that. Watch out Juls Generic, I'm gunning for ya. It seems I have a type. Having to change my number every couple months is beginning to become problematic. I think I'm broken. A few weeks ago I went out with a girl who after every time I made a joke would just say "That's funny," instead of laughing. Who the fuck does that? I think Janet Jackson said it best: "That's the way love does."

This column was brought to you by the following songs:

Kiss "Going Blind"
Grateful Dead "Sugar Magnolia"
Pet Shop Boys "It's a Sin "
Iggy Pop "China Girl"
Kilo "Love in Ya Mouth"
Meatloaf "Heaven Can Wait"
Nazareth "Love Hurts"

Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com

Last month I talked about some of the pros and cons of opening a legit versus an illegal all-ages show space. This month I'm going to back up a bit and talk about places to do all-ages shows. Having a good show space can make or break a scene. Many a local scene has had a "golden age" based around a particular venue. A good, fun, accessible venue draws a lot of attention. People show up and have a good time, soon new bands form just to play the new venue, and there is a snowball effect as more people are attracted to the energy and vitality. Likewise, having one or more venues shut down and a dry spell of many months with no good places for shows can slowly kill a scene. Lifers endure, but the new faces who showed up just to be part of something new and exciting will move on to something else. In years of booking tours I began to notice this dynamic at work. Some town that you had always passed over would suddenly have a young enthusiastic group or person booking shows, and along with it a whole crop of new bands and venues. This would roll on for a few years and every touring band would play there, until the people doing the booking moved away, dropped out of the scene, or lost all their venues. Then the town would recede to obscurity. The mechanics of this process dismay some lifers. To us punk is the most, and it's hard to believe how people can't be won over by its charms. But the fact is that many people are attracted to punk, and live shows, for the social aspects and sense of community rather than for the music alone. Therefore making your shows into some kind of social event helps draw people into the orbit. Once your scene dies down, many of these people will decamp for another scene—rockabilly, goth, rave, whatever—that fulfills their social and entertainment needs. You can call them posers, but if you are going to pay the bands, you need their support. Furthermore, we can hope that many young people's exposure to punk, however brief, may have some positive impact on their life and worldview. Perhaps that's giving punk too much credit, but one would hope a youthful dabbling in an "alternative" culture might influence a person to do less in the way of cruelty and exploitation in their later careers.

The obvious places to book shows are existing venues. Most people simply ring up the booking person at a local club and book an act. However, as we discussed last month, often the interests of those in the music business and those of the punks are in conflict. Local venues may burn their bridges with the punk scene by ripping off bands, having heavy-handed security, and most often by restricting shows to a 21-and-up drinking crowd. Some venues in some locations can have all-ages shows with a bar. Typically the bar is in a separate room, or some kind of wristband or stamp shows who is old enough to drink. Sometimes you can talk an existing bar or venue into letting you do all-ages shows by having them early, or on a slow night. Many municipalities (Minneapolis for example) have a curfew ordinance that prevents people under 18 from being in any entertainment venue after 10pm. This means that all-ages shows here have to be over by 10. There is the compromise 18-and-up show which really doesn't please the all-ages crowd or the drinking crowd, but in some locations is what it takes to meet the curfew rule.

Lets say you are looking outside the existing music scene for a show space. In the early days of the hardcore punk scene, there was a conscious attempt to take hardcore out of the bars and clubs and into rental halls and other show spaces. Part of this was to make a statement about the DIY nature and youth orientation of the new scene. Part of it was out of the desire for the new straight edge scene to get away from alcohol-oriented bars. Certainly there was an attempt to give more money to the bands by cutting out the club owners' profit and mark-up. When you look at many of the classic flyers from the early '80s they are at VFW halls, union halls, and other rental halls. Unfortunately the rental hall is no longer the great option it was back in the '80s. Liability and economics have made these halls increasingly unworkable for live music. First you have to bring in your own PA; not that big a deal, you can rent one, or if you start doing shows on the regular you will probably want to buy one. However, after the damage of the '80s hardcore scene and then the rave scene, most of these rental halls are leery of doing any live music. Most will have a high rental rate. They will also insist on you providing a security guard (usually an off-duty cop) and some kind of insurance. Sometimes these halls will let you serve alcohol if you buy a permit and hire an off-duty cop. When you add this all up, you are quickly driving up your overhead and you will need to either have a high door price or a huge turnout to cover it. Since show prices have barely risen over 25 years, chances are your expenses will outweigh your take at the door and there will be no money left for the bands.

On the other extreme are house shows. Someone's basement, practice room, or whatever you can usually book for free or for a nominal sum. The house party atmosphere always draws a good crowd of people who are just there because it's a house party rather than a show. On the con side, these kind of shows are hard to collect money at, get crowded, have poor sound, and are always at risk of being shut down by the cops. Some people complain too that house shows become elitist or clique-oriented around the people/crew whose house hosts the show. I've been to a lot of house shows where the band was kind of an afterthought to a bunch of friends hanging out or partying. I can remember a few times where more people were upstairs watching

a movie or listening to records than actually watching the band playing in the basement. I have been to a lot of great house shows. I've also been to a lot of house shows that no one showed up to because it wasn't promoted, or where the show sucked because of poor sound, or I ended up stuck behind the hot water heater in a tiny room where I can't see anything.

Between these two extremes is where I prefer to look for show spaces. It takes some work, but by hunting around and being unorthodox you can often find a good show space that is the right mix of a good vibe and a decent sound/view of the bands that's not too expensive.

Warehouse/loft spaces: to my mind these are some of the best show spaces. Some people rent a warehouse in an industrial area, convert part of it into living spaces, and leave a part for shows. Or some artists, bikers, whatever have some kind of industrial space converted into a loft living space or use it as some kind of work shop/studio/practice room. Usually you can get away with rigging up decent sound in a place like this. There's hopefully enough space for bands and gear and you can see the bands play. The atmosphere at a show like this is usually a good compromise between a house party and a club show. It's easier to take money at the door, and more likely to be a "neutral" kind of environment than a house show. These kind of places always run the risk of being shut down by the cops, but since they are typically not in a residential area there is less likelihood for complaints. The upside of using someone else's space like this over renting your own is that you don't have to cover overhead, just give the people who live/work there some money each time you do a show.

A corollary of this kind of show space is any industrial workspace or vacant storefront. There is a lot of underutilized commercial real estate in post-industrial America, and you might find a business owner happy to rent out a back room or workshop for a night or weekend for a show. I've been to some pretty cool shows in auto repair shops or other kinds of workspaces.

Another angle is to work the local art and theater community. This scene has a pretty DIY / underground fringe of artists and the like who all have studios/theaters/galleries that often go unused much of the time. This group of people are often happy to have any additional revenue stream, and some of them are somewhat sympathetic to the ideals of punk. If you can book your shows around their theater or gallery times you can usually get a decent space for cheap, and it's often in a good location as well.

Movie theaters can be a real challenge. Every old neighborhood in America has or had several local theaters. Those still standing are rarely still used for movies, but sometimes have been converted to other uses. You can rent such a space sometimes, but they are not the best for shows. Movie theaters have seats and are huge. A big crowd looks small inside a huge room and the seats are usually poorly placed for live music. Still, if it's the right size, price, and location, sometimes these can be good show spaces.

Community centers often have the same restrictions as rental halls. But sometimes you can get them for free if you live in the community. Sometimes you can work with local community activist types to build up a local scene around a community center. Here in Minneapolis the community centers require the same kind of insurance and security as most rental halls and also most of them prohibit amplified music.

Barns and storage buildings abound in rural areas, but are only usually a good setting for a weekend fest/camp-out as most people aren't motivated to drive an hour out of town to see a band play in a hay loft.

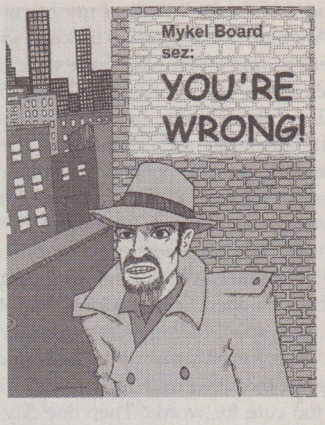
Roller rinks are still common in some areas and not nearly as popular as they once were. Sometimes you can rent these out for the night for pretty cheap. I've actually been to quite a few shows at roller rinks. Punks skating can be pretty ridiculous, but for the right band / scene this could work out.

In a lot of places you can get a permit to have an event in a public park. I've never been into this kind of show. The sound sucks, it's often during the daytime, and it's notoriously hard to collect money or control the kind of drunk troublemakers who tend to show up to any free outdoor event. Here in Minneapolis you need some kind of permit and insurance to have an outdoor event. You can buy an alcohol permit to have drinks, but again, you have to hire an off-duty cop to do so. Otherwise you run the risk of the police shutting down even a permitted show because of public drinking.

A corollary of the outdoor park show is the generator show. Basically finding any desolate space where no one will complain, trucking in a PA and generator, and having a show. These shows suffer from all the downsides of any outdoor show, but can probably result in a better vibe than a permitted show in a city park.

As we discussed last month, the secret ingredient to success in the music business is often alcohol. Unless you are booking strictly straight edge hardcore shows, you will find that your attendance jumps way up any place you allow people to bring their own booze or have a keg. This also makes you way more likely to be shut down by the police. On the other hand, if you run a strict alcohol-free venue, you may stay around longer, but your attendance will suffer. Live music is heavily "subsidized" by the drinking and social aspects of any scene. A good test is always to take a band that's popular in bars and put them into an all-ages setting and see how many people show up just because they like the music. Likewise, a lot of bands tour the house party circuit and think they are much better/more popular than they actually are. Taken out of a setting where everyone is drunk and knows each other a lot of these bands turn out to be pretty weak and uninspired.

Lastly, I would also note that having a violent/thug vibe at your shows will quickly kill off attendance. I saw this first hand in DC in the early '80s where a handful of skinheads basically shut down one of the biggest hardcore scenes anywhere. If you start having a lot of violence or rival crews showing up at your gigs to duke it out, the violence and drama will quickly eclipse the fun/entertainment vibe. While this seems to be a big deal with some kinds of thug hardcore bands, it will quickly drive away the audience for most other kinds of music.



"What is the reward for pointing out that everyone's walking around carrying bucketfuls of shit? They dump the buckets on you. They feel lighter, and you get covered in shit." —Jim Goad

It must've been the Guinness. I can feel the rumblings on my right side, right above my hipbone. The painful gurgle-gurgle, the mucilaginous brownitude. Bubbling up slowly, then across… inch by painful inch… down the left side. Ah, the delicious pain. My sphincter spontaneously fights the flow. Open the gates! Please, open the gates. There's a drop… then another… then…

Mykel! What the fuck?!!

It's Sid Yiddish, my friend and editor, typing in italics. Whatcha doin' in my column, Sid?

I don't mind doing this for you… for free I might add… but every month there's some scat I have to… er… sit through. You're obsessed with shit. I don't get it. Can't you write about anything but shit?

He's right. I write shit. I talk shit. Why?

Mark Twain and Ben Weasel have both sung the praises of a good shit. Both complained that fecal matters get the short shrift in the war between shit and fuck. I agree.

Shit has a lot going for it. You don't have to tell a good shit you love it… or make it breakfast in the morning. That's for starters.

But there's another reason I'm shit obsessed. There's just so much of it.

Flashback: The year is 1968. It's the Vietnam War times. There is a law: local draft boards have to include any "information" you send them. Your records must be complete *as you see fit to complete them.*

The idea is that people send their draft boards all the reasons they shouldn't be drafted. The board has to consider all this information. To do so fairly, they have to add anything you want to your file. I'm packaging a dead mouse I found in the corner of my dorm room, snapped in half by one of those snappy traps. I've liberated the body from the trap, put it in tissue paper, put that in a shoebox.

On a plain piece of typing paper, I write: *"Please add this to my files on record at the draft board. Thank you, Mykel* (actually, then it was Michael) *J. Board."* I add my SS number.

Now I tape the shoebox shut. On top of the

box, right under the Keds logo, I write the name of my draft board, and its office address, somewhere in Ronkonkoma.

I don't put a return address on the box. But I do put on a lot of postage.

Since it costs six cents to mail an ordinary letter, I figure twenty stamps should be more than enough.

I take an entire stamp sheet… Law and Order stamps… lick the back… the whole sheet, and wrap it from the top of the package around the side. I slip the package into the corner mailbox, then return to my dorm room.

There is nothing left. Nothing to show. The spot where the package lay, the stamps, the box, have no record. No shit.

NOW: I'm sadly packing my copy of *Humungousfungusamongus*. Sold it on GEMM to someone in Japan for $19.90. Plus shipping. Of course, I charge way too much for the shipping. That's how you do it these days.

Shipping charges don't make up for the sadness of parting with an LP I love… but sometimes you gotta eat, and pay the bar bill.

I print a shipping label and peel it off a waxed backing sheet. Then I put the packing slip in an envelope, pull off a strip of vinyl, and seal the envelope. Then I take a stamp from another waxed sheet of paper, peel it off, and stick it on the package.

I've sent something 12,000 miles away, and I'm left with more than I started with. Stupid little strips of plastic. Label backings. Remnants of sealings that used to leave nothing. A bunch of shit.

Lately, everything makes shit.

I can't buy a bottle of *One-A-Day Vitamins* without a plastic-sealed cap, an inner aluminum seal, the whole bottle in a box with six pages of *instructions*… and a coupon. Instructions for *One-A-Day* Vitamins??? Hmmm, I wonder what the dosage is.

Shit! Shit! And more shit!

Susan-of-the-Apple-Worshippers butts in: *But Mykel, you are the one who rants against iPods and e-readers. Those things* ***reduce*** *shit. Think of all the trees not cut down to make books. Think of all the oil saved in not making CDs and records…*

No! No! No!

Books are NOT shit. Records are not shit. They are things we use. We hold them. Use them. Use them again. Give them away. Sell them on GEMM.

Cut to the desert island: You've been stranded for a year. There's fruit and fresh water… you can even catch a fish or two once in a while.

What's really killing is the boredom. Jerking off doesn't do it anymore. Your dick's got a friction sore as big as your thumbnail.

Construction doesn't do it either. You've made a house, a rain-catching station, a lean-to, and a life-size *special friend*.

Looking out toward the ocean, you see that the sea is a bit rough today. Waves blow in from the water, leaving shells and odd debris in their wake.

You're safe on high ground. You can watch without fear as the white caps come further and further inland. You drift to sleep to the sound of the waves.

In the morning, the beach is littered with debris. Plates, plastic bottles, an energy-saving light bulb. It looks like wreckage, but maybe it's just garbage, dumped by a luxury cruiser.

Wait. There's something in the distance. Small and square. Ah, to have a book. Something to hold. To read and reread. It would be a dream come true. An escape from the boredom of one day just following another.

You walk over to the object. Too thin for *Moby Dick*, maybe it's *The Unlimited Dream Company*. That would be even better. If the pages are wet, you can separate them and dry them in the sun. In a day, they'll be readable.

It's hard to make it out until you're right there on top of it. An iPad.

Jeezus fuckin' Christ. What are you gonna do with that piece of shit?

Nowadays: Amazon just announced that its sales of e-books have just surpassed its sales of hardcover books. What the fuck?

My Kindle-toting friends agree with Susan. "Mykel! E-books are eco-friendly. You don't need to kill trees to make them!"

Eco-friendly my shit-streaked ass!

If I read a book, I can give it to a friend. Sell it on Amazon. It'll stay in circulation. Like a bad cold, it'll go from one person to another. A traveler will pick it up, leave it somewhere. Another traveler will pick it up. Maybe someone will donate it to their local library or to the university library in Mongolia.

E-books? Try donating ten of 'em to your local library. Try selling 'em on Second Ave… or selling 'em back to Amazon. Try throwing 'em overboard, hoping they'll wash up where someone else can read 'em.

Worse than that, in two years new machines won't be able to read the old formats. Your collection will be outdated, needing a new e-reader, a different format. More software. A more powerful computer. More shit.

Remember when you could just visit someone and look at their family photo album? Now? Fuhgeddaboudit. You need a computer, an internet connection, and Facebook. Shit, shit, and more shit.

Exactly Now: I sit at McDonald's off the Garden State Parkway in New Jersey. I'm on my way to read at a place called The Loft in New Brunswick. Chris, the guy who invited me, ran the shows at The Loft. It's also a living place, hangout, and art studio.

A couple months ago, Chris Facebooked me that he wanted to meet me. Set up a show around my reading. A few bands, a music stand to read from, a place to crash for the night, beer. What more could I want? (Yeah, I know.)

After hemming and hawing for a couple months, I decide to go. Chris seems like a good guy, and says he wants to meet me.

Besides, New Brunswick is the home of Rutgers University, alma mater of *MRR* founder and first patriarch Tim Yohannon. It'll be fun to go there.

As far as I know, Tim's not buried there, though. I don't think he's buried anywhere. His ashes were spread, I hope, among the buffalo dung in Golden Gate Park. That's the way he wanted it.

Just before the show, I check back onto the event site on Facebook.

"Is the show still going on?"

"Is it going to be a memorial?"

"I think Chris would've wanted it to go on. We'll have it," writes his girlfriend, Jupiter.

Huh?

The organizer died? He invites me to speak and then goes joining Tim with the buffalo? Holy shit! What's going on?

So here I sit wondering what's gonna happen tonight.

I stopped in McDonald's only to get a drink of water and write this column.

Water?

No water fountains here.

If I take a drink from a drinking fountain, that's it. The water travels from the fountain to my mouth. A pure transaction… like a blowjob.

Now?

I can *buy* water. Plastic bottled water where the chemicals in the plastic leach into the water. This includes an especially dangerous material called *antimony:*

…small doses of antimony can make you feel ill and depressed. Larger quantities chemists say, can cause violent vomiting and even death.

Instead of a drinking fountain, I get chemical death. Water wrapped in shit. Not only that. The number one ingredient in the so-called *Vitamin* Water (after water, that is) is *sugar*… in "crystalline fructose" form. The next ingredient? *Sugar* (cane sugar).

Vitamin Water, my shitty ass! It's a blowjob with a condom. Yuck!

And I have a bottle left over. More shit.

From here I go to The Loft. My reading turned into a memorial. I'll let you know what shit goes down.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

—>*You want wings on that airplane? dept.:* Federal watchdogs are demanding that airlines disclose their fees up front. That $99 flight to Philadelphia can end up costing a month's pay. A few people think you should know before you go.

Ryan Air was the worst, promising to charge for bathroom use. Shit on the floor, I say.

Now, Spirit Airlines is adding a fee for carry-on bags, starting at $20 per bag each way. Spirit's CEO told Congress that bringing luggage on vacation is "not essential to travel."

—>*What about exposure to Christians? dept.:* An industry group established by Congress recommended that the federal government provide financial incentives for companies to "address the psychological impact on employees of exposure to disturbing images on the internet."

Mr. Nigam, co-chairman of the Online Safety and Technology Working Group, said global outsourcing firms that moderate content for many large Internet companies do not offer therapeutic care to their workers.

The group says that workers who have to cen-

sor photos for Myspace, Facebook, and other websites are "seriously damaged" by the content of some of those photos.

The group's recommendations have been submitted to the National Telecommunications and Information Administration, which advises the White House on digital policy.

—>*You can teach, but you can't preach dept.*: Americans United for the Separation of Church and State reports that Christian punk band You Can Run But You Cannot Hide performs in schools with the goal of "speaking to kids in our schools about the Constitution and suicide prevention". The schools go for it.

Then, they learn the *method* of suicide prevention. According to the band, it's "our own testimony of how Christ turned our lives around." And why do they perform in public schools? "So we can get the light into kids' hands in public schools." Now what was it about The Constitution? You know that separation of church and state thing?

—>*But is it okay to talk to her about capitalism? dept.*: The same organization reports that Pennsylvania's top court has ruled that a father has a First Amendment right to discuss polygamy with his daughter.

The court said: "Where there is no finding that discussing such matters constitutes a grave threat of harm to the child, there is insufficient basis for the court to infringe of a parent's constitutionally protected right to speak to a child about religion as he or she sees fit."

The court was asked to rule during a custody dispute between the defendant and his ex-wife. The wife told the court that the man's belief in polygamy ended their marriage and she did not want her ten-year-old daughter exposed to that concept.

—>*Times change dept.*: The Boy Scouts of America are now offering a merit badge in *video gaming*. I wonder if it's a *virtual* merit badge. As for me, I had to skin raccoons for my merit badges.

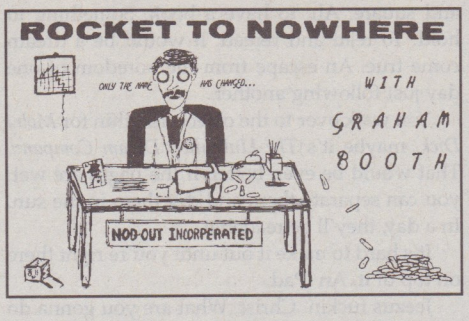
—>*Sounds like* Birth of a Nation *dept.*: An Israeli court convicted a Palestinian man of rape. Why? Because he told the girl his name was David instead of his real name, *Sabbar*. The girl thought he was Jewish and fucked him. Word got out and she sued... and won. "Rape by deception" was the verdict. And what non-virginal male wouldn't be guilty of that?

Can you imagine? A light-skinned Negro saying he's white. Then the truth comes out. Lynch him! If there were any doubt about the racist state... both of them. Well, how can you answer that?

—>Oh yeah, the show in New Brunswick. It was *great!!!* The crowd was great. The other bands were great (including one with members of the Murder Junkies... and yes, Dino stuck drumsticks up his ass... but only two!) Most of all Jupiter... Chris's girlfriend... put together a spectacular show... followed the next day by an even more spectacular memorial.

This was *the shit!* In the best possible way. Chris must've been pretty special to have so many great friends. The memorial was filled with Chris's drawings, some photos, lots of candles, and even more loving people. I'm not a sentimental guy, but who couldn't have been touched by it all. Chris surely didn't die... but lives in Jupiter... and others. You can see some of my photos from the show at: http://tiny.cc/Chrismemorial

Thanks, Chris. It was great to meet you!



Another month comes and goes. If you haven't heard, we are still enduring a long and shitty recession. Every news report I read is about how weak the economy is, how unemployment numbers are growing, and how things are looking like they will get worse before they get better. I don't really know what will happen, but I do know job prospects are pretty grim for me in my industry... Architecture. So while I continue not designing buildings, I have plenty of downtime to be out looking for records. Or should I say, *in* looking for records, as most of the good ones seem to only be available on the internets.

So this month I'll continue where I left off last month with the month's Recession Busters eDigs. I'm not sure any of this month's acquisitions come close to last month in terms of cash value, but I've had a lot of fun revisiting some longtime faves on the cheap along with a few new surprises. A solid early buy was the OG Bad Trip pressing of ANGRY SAMOANS *Back From Samoa* LP—still in shrink!—for $10. What a fucking killer album! All these years I always had Side A glued to the deck, this time I flipped it over and it's like having a brand new album. This is a great example of a record that sometimes commands $50+, but is obscure enough and exists in enough quantities that you can still find an original pressing on the cheap. It doesn't hurt for the seller to misspell SOMAONS either! MORAN!

A nice surprise was one I've never had before: the Dutch *PUNK IN BROUWERSHOECK* compilation LP for GBP 15. I'm not sure what Euroman typically asks for this, but it's on lots of wantlists; anything under $30 seems like a deal. Also it looks like there are two cover versions: a black and white cover; and a colored cover which is what I got. I haven't got up the nerve to listen to side two with live tracks from CAPTAIN SENSIBLE. I have listened to Side 1 and it's a real scorcher. Germans would call this a "cracker". My favorite shit is MURDER INC, this is a really early track when they had a girl singer and she sounds fucking pissed! Everything on Side 1 is killer, and most of the bands are obscure as fukk and probably never had other releases. Shits on blogs for all you mp3 collectros, just be careful with the spelling.

More shit, a cheap Texas punk pickup, THE SKUNKS *Cheap Girl* 7" double pack for $16. This is the second single(s) from Austin's SKUNKS, surprisingly ignored by most. There's six songs here in a similar rockin' punk style to their BLOODSTAINS ACROSS TEXAS featured *Earthquake Shake* 7". Four of these songs would later end up on their super rare s/t LP on Rude Records, I've never compared them, so who knows if they are different versions. There are a couple sleeve variations on the 2x7", including a foldout poster, a gatefold double sleeve, and I think there might be another one. THE SKUNKS last 45 is really easy to find and it's one of the limpest powerpop terds out there. Avoid that and their 2nd LP with the purple cover unless that sounds good to you.

Next one may not even interest the US Hardcore completists in tha hizzouse, but it's an oddball variant that warrants mention. Collector nerds have sweated Connecticut's CHRONIC DISORDER records for a minute including their rare 'n' rough debut 7" EP from 1983 with its distinctive spraypaint sleeve, and equally rad first LP with the earliest copies brandishing a silkscreened cover. They play a strange blend of hardcore and punk, with catchy almost melodic vocals over rough n tumble meat'n'potatoes core, pretty unique sound, but really memorable. Their other early record that doesn't seem to share the spotlight is their 2nd, the *Fred* 7" EP. I guess it's not so rare, but the track, "I See Red" is a US Hardcore classic, and easily one of their best. Earlier this month I was stoked to snag a copy of *Fred* for $8.99 which had a rare alternate sleeve: a blurry closeup of a face and small/crudely lettered logo on the front. If you have a chance I would suggest picking up their first three records since they're still semi-available and often $20 or less.

For $14 I grabbed the legendary bootleg TELEVISION *With BRYAN ENO* LP (sic). I'm not sure why, but a few copies of this rare LP have popped up lately, I was glad to finally replace the copy I sold off umpteen years ago. The record features 1974 demos supposedly recorded by Brian Eno, it's pretty rough kinda jangly shambling takes on songs I assume many of you know well. If not, do yourself a favor and track down the '70s NYC "punk" classic TELEVISION *Marquee Moon* LP. It was kind of a revelation for me hearing it the first time, as it wasn't the "punk" sound I was used to, but so so infectious. It'll open your ears and give you a good idea where tha punks were coming from in the early to mid-'70s, before sounds had been so rigidly defined.

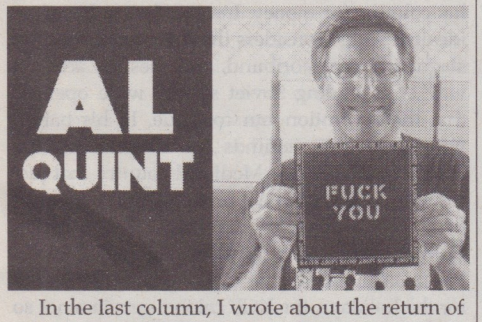
For the second time in about a year I won a copy of the legendary Toronto punk compilation *The Last Pogo* LP for all of $5. In terms of '70s local punk comps, this is one of the greats. Most comps are defined by their standouts, but this is one where the sum of the parts is far greater than just one or two tracks. It's a real fun listen from start to finish, and you get to hear how diverse the sounds were from one band to the next, each one literally invented a distinct sound all their own. I'm not sure I would describe any of the tracks as bonafide punk classics, THE UGLY probably comes closest, but this is more a great document of one of the more prolific early punk

scenes. Luckily lots of copies were pressed, and you can still luck out on copies for $10-15.

I was stoked to get a real obscure one for $10. New York based CRAZY HEARTS had one track on the obscure downtown no wave compilation LP *Peripheral Vision*. If you can hang with the skronk, that's a great compilation to go along with your *No New York* LP, featuring some of the lesser known NYC no wave groups of the era. The standouts for me were always CRAZY HEARTS, with their aggro abrasive sound and distinctive girl vox. Well that, and the fact that every other band on *Peripheral Vision* has a saxophone. I always wanted to hear more, so I was stoked to discover they actually have a 10" and 7". I'm not so crazy about the 7", but the 10" is great stuff in the same menacing vein as the comp track. It's got a rad stenciled spray paint cover and stamped labels to boot, so I was loving it for 10 bucks.

Last up I upgraded a tasty UK DIY treat, the TELEVISION PERSONALITIES legendary *Where's Bill Grundy Now?* 7" EP for GBP 14. There's lots of different versions of this their first single with their cult song "Part Time Punks." Rough Trade Records picked it up at some point, and there are probably tens of thousands of copies. What I got is the very first cover, with a photo of Shane McGowan on the front and a xeroxed letter from *Sounds* magazine reviewer Garry Bushell on the back, and blank white labels.

Not much else to say this month, things are pretty random lately. It's amazing how all this minutia continues to keep me occupied month after month, but there seems to be no end in sight. Thankfully it's still possible to find rad records on a relatively tight budget, so keep diggin...



In the last column, I wrote about the return of my 24-year-old, chip-on-the-shoulder attitude in recent months, feeling the same sort of outrage I did during the throes of the Reagan era. It's not very mature and makes me wonder if looking at things in a more nuanced, reasoned fashion might be more productive, but I usually end up having a visceral reaction to certain things. Or I just want to throw up my arms and say ""*I give up!*"" Jon Stewart had a segment on a recent *Daily Show* with that exact title: ""I Give Up"". For one thing, he was trying to make sense out of the killing of a Congressional health care bill for 9/11 first responders. This bill would have provided free health care to those brave people who became ill from the effects of toxins and god knows what else that they ingested while involved in the rescue effort. When you hear the smarmy Republicans talking about how raising taxes will cause more harm than helping those people, one wishes you could reach through the screen and put your hands around their collective throats and squeeze until they become blue.

I still take solace in the incendiary rhetoric of a talk radio host like Mike Malloy, but it has its limits. After a while I have to turn it off because it becomes just too much, too frustrating. I did that today—Malloy's podcast was depressing me too much on a drive into the city to meet up with some out-of-town people for lunch, so I put the iPod on shuffle and that made things a lot better. So did the quality Chinese buffet lunch and getting to meet Ivan from LA MERMA and his bandmates, who are from the Mexican side of the Arizona border near Tucson. It was a fun time and I appreciated the kind things he said about my work. Hey, I'm not above receiving the occasional pat on the back.

It's kind of tough to carry on a conversation in a somewhat noisy restaurant, at least for me, and I wish we'd had more time. We talked about the immigration issue a little bit. Ivan mentioned (if I'm remembering things correctly) that there were probably more helicopters flying around the border than over Iraq. I said that I had no desire to visit that area, that Arizona seemed fucked up in so many ways. He's still trying to convince me it's a beautiful area and that Ellen and I should visit anyway. Sorry amigo, I don't think that's going to happen any time soon. One reason is we can't afford it for now, since we're both unemployed and now we have to shell out the full amount for our health insurance. That's another topic entirely—don't get me started!

I'm done. Moving on to the music reviews, I'll engage in some blatant Boston/Massachusetts localism, to quote a long-ago JFA record, and there's been some formidable noise emerging from these parts, lately. MALE NURSES, who have been one of the hottest bands in Boston the past few years, finally have a 7"" out on Deranged Records. These guys started out as more or less a straight-up '82-era hardcore band. That influence permeates a good chunk of this EP, with the rampaging ""Red, White, Blue"" being the standout. They've also added a snottier west-coast-punk-meets-DEAD BOYS element as well, particularly for ""Pull The Trigger."" Vocalist Nick Norrman conveys the appropriate attitude and there are some impressive guitar squalls throughout. As I write this they're doing a tour, and I hope some of you folks got to experience their manic live energy. (Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

The exquisitely named DRY HUMP went kaput recently, with the departure of their vocalist Erik, but they left behind a scorching three-song 7"". The first pair of songs, ""Culture Fuck Experience"" (the title track) and ""Let Down"", ply the speed with some impressive, feedback-laden noisemongering providing a bridge between them. Erik's distorted vocals just add to the rawness. A DISORDER-ly buzz introduces the dirge-like track on the flip, ""Sex Cult"". This used to be their opening song, and here it's accompanied by a call into one of those national talk shows by one of the band member's relatives where he talks about paranormal experiences. Thing is you can't always hear what's going on as most of it is submerged under the racket, but that's the gist of it. The same track also appeared on their 2008 demo but that's the only repeat. I don't want to know what kind of subliminal effect this piece might have on me but the intensity will draw ya in. (Shogun Recordings, 3 Rue du Lavoir, 51140 Bouvancourt FRANCE, www.burnoutzine.net or nribas138@gmail. com)

In addition to playing drums in SCAPEGOAT, Ban Reilly has done a couple of solo projects. There was a 12"" from one such project, ANXIETY, that came out last year, and he's just released a demo by his other project THE BOSTON STRANGLER. Ban has a performing lineup that includes people from other local bands (they've only played once or twice, though) but he did everything on this recording. As you might imagine there's a healthy dose of early '80s Boston hardcore in the mix—an amalgamation of DYS, FU's, SSD, and JERRY'S KIDS riffs can be heard, and Ban's pissed-as-fuck vocals have a sandpaper-grade roughness. This will make you want to punch walls. (5 Ruths Way, Ipswich, MA 01938, birthdisinfectant@gmail.com)

There have been a couple of bands playing blown-out dis-core around these parts. BRAIN KILLER is one of them and now there's BLOODKROW BUTCHER. These youngsters will annihilate your eardrums with their fury—a blazing inferno of guitar and bass, punishing drumming, and Tonio's harsh vocals. Three fast rippers and one other at a slightly more measured pace, all of it executed in relentless fashion. (bloodkrowbutcher@gmail.com)

VIPER are somewhat local, coming from the western part of Massachusetts. Their debut 7"" on 540 Records is entitled *Committing The Seven Deadly Sins* and they detail those sins over the course of six songs (""Pride and Desire"" are tackled simultaneously). Emanations of pure evil with a hardcore punk take on VENOM and HELLHAMMER, cavernous production and all. This is the entertaining brainchild of members of AEROSOLS. Definitely not polished, and the lyrics are appropriately nasty. ""Gluttony"" threatens a buttering of the flesh and inserting a certain male organ in a certain place, followed by a blood-spitting facial. I think I might look into a diet. (Band contact: 113 Cowls Road, Amherst, MA 01002)

Man (or woman) cannot live by hardcore or thrash alone, so I've got some records that, while they fall into the punk realm, introduce other elements. ARCTIC FLOWERS have an impressive, self-released 7"" EP. This Portland band features Stan Wright, late of SIGNAL LOST. There are similarities, and I'm not just making the obvious one that both bands have/had female vocalists and bass players. There's a strong post-punk emphasis but they maintain the punk roots. That's most obvious on the fast-paced ""Neon Tombs"". While Stan's guitar tone attracts the most immediate attention, a burn-and-buzz amalgam of GANG OF FOUR and RUTS inspiration, the other instruments make their presence felt and Alex's vocals have nuance as well as power. There are three distinct songs here.

""Slouching Towards Bethlehem"" (the best, in my opinion) has a stinging surge while the lengthy ""Technicolor Haze"" builds on Lee's NEW ORDER-inspired bass line and an engaging melody. I've got a feeling this band has a killer album in them. (www.myspace.com/arcticflowerspdx)

In DAYLIGHT ROBBERY, a female and male share the vocals. *Through The Confusion* was an LP that slowly grew on me as the melodic charms revealed themselves over repeated listens. The ragged harmonizing of Christine and David Wolf definitely conjure up John and Exene, although the music doesn't have much in common with X. Also, the timbre isn't quite the same except when their voices join together. Tuneful, post-punkish rock with sneaky hooks, favoring a clean guitar sound and supple support from the bass and drums. There are subtle flourishes here and there, a slight copping from ""Youth Of America"" (without the blowtorch ambiance) for ""Rerun"" or the reggae jab on ""Ignominious Defeat"", for instance. The songs have a presence without any sort of bombast, a somewhat somber quality but too lively to sink into mopedom. I wrote this band off a little bit in the past, and this makes me want to go back and listen to their previous 7""s. (Residue, www.residue-records.com)

Another recent Residue release is the self-titled 12"" by DEFECT DEFECT. It makes perfect sense for them to be on that label, since they have sonic elements akin to Residue honcho Jordan's band, PEDESTRIANS. Brash punk with beefy guitars and strong hooks and, when at a medium pace, the PEDESTRIANS comparison is apt. The lead-off song, ""Stolen Land"", is likely to become a Columbus Day staple on my radio show, with its theme of murderous imperial conquest, stating that ""this ain't no new world / it's a graveyard."" The guitar line for ""Post-Apocalypse"" brings to mind the underrated '80s-era Chicago band BLOODSPORT, but DEFECT DEFECT are from Portland and in league with the bands from that city who have gone for a sturdy but catchy approach—OBSERVERS/RED DONS, AUTISTIC YOUTH, and the just-reviewed ARCTIC FLOWERS. A hard-driving, impassioned surge, and one hopes they'll never become the ""Ex-Punks"" they deride, as corny as that sounds. I'm jaded as hell lately and this un-jades me a little. (www.residue-records.com)

If I'm talking about sharp/tuneful fodder, I can't forget YOUNG OFFENDERS, whose *Leader of The Followers* is their first 12"" release. Well, they were on a split 12"" with GIANT HAYSTACKS, but I digress. An abundance of jittery energy and big hooks, underpinned by adept playing and strong harmonies. It sounds as though the OFFENDERS have ingested some of the ""Black Coffee"" they sing about on the song with that name. Still, their approach is much more pop-oriented than the mutant dance inclinations you'd usually associate with this musical territory. They continue to crank out the quality music and I hope they can somehow find their way to the east coast, 'cause they were great at Chaos in Tejas. (Deranged, www.derangedrecords. com)

Speaking of Chaos In Tejas, when I was down there a gentleman from Houston introduced himself and gave me a copy of his band THE ENERGY's first album—titled, oddly enough, *The Energy's First Album*. Ever hear the expression ""murder ballad""? Well, let's call the songs here attempted murder non-ballads. No ballads, just jittery, edgy rock accompanied by near-deadpan vocals that still manage to be expressive. Maybe it's the matter-of-fact delivery for such songs as ""I'm Gonna Cut You To Pieces,"" ""Stabbing In The Dark,"" or ""Drugged Skull On The Jagged Rocks"" that make things even more chilling. No musical chill, though—it's a jabbing, chaotic sound. ""Destroy Imagination"" introduces the affair with six-plus minutes of stop/start/surging delirium—just when you think the song is over, it comes back for another round. Some garage inspirations pop up as well, such as on ""Perfectly Possessed"", with a single note piano plink joining the fray. ""I Won't Let You Waste Me"" is dense and raucous with searing guitar lines bubbling up through the rhythmic jab. A sonic dagger puncturing the skull. (www.myspace.com/theenergyhtx)

Going back to the hardcore, a pair of Belgrade (that's in Serbia, for the geographically challenged) bands pair up on a split LP. LETS GROW recently called it quits, so I imagine this might be it for the long-standing band. With this recording, LETS GROW have pretty much abandoned the hyper-fast thrash, save one song, and complete the evolution towards a powerful, mid-to-fast sound *a la* early ANNIHILATION TIME. This occurs right off the bat for ""Tired"", ""Gone"", and other songs, although there's more of a melodic hardcore fervor for ""Judge and Jury"" and ""Darker Place"". Sorry to see 'em go. JAIBO! marry rock 'n' roll, metal, and boogie elements to their hardcore sound. Fairly tasty, musically, although the vocals get a little overbearing at times. I'll stick to the LETS GROW side. (Thrashbastard, thrashbastard@yahoo.de)

Wrapping up with a pair of recent releases on Grave Mistake Records, THE ERGS were generally known for playing hyper-melodic punk *a la* THE DESCENDENTS but the five songs that are slapped on the one-sided *Thrash Compactor* EP show their hardcore punk side. Four of them were recorded in '03 and one in '07, and they harness their high level of musical skill to loud and fast material that's over before you know it. So play it again. Gratuitous slams at both Johnny from GOO GOO DOLLLS (""Johnny Rzeznick Needs His Ass Kicked"") and Dubya (""I Shot The Devil's Son""), accompanied with witty liner notes. NIGHT BIRDS emerged from THE ERGS' remains and, for their self-titled debut EP, they look westward and go for some punk rock surfing. Well, only the instrumental ""Harbor Rats"" is pure surf, but the other three songs have that flavor to varying extents. More than a little East Bay Ray in those six-string exercises, especially for the walloping punk of ""Prognosis: Negative"". The brief ""Unanswerable"" eschews the surf for straight hardcore. A strong vinyl debut after a not-so-shabby demo. (Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net

The movie *Farewell* (*L'affaire Farewell*, 2009) retells the story of a Cold War espionage incident that supposedly brought down the old Soviet Union. KGB colonel Sergei Gregoriev (played by Emir Kusturica, and code named Farewell) feeds Soviet secrets to Pierre Froment (Guillaume Canet), a French businessman stationed in Moscow. This includes lists of top Soviet agents operating in the West and engaged in massive industrial espionage. Because the USSR is no longer creating and innovating by the 1980s, but instead merely plundering the West for technology, the exposure of these agents brings an already tottering Soviet empire to its knees.

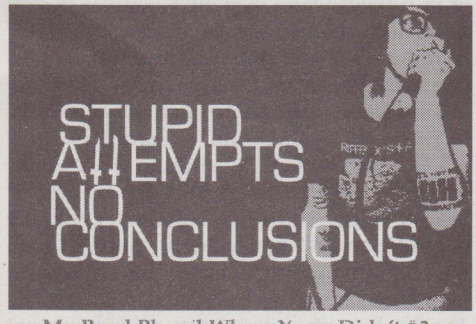
Whether a single event can account for the collapse of Soviet style Communism is at best a dubious thesis. One interesting aspect to the film is that Sergei Gregoriev is not portrayed as a traitor, intent on defecting to the West or selling out his country for money. Instead, he's a bit of an idealist. Sergei considers the Russian Revolution stagnant, even moribund, and sees his act as a way of exploding Soviet society wide open so that the revolution can continue. In his banter with Pierre, he reminds the Frenchman that Russia in 1917 was a Medieval country that just forty years later was the first nation in the world to launch a satellite into space. Sergei deems Communism a worthy ideal, and when Pierre informs the Russian he is going home to France for the holidays, the KGB colonel gets in a not so subtle dig by reminding Pierre that those French holidays were instituted by a Communist government.

Readers of my column know that I consider the old Soviet Union (or for that matter, present-day China) about as Communist as I consider Green Day™ punk. In other words, not at all. Nearly a century of red terror, show trials, and gulags, with a 100,000 people murdered worldwide, is the undisputed legacy of Lenin's corruption of Marx's original communist idea. And yet, when the Soviet bloc still stood, it was far easier to claim that a choice existed, even if that choice was to reject both a "Free World" that was not free and a "Communist bloc" that was not communist for some as yet unrealized *tertium quid*. Nowadays, all one hears about is that the West was triumphant during the Cold War and there-

fore that capitalism is the only option available, brazenly overstated by Francis Fukuyama when he wrote: *What we may be witnessing is not just the end of the Cold War, or the passing of a particular period of post-war history, but the end of history as such: that is, the end point of mankind's ideological evolution and the universalization of Western liberal democracy as the final form of human government.* Or, as the *Guardian Weekly* (issue 8/13-19/10) quotes former deputy governor of the Bank of England Sir John Gieve as saying: "It reflects an end of ideology. Capitalism is still the only game in town."

There is an attempt today to revive the notion of communism, via the Invisible Committee, through *The Coming Insurrection* and similar projects. In the US, like-minded efforts have gone under the rubric of Social War. These endeavors are conducted, not from the perspective of idealism, but rather from that of nihilism. Let us leave aside the probability that the kids behind these undertakings, having found the terms anarchism and communism insufficiently outrageous to their parents, adopted the moniker of nihilism for its shock value. Nihilism makes for great musical inspiration, as punk rock amply demonstrates, but its philosophical/social legacy is much more questionable. Nietzsche's and Heidegger's contributions to the tragedy that was Nazism, and the farce that is postmodernism, far outweigh nihilism's positive cultural, moral, and existential contributions. History demonstrates that idealists have often outdone realists in terms of shameless propaganda, ruthless manipulation, and mass murder. I'm not looking forward to experiencing this nihilism make history.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



My Band Played Where Yours Didn't #3: Stephenville, Newfoundland

Squid rings from a truck, moose burgers from a truck, dead moose on the side of the road, shimmering ponds, gawking locals, drives. Long drives. Long, long drives. Small gas tank for a big van. Big gas prices. An average of twenty bucks an hour on gas. Canadian bucks.

Tour routine. The corridor of necessity and pain: the Trans-Canada Highway across Newfoundland. I'm starting to memorize all these little towns. The Canadian Tire in Grand Falls (fuel lines are getting gummy), the Dominion grocery store in Cornerbrook (a bag of pre-washed spinach). Usually it's a non-stop burn, St. John's to the ferry in Port aux Basque in a day, dodging roadkill and sometimes snow (yeah, even in June) to make the ferry so we can be on the mainland and be in real punk scenes, you know, like Halifax.

This tour however, I wanted another "My Band Played Where Yours Didn't", I wanted to play a place where even the punks in St. John's refused to venture. 900 kilometers of highway and nowhere to play? Marystown in southern Newfoundland, from "My Band Played Where Yours Didn't #1" that I did about a year ago, out of the way anyway, is dead. The three excited teenage show promoters moved to St. John's for college. But my friends from Vancouver were flying out to do the tour and I needed to impress them with some exotic venue locations.

My first inkling of punks on the west coast of Newfoundland was a myspace page for a band called 2killa Zombie posted on the local hardcore internet gossip board. They were from Port aux Basque and had a pretty rocking live video posted. They were a band! I wrote them and asked if they would be interested in putting on a show for us. They were interested. They were pumped! They said they would start looking for venues. They said they checked fire halls, community centers, and bars. They said they did this for months. They said it didn't work and they were sorry. I gave up! No. I, on a stoned whim, 411-ed the one bar in Stephenville, the next town up from Port aux Basque that I had heard of a band playing at, and they were like, "Yep, cool, you have the date."

Cool. So I wrote back the 2killa Zombie dudes to say that I found a bar, would they still do the show? They said, "If you can't find another band, maybe we'll play." I think they misunderstood what "do the show" meant. Oh, well. I made Steve make the poster. I made the Facebook event. I e-mailed the events listings for some local newspapers. I punk-mailed some flyers. We had sixteen confirmed guests on Facebook. We added a fourth band and simultaneously our RSVPs doubled to thirty-two. They were called the Surprise Umbrella Attack and had recently won a regional Battle of the Bands. I got their name wrong though, which created many "lols" on the Facebook "event wall." I mistakenly called them the Umbrella Surprise Attack. I'm such an idiot, how did I get that wrong? Sorry guys!

We savored Newfoundland. We left for tour on a Friday afternoon and slept overnight in our friend Andrew's basement apartment in Gander. We tried to walk to this ghost town part of Gander we had heard of, but as it turns out, ghost towns don't have working streetlights and you can't see shit. All we saw is a lotta teenagers in cars yelling at us.

The next day, we went to Stephenville. It said "SATURDAY: PUNK SHOW" on the marquee outside Clancy's Pub. A bunch of people who had just come from a wedding were getting drunk on beer and wings on the patio. We carried in our crappy equipment. 2killa Zombie arrived in corpse paint. Surprise Umbrella Attack played first.

"Ha ha, you may have heard that we are called Umbrella Surprise Attack." They rolled their eyes at me. They opened with a metalcore rendition of Britney Spears's "Toxic." They played an original called "That's What She Said." They played versions of Prozzak's "Strange Disease" and Aqua's "Candy Man" in the vein of Atreyu or Killswitch Engage. They ended with a cover of "Phantom of the Opera" by Iron Maiden. They called their friends pussies for not moshing. It was fucking amazing.

2killa Zombie briefed the audience on the origin of their name: an Anne Rice novel that no one read in the room during their first of, like, five ever practices. This was their second show. The singer flew home from Ottawa for it. They did on Op Ivy song and seven originals about murder and zombies and stuff. They played, you know, punk. They wouldn't let us pay them.

We played our sappy pop punk. Some people nodded a lot. About ten kids were really, really excited. We stayed with a sixty-year-old man named Junior. His wife Linda made us eggs and white toast and instant coffee for breakfast. She hugged us a lot. She said, "You don't look so bad, my daughter was after telling me, 'Now Mom, those punk rockers can look some weird,'" and she told us, "I didn't think there would be girls." She took many pictures of us for her five-year-old granddaughter. It was perfect.

I feel kind stupid for what I'm about to write, but I also feel pretty sure of it, so I'm going to do it. I apologize in advance and I want everyone to know, I'm in no way working for Apple, nor do I really sign off on most of their overpriced products or their overrated customer service. Nevertheless, it's pretty apparent I'm not the only person I know recording their demos and records using GarageBand anymore. I bought one of the first Macs to come bundled with GarageBand in 2004 (at least I think it was), and was naturally interested to start experimenting with its capabilities. In that time the program has advanced significantly, to the point where the main differences between what it does, and what Logic (Apple's professional recording software), are insignificant to anyone recording relatively simple and straight forward music—like you know, hardcore and punk, or even your jangling, garden variety "GarageBand," (boooo, hiisssss, that joke was terrible).

The thing is, you can buy GarageBand for like $70, and you're going to pay a lot more for Logic. As a way to work out ideas for your music, or even put together releases, it can be extremely

valuable, and you'd be hard-pressed to find anything as versatile in that price range (you can't even buy many mics for $70). Face the facts that you'd have to spend hundreds and hundreds on an array of even relatively cheap compressors, preamps, effects units, doo-dads, knick-knacks, special boxes with flashing lights, etc to be able to match what you can do with this little program. I'm not saying you need any of that stuff, and I'm not saying that it's going to help everyone, or even make your recording better, but having it can be pretty helpful sometimes. I don't even know if you could buy a new cassette 4-track for $70, and I'm just talking one of those wimpy little blue ones tascam makes, that are basically a glorified walkman. Not that there's anything wrong with that, maybe you only need a boombox. I'm just saying, if you want more, this might be the way to get it.

The catch, *obviously*, is that you need a computer, and a Macintosh at that. The reason I don't feel awful writing about it, is that given the nature of punk in the 21st century, most people *do* have a computer, and a lot of them are using Macs. I understand I'm assuming a lot here, but honestly, I don't think I'm terribly far off. Punk is a luxury now. You buy overpriced records, or for some people, you download overpriced records and buy over priced fashion accessories (spent artillery rounds attached to the leathery skins of dead cattle, etc.), and if you are like most punks (eg. not straight edge or formerly straight edge, because you want to fit in), you probably spend half your income (eg. allowance) on shitty booze, and worse drugs (or if you're too cheap for carpet meth—glue). What I'm trying to say, is, anybody that complains about the obviously bourgeois inclination of my column (because I know it's read by *dozens* of people every month—hello Dad), can go walk into the deep end of the local reservoir. Punx is Wealthy.

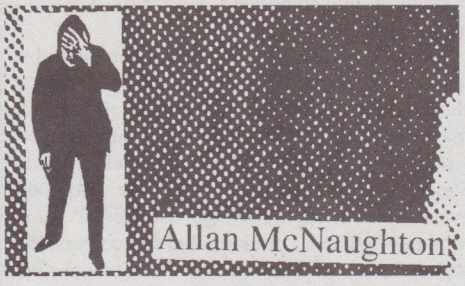
A few things I find especially valuable in the GarageBand arsenal:

Reverb modeling: There are actually two different reverb plug-ins that come with most editions of GarageBand. One is kind of the "for idiots" plug-in, the other is supposed to be a little more like a "pro quality" situation with more detailed possibilities as far as the parameters you can set. I find both to be helpful, and not too similar to each other. Neither is particularly great, but neither is particularly shabby either and between the two there's a pretty good amount of flexibility. While a spring reverb on your home practice amp or guitar head can be quite nice, there's no denying it's not very versatile. If you have the luxury of recording in a perfectly acoustically balanced cathedral notching up the reverb on your recording may not be necessary, but for those working in the basements, bedrooms, and garages of the world, it can help to add some space to whatever you're recording. I like a bit of reverb and delay on my room mics for the drums, and almost always the vocals too. To be able to have it on as many channels of a recording as you want, while possibly the recipe for overkill, is pretty valuable.

Amp simulator: This is about as uncool as it gets but honestly this is a really helpful tool. I find the best aspects of it are as follows. 1) You can plug directly into your computer and work on riffs, or over dub a practice tape without having to worry about position a mic in front of an actual amp, or even whether the sound you are getting is satisfactory. You can make any adjustment to the guitar / bass sound later in the program. 2) You can spend time at your own leisure adding overdubs to a recording without having to worry about keeping an amp and mic combination set up. This can be particularly valuable for a recording where you may not be that familiar with the songs, or where you want time to work on things like solos. You can take a couple weeks, or a couple months, and have your amp settings saved as a preset. I'm pretty sure this is not punk, but it can be really useful.

Volume automation: Riding a fader is a precarious proposition, and especially for faster bands, it may have to be the reality if you find any problems with loud/quiet that compression can't solve later on. Being able to automate the volume to move up and down as you need more or less on a track is really extremely useful and extremely simple.

Visual EQ: I find that I like the fairly recent Visual EQ more and more as time goes on. Even a simple 4-track has a high, low, and mid EQ that you can hear the difference in, but being able to actually see the change in the wave form on screen really can be quite cool. Did all of that frequency you just added actually make a noticeable difference in what you're hearing? For better or worse sometimes it can be easier to tell when you can see it happening and how it stands versus the other frequencies.



Fishing Without Hooks

I read something once about this vegetarian who used to like to go fishing, but wouldn't put hooks on his line. He didn't want to catch or injure the fish, and he certainly didn't want to eat them, but he enjoyed the peace and solitude of spending time by the river. Growing up, he used to go fishing with his dad and associated the activity with pleasant memories. He didn't want to give that up just because he no longer ate seafood. I was reminded of the story today as I discovered the anglers' casting pools in Golden Gate Park. I must have passed the road to these pools countless times as I visited the park's bison, but I'd never gone up the road to check it out. I'd heard about the pools, and that BMX riders and skaters who knew the right people might get a heads-up the one time a year they are drained for cleaning. Today I decided to ride up the path to explore, and sure enough I found three large, shallow cement pools in a clearing surrounded by trees. Several anglers in waders stood thigh deep in the water, practicing their casts. No hooks on their rods, no expectation of a catch; simply the tranquility of standing there in a secluded section of the park, throwing cast after cast just for practice. All the effort of preparing the equipment, packing the car, and driving to the location, with the knowledge that no matter what, you will return with an empty cooler. Keep your casting arm limber when salmon are out of season.

I understand that fishing without hooks is catching on as a kind of ecologically and ethically sound form of outdoor recreation. Is that a bit like hunting with blanks? I've often wondered why modern hunters don't just switch to wildlife photography instead; they claim to respect and admire the animals they hunt. I suppose the taxidermied head of some creature you've murdered is an impressive trophy of one's tracking and shooting skills, but surely a beautiful photograph of that same animal in its natural habitat demonstrates almost exactly the same set of skills, without the bloodshed?

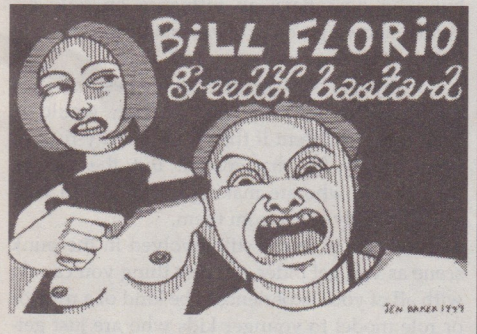
If you follow the "Men's Interest" media at all (not that I do, beyond a few blogs; I certainly steer clear of *GQ, Details, Maxim, Esquire*, and all that paper effluent), you'll have noticed a distinct backlash against the alleged "metrosexual" trend of a few years ago. Manscaping and Manhattans have given way to unkempt beards and Miller High Life, as fashionable twenty-somethings embrace Pendleton shirts, LL Bean duck boots, and hunting gear in some misguided attempt to recapture the masculine culture enjoyed by their dads and grandfathers. Urban hipsters from Williamsburg to the Mission are clumping around looking like they just got off some trawler in Maine. I understand the desire to embrace products that are rooted in utility and built to last, but even a Maine fisherman gets dressed up to go into town.

Going hand-in-hand with this return to traditional masculinity is the phenomenon of macho eating. You know, liberals that feel guilty about eating meat slaughtering the animals themselves, or restaurants where they serve unusual cuts of meat, making a big deal about using the whole animal. I fail to see how eating some unfortunate creature's gonads will make you a big man.

I was given John Joseph's newest book *Meat is for Pussies* for my 40th birthday. I haven't read the whole thing yet, and it's not really aimed at me either, since it's mostly about giving up meat. I haven't eaten meat since 1988 and I've been vegan for about twelve years if we don't count the delicious eggs I ate last year from my friend's neighbor's farm when I was up in the Catskills. The book is an entertaining read, however. Joseph's style is pure New York, and he's probably one of the few vegans tough enough to get away with calling all meat-eaters pussies. There are a few other Mixed Martial Artists, triathletes, body builders, and arm wrestlers featured in the book who could probably pull it off too. Unlike many vegans I know, JJ obviously has a very healthy diet coupled with a great workout regime, because the fitness and vitality he displays at 47 puts most 25-year-olds I know to

shame. I don't think that eating a little lean meat here and there will give you cancer or make you a pussy, but there's a lot of sensible stuff in here about getting away from junk food, processed, packaged meals, and fad diets. My initial reason for giving up meat all those years ago was not my own health; it was compassion for animals. Well, let's be honest, it probably started with punk lyrics. As I've gotten older I've taught myself a lot about nutrition, but I've still got a lot to learn. Joseph covers a lot of ground in the book, a lot of which I found useful. I haven't gotten to the section on exercise yet, but I'm looking forward to getting some tips on getting even more buff, ripped, and shredded than I already am. Or, as JJ might put it, to become a "friggin' beast!" or a "stud mother-effer!"

Jokes aside, I always want to make sure I'm neither a weak, sickly, anemic-looking vegan, nor the type of fat-arse vegan punker who subsists on vegan donuts, Rice Dream "ice cream" sandwiches, vegan pizza, burritos, and beer. Don't get me wrong, all those things are delicious, but when I tell people I'm vegan for the first time, I want their reaction to be "wow, you're so healthy," not "no wonder you're so sick." People assume that vegans don't get enough protein or vitamins or whatever—if you're vegan or vegetarian, it's up to you to prove to the people around you that your choice is healthier than theirs. Get some exercise beyond riding your fixie three blocks down Valencia to get a People's Donut at Ritual Coffee before drinking a 40 in Dolores Park (yeah, I've seen you walking your beautifully powder-coated, brakeless bike around like it's a fashion accessory because you're too weak to ride it up hills and too scared to ride it down). Read *Meat is for Pussies* or better yet check some books specifically about nutrition out of the library. Make sure the next time someone tells you "I was vegan for a while but I had to start eating meat again… my body just *craved the protein*" you can set them straight. Whatever you do, don't be a pussy.



I've been thinking a lot lately about what it means to be an expert vs. what it means to be qualified. These to me are sporting terms, and when applied to situations that are not sports they get very gray. So, if I qualify for, say, a jalapeño eating contest, the folks holding the contest are satisfied that:

1. I have shown that I am not allergic to jalapeños and

2. I paid the $8 entry fee and put on the Old El Paso t-shirt.

These are measurable things. To be an expert at jalapeño eating,

I must have won multiple jalapeño eating contests and

I will probably win many more. (I haven't acquired an ulcer.)

You can take this a step further and compare scores on quantity and time and you can definitely say someone is the jalapeño eating champion of the world this way, or the greatest pepper eater of all time, etc.

So let's take it to another level. President of the United States. Qualified? Well, that depends on what you're talking about. The reality is to be qualified you have to:

Be a natural born citizen of the US. (Sorry Arnold)

Be at least 35 years old.

Be a permanent resident for at least 14 years.

Have not already been president for more than 10 years.

Have not been impeached and convicted from another elected office.

Have not reneged on any sworn promise to uphold the Constitution and then later rebelled against the United States. (I suppose you could rebel as long as you've never promised not to in an official capacity)

Many of us are technically qualified to be president, including myself, but does this really mean anything? The truth is, it seems like even when someone seems qualified they really don't hack it. Has anyone ever been an expert at being POTUS? Probably not. Malcolm Gladwell speaks of the 10,000-hour rule, which claims that one must spend 10,000 hours at something to become an expert. Every American president minus Harrison, Garfield, Taylor, and Obama has spent this amount of time doing so, and I'd like to see someone give a good argument that any one of them was an expert. There are many that would argue that some of the 44 spent that many hours and were still unqualified.

This is one of the reasons I hate writing music reviews. I've definitely spent many more than 10,000 hours playing, listening, and thinking about music. But the context of music, even just punk, is so vast that it would take so much more for me to even pretend to be an expert. And to tell you the truth, even though I feel I have better taste than 50% of those reading the review, I still don't feel qualified in putting my opinion in writing, so generally I'll just cop out in some way like making a joke, or avoiding talking about why I like, dislike, or find a certain recording inspiring or lacking inspiration. I'm not the president of punk rock; no one would elect me president. I'm really just a soldier here, and not even an officer. If it wasn't for private contractors, I'd be pouring burning kerosene into a steel drum full of feces that I pulled out of a latrine and stirring briskly.

Another thing about experts. There tends to be a serious problem when someone really does qualify as an expert in something. It generally means they've studied it so much that they no longer have context about anything else to form opinions about things related to what they are fully knowledgeable in. Someone proficient in Microsoft Word since 1990 is suddenly given a typewriter. How do you adjust the margins? They've never used a typewriter before and see no "Page Setup" button. Not only that, they've never understood that Word has a fake typewriter margin ruler at the top of the application that even includes a graphical representation of the little metal tabs that were on typewriters to adjust margins and tabs. This makes them no less a typist, and no less an expert, but can we really call them the president of typing?

What we're left with is no really good way of ensuring that people involved in activities are qualified or experts when we've not seen the work they've done for a really good amount of time. So if, say, I was hiring an expert typist and decided to ask questions about typewriters, I'd decide he/she was unqualified even though his/her knowledge of typewriters is meaningless to the amount of typing he/she could do. I could of course give this person dictation and see how quickly they could get it to text, but this is a problem as well. Someone may be able to type 40 words per minute, but what if the vocabulary of the person who will be giving this dictation far exceeds that of the typist? The words per minute would go way down, not to mention the spelling errors. So in reality this test is far from perfect.

In the NYPD, they give out medals and commendations. The truth is, you have to do a lot of paperwork to be put up for them and receive them to prove you deserve them. If someone is spending this much time and effort to get some official pat on the back for good work, wouldn't this say something about them? Like, if they're spending all this time and effort to get a medal pinned on them, how much is lost in doing their job? If I spend my school year practice taking the standardized test that will rate my performance, do I really understand the answers I'm giving by years end, or just how the test works? Some of those cops with NYPD medals are now in prison.

This usually gets out of hand, so what we end up with as a solution is either a really lengthy, intricate testing process to ensure a really high rate of quality, or a really high amount of people being hired and a lot of measuring their work relative to others doing similar tasks, or both. This usually means that others will need to create these processes and systems and tests and metrics, and those people could be equally shitty at doing their jobs as the people they're measuring, which in fact could ensure that people that are really proficient and productive are fired and a bunch of boobs saturate the organization.

So you'll probably ask me what the solution is. How do we get around this making sure people are really good at something and just let them be good at it? I have no freaking idea, and I know people who've studied just that and I can tell you, they have even less of an idea. I generally just go with my gut. If someone really believes they can be good at something, and they're willing to put a whole lot of time and effort into it and keep a good attitude, I'd say 90% of the time they really will be experts. The other 10% will either just go through the motions because pretending to be an expert gains them something or another, or they're just delusional and are the type to pick their ass and call themselves Picasso.

What about the folks that like to see a bunch of medals and stats to show just how good people are at what they do? If generating these stats takes as much effort as actually doing a good job, what is the solution there? Wouldn't fudging the numbers to appease whomever is going to give good people a hard time just make everything work for the best then? Well, until it's exposed I guess.

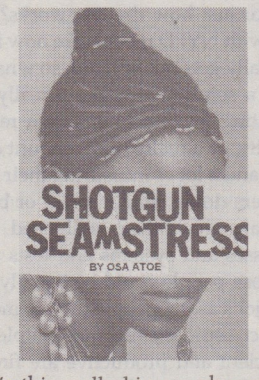
If someone is not a douchebag or a waste of life, folks' expectations of them are very high, and they have an inclination to do right with their peers, they're going to perform and you don't really need to test their expertise because they will deliver whatever is expected and more.

It gets tricky when people are being paid and they're delivering, but for whatever reason the cost cannot be easily justified and, because of this, the issues with experts and qualification is a never-ending clusterfuck of everything being bloated and bureaucratized. We end right back up at the beginning of this column.

If you suddenly find yourself surrounded by people that are productive and energetic, you will find it hard to do the opposite. Of course, if only one other person is able to cock-block the expectations of all the go-getters, generally people are inclined to drop to the least common denominator. So one bad apple spoils the lot, one slacker or wannabe can easily transform an army of great talent into a crack epidemic. I'm sure everyone who's ever done things with more than yourself, whether a band, zine, practical joke, or potluck has experienced this. (Cough, drummer.)

This column, along with twelve others, was submitted two days late, Amen.

bill@candids.com (By the way I quit the job associated with this email address two years ago, but I registered the web domain in my name, woo!)



There's this really bizarre phenomenon happening in the New Orleans underage punk scene right now. Me and my friend Candice found out about this local band called Vapo-Rats. They are an old-school sounding hardcore band comprised of seventeen-year-old boys. We were initially excited about them because they're so young, because they had a black member, and because the recordings they made with their old guitar player (the black kid) were very reminiscent of Void.

Candice invited them to play a show with her band Necro Hippies, and the show was awesome except for one thing. Near the end of their set, Vapo-Rats' bass player punched this girl in the face! I was standing up close and saw the whole thing. I saw her fall back rather theatrically with a smile on her face, and almost instantly jump right up to shake the bassist's hand. My initial shock at the blow was quickly replaced with an eye roll; to me it seemed like seventeen-year-old horseplay.

After the show, some older punks were talking about what had happened and lots of people were understandably upset. To others at the show, this behavior was completely appalling and intolerable. I went up to the bass player to ask him what was up and to tell him how it made people feel to see that kind of behavior at a show. I told him that to me it seemed like a joke, but that it didn't look that way to a lot of other people.

Almost immediately, his girlfriend jumps in between me and bass player/girl-puncher dude (why do girls do this? Your dudefriend can speak for himself!) and starts to explain, "Thank you for understanding it's a joke. They play around like this all the time. She even asked him to hit her. See, look at them." At this point, I look over to see the girl that got punched in the face pummeling the bassist in the stomach with her fists. It's obvious that they're just playing around. Bass player's girlfriend continues, "Sometimes people just wanna get punched in the face. I mean, isn't it sexist that guys can hit guys but guys can't hit girls?"

Good lord. What kind of logic is that? Why is that the way that this girl and her friends are choosing to exercise their power as women, and is that even what's happening here?

This woman named Breonne, who is the singer in this local band named Small Bones who also played that night, had a really interesting take on the whole thing. I've had the good fortune of being in non-violent punk scenes that were pretty gender-balanced and woman- and queer-positive most of my adult life. Breonne came up in a very male-dominated scene and this experience made her question the nature of these girls' consent. Looking back, she realized that, yeah, girls might say, "I want you to hit me," but they say so only because there's this pressure to prove themselves to the boys in their scene. Please, if you are a person of any gender and you exist in a straight boy-dominated punk scene, think twice about the inherent pressure of being "one of the guys" and how that pressure informs your behavior.

At the Necro Hippies show, there were more girls in the pit than I ever saw at the shows I went to when I lived in DC. I felt like I couldn't really superimpose my own experience on the experiences of these kids because it looked so different to me, at least on the surface. As a girl watching scrawny white boys get naked and mosh to Pg. 99 in a church basement in DC, I felt like a complete outsider. I was probably only there to watch The Others (long defunct girl-fronted pop punk from DC) or one of Katy Otto's old bands, anyway. Another huge difference is the amount of underage drinking that goes on here in New Orleans that I don't remember seeing nearly as much in DC, where there was (and hopefully still is) more of a straight edge culture in the punk scene.

I finally took a side on this whole issue a few weeks later when me and Candice had some folks come and pay us a visit from Pensacola. We heard that Vapo-Rats were playing a show downtown and we decided to walk over and check it out. We had missed Vapo-Rats but the show was still going on. There were tons of kids, and some of them looked really young, like way younger than seventeen. This pretty, longhaired girl who was obviously wasted to oblivion kept coming over to us to talk. She was nice but she was sooo drunk.

We didn't pay to get in. We were just peaking through the back door at the spectacle inside, and I'm glad we were being total deadbeats that evening because I wouldn't have wanted to support what I saw with my hard earned cash. In the middle of some band's set, this dude raises his hand, hauls off, and slaps this girl who is obviously shocked and hurt. It was loud and it was hard and I immediately felt stunned and disgusted. Twice is enough for me to see it as a pattern. I turned around and left right away.

What the fuck, New Orleans?! Candice said she saw the girl go back and shake his hand as if it was all an agreement, but she also noticed that the girl had also turned around and left the space after she was hit, as if her first impulse was to just get the fuck out of that place. This time, it felt out of control, and not at all like horseplay. And both times I've witnessed it, it was women being assaulted by men, not vice versa, and not even men fighting other men. FUCK THAT.

I think the real reason I wanted to talk about this is to tie it into a larger conversation about accountability in the punk scene. Instead of boycotting their band, Candice set up a date with the singer in Vapo-Rats and she broke it down for him. Violence, particularly violence against women, isn't cool (unless it's self-defense, which is another topic for another day), nor is it cool to write stupid shit about clowns raping people in the liner notes of your CD. The singer, who wasn't directly involved in any of these situations, but who does have an influence on how his band's shows go down, was really receptive to Candice's comments.

I really feel like Candice did the best thing for the situation. I'm sure her reaction would've been much different if they were twenty-five, or even twenty for that matter. But the fact is, they're kids who are making mistakes and who will hopefully learn from them.

I feel like if you're still involved in the punk scene as you get older, the best thing you can do with all of your experience is be kind of a mentor or role model to younger kids who are just getting started. I know it sounds cheesy, but I remember being much younger, dealing with calling out a rapist in our community, and really feeling like it would've helped to have some advice from someone older who had already been through it. We had zines written by other women who had done what we were doing, and we had each other, but we were all in our young twenties and militant as fuck. We couldn't see both sides, the way I can now.

As a person who has both called other people out publicly on their behavior and been publicly

called out on her behavior, I have so much to say about the process of accountability particularly within punk and radical communities. I am also very curious about how all people, but especially women and queers, are handling their shit across the country and the world. If you're trying to tackle issues of violence, assault, abuse, or rape in public or personal settings in your community, I'd like to know about it. I also have so many things to say about what I call "call-out culture" within punk rock and when and how it should be used, but I think I'm going to have to save those comments for another column.

People like to say, and I myself have said, that the same injustices that are found outside of the punk scene can be found inside of it as well. I still think that's true, but let's not lose perspective. The fact is, many punks hang out in a pretty insular world and have no real gauge when it comes to comparing their interpersonal struggles with those that are happening in "the real world." I guess all I'm saying is that even though I always want to see us confronting hard issues head-on, I also want to see less drama and judgment and more understanding and compassion when it comes to resolving conflict in our communities.

This is one of those columns where I feel like I've left so much unsaid, but I promise to revisit some of this stuff later.

Get in touch: shotgunseamstress@gmail. com

MINDLESS CONTENTMENT

WITH CHUCK BARRELS

Good afternoon True Believers, and welcome to another episode of Mindless Contentment. With the home stretch of summer upon us and the pennant race heating up, I'd like to wish all of you with squads in contention good luck. Well, except any Yankees fans, you girls can get bent. I hope you all enjoy being saddled with Fat Elvis for the rest of the season. I'm sure The Boss is honored by the fistful of dollars his kid threw at yet another washed-up National Leaguer-turned-DH, while he wallows in one of the lower rungs of Hades being endlessly tortured by a demon that looks remarkably like Billy Martin. As The Tribe and the Royals battle it out for dominance of the AL Central basement, I'm reminded of the fragility of life and how quickly our time here on this mortal coil passes by. We lost one of the good ones this month, Fredrick Milner III, better known to many of you as Derf "So you can carry them like a six-pack!" Scratch. A true punk rock pioneer, and the man I believe first coined the legendary phrase "Eat My Fuck," later to be plagiarized by one Kevin Michael Allin. Hopefully the two of them are crushing beers in nirvana right now and talking shit about Lee Ving. Rest peacefully Derf, you'll live on in the hearts and souls of righteous punks for eternity.

During the down time between poring over box scores and listening to "The Record" these past few days, I've found some enjoyable platters strewn about the apartment we should probably discuss. Some regional delicacies of a sort, the type of records that typify a certain locale and could only be created under the effects of their particular geography. One such LP is called *Michigan Works* by a band called the MENTHOLS from the metropolis of Kalamazoo. You think Michigan and your mind turns out images of Motor City hot rockin' and MC5 testifyin', straight outta Detroit and all that jizz. Well, there's more to MI than the city Gordie Howe built. K-Zoo, as I believe it's affectionately called, sits on the opposite side of the state, far from the war-ravaged streets of Dee-troit and I imagine somewhat peacefully in the bread basket of what we call the Midwest. This being the case, *Michigan Works* carries only the slightest whiff of the molten guitar rock aped by Australian bands for decades and carves out its own unique niche driven by, yes, their geography. It's a long standing record reviewer cliché to describe all things Midwestern as "workmanlike" and other Honest Joe-like adjectives. Real music made by real people sans the trappings of Big City life or West Coast sun and such. It's just the way it is. The MENTHOLS give us a good taste of this strain of American of rock'n'roll, simple and somewhat heavy jamming, the type of music created in basements and poorly ventilated practice rooms, influenced by the drudgery of 9-to-5 jobs, cheap beer, cheaper weed and the unrelenting need to pick up their instruments and just do it. Nothing too fancy, and that's what makes it special. Dead end Americana, with rumbling bass throb-throb-throb establishing rhythms as steady as the price of PBR thirty-packs, vocals that aren't so much seething with rage and anger as they are yammered off with healthy "doses" of self-amusement and ennui-release. These aren't suburban kids pissed at mom and dad or urban street punks revolting against The Man, these are dudes who are doing this because this is just what they do. Blowin' off steam, giving that Man the finger in their own righteous way, making those guitars swirl in toilet flushing circular motions in a low budget psychedelic style, building songs with hearty and stoic structures that stand on their own two goddamn feet before they stagger around drunkenly of their own volition. Think of sloppy CHEATER SLICKS, or of the meat-n-taters directness of equally backboned Aussie lunkers like COSMIC PSYCHOS or 3 TOED SLOTH, or of even lesser known lunkheads like their Wisconsonian brothers-in-arms ALUMINUM KNOT EYE. The MENTHOLS are living the American Dream. Smoking cigarettes, pulling off that ass pocket of whiskey, playing their damn songs the way they want to and having a great time doing it from the looks of the photo collage insert. They're not trying to be something that they're not. Patriotic music that's more than a few steps ahead of their singles and a little less dense than that mighty fine cassette they released a few moments past. Rock doesn't get much more solid. There's a limited white vinyl edition with wonderfully slapdash paste-on sleeves and a regular black vinyl version with a ballsy silk screen, equaling 500 total copies that I hope don't clog up the closet of Mr. UFO Dictator for long. (www.ufodictator.com)

In direct opposition to the peninsular huskiness of *Michigan Works*, we have the debut long-player from the MOONHEARTS, a self-titled affair of Orange County surf-garage that could only be made possible under the influence of Pacific Ocean waves, California sun and Emerald Triangle reefer. Just so you don't get confused, this youthful trio were referred to as CHARLIE AND THE MOONHEARTS on previous releases, and although Charlie Moon is still on the skins (and he's a hell of a drummer), he no longer demands top billing in a particularly humble move. A real class act. So, these kids have been steadily heating up since their budget-fi first single was released on Goodbye Boozy back in '08, through a couple of cassettes, a split LP and then the truly phenomenal *Drop In, Drop Out* 7" from last year, which had them absolutely cooking and left me pining for the full length I'm now holding. They're maturing with each release, much like their pal TY SEGALL (who I think they outdo with this record), alternating between rip curl surf-punk stingers and saltier beach-rock cuts, and even swinging some moody hard-edged garage and a little bit of psych-noise to add some texture. This thing is rife with hot drum breaks and hotter guitar solos, and they sound as comfortable jack-knifing off the board at high speeds as they do bombing the hills cannonball-heavy style. Surf music (both of the VENTURES instro-style and AGENT ORANGE punk-style) has long been thought dead and buried, but these kids breathe life into it once again with finesse and smarts. Just look at their choice of covers on this thing: they snicker through EL BARTO AND THE KRUSTY-Os "Eat My Shorts" and then a couple of tracks later they close the snack shack down with the garage obscurity "I Can Go On" by THE RIOTS, evoking all the emotive shadow and color of a sunset covered beach. Youthful exuberance buffered by skilled playing and knowledge/respect of the past allows THE MOONHEARTS to reinterpret the genre instead of just playing within a caricature of it. Punk enough for the kids and garage enough for the turkeys, this one can't miss. (www.tictactotally.com)

As much as surf music is a California phenomenon, it's been part of the canon for long enough to allow appropriation and interpretation by those not within spitting distance of a large body of salt water. Rochester's INSUBORDINATES have taken the form and made it sound as at home in Upstate New York as it is in Southern California. In the same way surf-punk is the vehicle for THE MOONHEARTS to express themselves and their somewhat sunny disposition, THE INSUBORDINATES have taken the genre and made it the vehicle for their release of teenage shit-city angst. Their previous 7" release only hinted at the ripping punk-garage on display here on their self-titled debut LP. Snot-nosed idiotic teenage punk is done to perfection here, but reading between the lines you realize these ruffians are a bit smarter than they appear as well. They take the warm and sun-kissed twang of surf-style guitar and impose upon it their own

aesthetic, almost mocking their beach bum counterparts from out west as they sit pictured on the grimy shores of Lake Ontario, using the genre to exorcise the demons of the post-industrial wasteland of the city they call home and its empty factories and pre-fab housing gone to seed. It's a place where the American Dream has gone awry, derailed, crashed and burned, leaving the youth with an empty promise and jobless dreams. Yet they couldn't be happier to be swimming in shit it appears, as it is their own shit and they dig the unique way it smells. THE INSUBORDINBATES are proud to call "Rockin' Rochester" their home and they've taken ownership of their destinies and have dubbed it ROTCORE. Remember that word, as it's a "scene" that the INUBORDINATES are just the iceberg-tip of...watch for names like LOVE PORK, THE NARCS, BRAIN CAR, BAD TASTE, RATIONAL ANIMALS and more in the future and present. It's all punk as fuck, trust me. As far as this LP goes, it's a legit and bloody little ripper, with killer vox, some stunning instrumental moments and more dumb-punk than you can shake a Slim Jim at. Perfectly suitable for surfing or skating, it actually continues the job SKATE KORPSE started a few years back, perhaps married to the influence of ADOLESCENTS or THE LEFT a bit. Record to tape all-analog style, it sounds as fantastic as it looks. Buy or fry. (www.cowabungarecords.com)

After discussing three LPs that could only have been created in the good ol' US-of-A, how about we discuss a record that could only have come from the fog-encrusted grey cityscape of Old Blighty itself? Hailing from London, England we have *More Songs About Motorcycles and Death*, the latest 12" from British stalwarts BLACK TIME. The finest UK outfit to make tea since the COUNTRY TEASERS first set up shop years ago, I've enjoyed their recorded works thoroughly since their self-titled LP swam across the pond what seems like centuries ago. Never afraid to wear their influences proudly and sometimes rather gaudily on their sleeves, their mash-up of PUSSY GALORE noise, CRAMPSian hipshake, TELEVISION PERSONALITIES DIY-shamble, LINK WRAY reverb and whatever other act they were paying tribute to that week always delivered the (damaged) goods. Their songs always made me think as much about what influences they were drawing from as how they were making the homage sound so fresh. As decidedly retro as they sometimes seemed, BLACK TIME always had a futuristic feel to them in a dark JG Ballard sort of fashion. These six new songs bring forth more of that vibe, echoes of the past skipping to the future, a seemingly dark garage bluster with hints of hopeful sunshine striving to break through the clouds of ramshackle instrumentation, guy-girl vocals with the proper British accent taking the lo-fi piss out of stuffy genre standards. It's a fine mess, and sadly some of the last tunes were bound to hear from Agent Caution and Co., as my sources tell me BLACK TIME will be going on a long vacation. I think it's their finest record since the *Dance Party* EP and as always it cleverly sticks to the concept/theme, summoning visions of Psychomania, Wild Angels and even some poofy Quadrophenia scootering. The liner notes are fantastic work of fiction(?) in their own right, the artwork is truly beautiful and it's one of the loudest mastered records I've heard in some time. Available on the back-from-the-grave Wrench Records label, home of the legendary Charlie Chainsaw and RANCID HELL SPAWN. You go buy now. (www.wrench.org)

IN THE RED RECORDS DEPT.: Finally, I catch In the Red sitting on their hands, without a scene-dominating release available or some genre-bending LP blowing minds (that WOUNDED LION record is a real dog if you ask me) come column-time. But don't think Mr. Hardy is resting on his "laurels" (get it?!) for the rest of the year. As summer turns to fall, he's got a release schedule that includes new slabs from A-listers like THE INTELLIGENCE, DEMON'S CLAWS, TYVEK, CHEAP TIME, FRESH & ONLYS and more. It's going to be a bloodbath. Watch out and start saving your pennies. (www.intheredrecords.com)

COOL SINGLE DEPT.: You know I get serious wood for anything Australian that rocks, and we have another stunna from Down Unda this month. The debut single from BITS OF SHIT is a lean and mean seven inches of purely primal punk rock, teeming with feral snarl and nasty guitar that will bash your fucking head in. Featuring members of SAILORS, ONYAS and OOGAS BOOGAS, think of this as the record EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING could make if they really weren't nice guys. Shit-kicking is rarely done better than this. Issued in a hurtful edition of only 300 copies, I'd start digging around for a copy now or you'll hate yourself later. (Lexicon Devil Records)

COOL TAPE DEPT.: This new cassette resurgence really sucks for the most part, as tapes are fucking lame. But there is something gratifying about a good demo tape that is meant to be just a demo and some "official" release on a retarded format. There's a real good one circulating right now by a band called THE DROUGHTS. I have no idea from where they hail (but I'm going to guess somewhere in the old Midwest by the "workmanlike" rock'n'roll on display), but they play some real good bum-out guitar rock. It's like CHEATER SLICKS, but more unfocused and less skilled. The band sounds drunk, but in a very serious way, as they stumble and fumble through six tracks of lo-fi guitar drones and downer anthems with some subtle hooks and wonderfully stilted rhythms. Now lets just get this here tape committed to wax and we'll have something. (www.thedroughtsmusic.com)

COOL REISSUE DEPT.: Reissuing vintage punk and powerpop singles used to be solely the domain of Japanese vanity labels, but some super-patriot has stepped up to the plate here in God's country with the LAST LAUGH RECORDS label. Releasing exact replicas of impossible-to-find KBD singles in a legitimate band-sanctioned non-bootleg way is an amazing idea I'm shocked no one ran with years ago. But we have this fine label here and now, and that's all that matters. They've already done classics by FREESTONE ("Bummer Bitch" is the "Louie, Louie" of modern punkdom), THE EAT, THE REACTORS, THE FINGERS and a regional Rhode Island delicacy from JOE HEBERT BAND, and they show no signs of slowing up. I've seen the list of releases they have on tap, and any self-respecting punk rocker without a bank account deep enough to be true collectorscum will be more than pleased to own all of these American classics on wax. NO FOREIGN JUNK. God bless you Last Laugh, the Lord has a cloud set aside for you in heaven. (www.lastlaughrecords.us)

That's it for this month jabronies, short and sour. Until next time, keep your mouth shut and know your role.

Excerpt from the upcoming *Fag School* "American Waiter, Tricks and Boyfriends" (A NOVELLA)

There was shit *everywhere* in the city ("I don't mind it if it's on my dick!" as the saying goes), but quite literally *everywhere*. This junkie took a shit by my doorstep, not in polite little logs but in one huge ominous bulb that rounded at the top and sides like a three-pound mushroom. To add insult to injury the culprit took a toy candy dispenser (called "The Sweet Machine") and (strategically?) stuck it down in the center of the shit. I cleaned it on my way to work and all day I could feel the heavy shit-stank fumes in my lungs. I put the shit-covered "Sweet Machine" in a bag by the garbage cans on the street. It disappeared for two hours and then someone brought it right back. What horrible thing had I done to deserve this? I got to the restaurant late. Again. The customer was a junkie too. I didn't know this until he passed out at the table for thirty minutes. I walked by and caught a whiff of him and he had totally shit himself. I moved to a safer place and from afar saw him wake up, knock over his water, reach his finger in the back of his pants, *smell it*, freak out, and run to the restroom. He stayed in for thirty more minutes and when he came out (doing that whole "I'm on heroin" nod-off thing) the toilet and sink were completely covered in feces.

Later that day in writing class the teacher asked us to write about unpleasant things and I titled mine "Shit, Poopdick, and Other Unfortunate Circumstances":

1. I brought this one asshole home from the bar and we fucked like drunk people. Then of course I had to pay the toll. I pulled out of him dick-dirty and the room filled with the smell of curried vegetables. He almost threw up, and I tried to say soothing and attentive top things like "don't worry baby, it's human, it's natural" (even though I wanted to fucking *die*). I wiped my dick on a dirty sock and threw it under my bed. *The weird part*: three months later when I cleaned my

room I couldn't find the poop sock *anywhere*. What happened?

2. What is extraordinary is that I had known this boy a full eight years before we boned. A precedent of sorts, but then it still all turned to hell. He wanted to fuck in the morning. I hate morning sex. The morning is not a sexy time. It's all about the beer shit, bad breath, that bloated gassy feeling, hunger pangs—couldn't you just make love to my mind? "No way," he says. I'd rather hate myself than fuck in the morning, but to make *him* happy I gave in and bent over. Normally I just shut up and internalize my bottom role but I couldn't move past the rather pessimistic thought/fact that getting fucked in the ass when you're not feeling it is *so demeaning*. Whatever. That's when my lover (that big dick *mule*) pulled out and *ow!* It felt like he yanked out a kidney! I looked to see if I had left any guts on his dick and I had! This brownish-red crown "crowned" the head of his dick. It was like murder! Then he just sat there *smiling* no less! He carelessly plops down on the bed and smears the remnants of my lower intestines on the sheet, doesn't say a word, and even checks his e-mail with my shit still on his dick. I judged him, showered, and left. I mean I guess it's a bit hypocritical to be fecal-phobic if you're going to fuck people in the ass, but why did it all just seem so wrong to me?

3. At the end of the day I have to say my most impressive sex partners have always been druggy straight punk boys 'cause they don't give a fuck. I don't want shaved-butthole-gay-dude-sex because I'm an unapologetic self-loathing gay. Just saying. Anyhow, we smoked (yes *smoked*) a half eighth of shrooms, ate the other half, and he started fucking my face. Oops! Too much air! I threw up on the side of the bed and floor. He gently caressed my face and said "awww, baby," threw a towel over the vomit and we started fucking again. Ew.

4. I was fully engaged in sexual intercourse with this silver fox flight attendant thirty years my senior. Very suddenly my dick popped out of him, slapped against my stomach, and I could see (in the moonlight-drenched room) this huge *angry* shit-ball roll sticky-slow down my stomach and onto the floor. When we turned the lights on I couldn't see the shit-ball anywhere! I think the dog ate it.

With apologies to Mr. Booth, I thought I'd take a little time this month to relate a little record collector mania of my own. As he's mentioned previously, Amoeba in San Francisco has been having a crazy grab-bag clearance of singles and EPs. There's a lot of crap in that bin, but I've picked up a few underappreciated treasures that deserve a bit of a spotlight. But before that, I think I need to relate the experience that made my month…

I had just swung by Amoeba with a friend to check out the clearance bin and hopefully snag a few under-priced gems when my eye strayed to the rare singles wall. Then… sweat. Chills. A major tingling in that primitive part of the brain that governs the desires of the collector that lurks within us all. There was a virtual smorgasbord of rare international hardcore up there! RATTUS, MECHT MENCH, a boatload of Crass Records singles, HEIMAT LOS EPs and, hello, what's that? L.S.D. *Jast Last*? With the ultra-rare "suicide sleeve?" $150? And Systematic Death *Flash Back* for $75? Fuck. Sold, but I don't have that kind of ready cash—San Francisco is a very expensive place to live, y'know. I bolted.

Out the door, down to the bus stop, and back home I ran. After a frenzied consultation with my DVD collection and a pep talk from my girlfriend (by the way, I *highly* recommend dating a fellow collector), it was a dead sprint back up to the store. A few moments at the sale counter later and I had a trade credit that about covered the total cost of my precious(es). I have to admit, once the transaction was completed I didn't so much walk out of that store as strut. I swear I even high-fived several employees on the way out as my collector's lizard brain purred in my ear. Yes, records are just things, and yes, everything is available for download or on a reissue these days, but goddamnit… there are very few things as pleasurable as getting that record. And as I drop the needle on L.S.D.'s *Karen Nash* in the privacy of my own home, and those completely un-fucking-hinged vocals blast out of my speakers, I'm still basking in the afterglow. FYI, if you're not willing to drop these kind of bucks on the originals, all the L.S.D. recordings were collected on one handy LP a couple of years ago by Schizophrenic Records. Regarding SYSTEMATIC DEATH, the *Systemania Volume One* and *Systemania Volume Two* double LP collections on Partners In Crime are some of the best comprehensive reissues ever. The *Flash Back* EP is featured on *Volume Two*, but both are absolutely ripping (as is the new LP!).

Besides those bonzers, I also picked up a couple of other platters worth talking about. First, and perhaps most surprising, was the IDORA *Last Sentence* EP on Heart First. I had been sort of peripherally aware of IDORA as a band that appeared on a number of classic compilations, but I'd never heard a full record of theirs. Beyond the kind of awesome mock classic rock intro, the music is a nice blend of burly traditional Japanese HC and more GAUZE-styled fast stuff (though some of those classic rock leads work their way into the mix now and again, and there's a bit of sneakily melodic singing). I guess I'd always overlooked this band, but this is actually a remarkably good (if butt-ugly) EP. I suppose it's a testament to how badass the Japanese scene was in the early '90s that a record this good just slipped through the cracks. In the giant mohawks department, I finally nabbed a copy of the GESHPENST *Just Keep This Fighting* EP, which is some seriously thugged-out metallic hardcore. They're going for a DEATH SIDE thing, but with only half the chops they have to rely on some nifty double-tracked solos, much simpler riffing, and tough vocals. It very much reminds me of the recent CLOWN LP, if those dudes were into occasional IRON MAIDEN parts. The B-side tracks ("Burning Flame" and the title track) are as good as it gets for '95 and will definitely be mixtape staples for some time to come.

Besides geeking out on buying records, I also made time to catch the recent VERRATERISCH/AUTISTIC YOUTH/BOG PEOPLE/DOPECHARGE gig. It was a smashing good time, easily the best gig I've been to in a while, especially for a weekday night. VERRATERISCH kind of stole the show, as their vocal/bass/drum take on noisecore-meets-peace-punk is really something new and refreshing. Tons of energy and a nice short set that left us wanting more. I heard they have an EP coming out on Black Water Records sometime, so keep an eye out for that. DOPECHARGE were great as always. Tons of bands claim D-beat, but very few can pull off the "traditional" '80s style as well as these guys. Think the first two DEATHCHARGE EPs for a reference point. I hope those fuckers eventually get their shit together to release a record, I've been wearing out their demo for years (!) now.

Next month: HAAVA/AVFALL EP, NOISE CAT EP, and new G.A.T.E.S.! Stay tuned. As always, drop me a line c/o *MRR* with praise, criticism, death threats, and record offers.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

In a couple of weeks I have to take the flag down from outside my house and pack it in the suitcase—I leave Australia for a couple months on tour with three bands. THE UV RACE and TOTAL CONTROL are touring the US and STRAIGHTJACKET NATION are in Europe. It's been a pretty good couple months for music here, so before I leave I'd like to round up the latest hits in yet another column of patriot schtick. My Australia.

Last night, TOTAL CONTROL played a show with THE ZINGERS, JUSTIN K FULLER, and LAKES. It was a Sunday night, so most people were off at church or attempting to heal their cracked souls from a Saturday drink, but for anyone who was there, this was one for the pool room. THE ZINGERS are a new anti-punk cunt band with members of PATHETIC HUMAN and INSURGENTS. Excessively repetitive obnoxious grating. You'd hear such adjectives spewed over FLIPPER live outings, but we got the old men exhausted with their teen achievements and happy just to line their pockets when they toured

here last year. THE ZINGERS have obviously attempted to correct the karmic imbalance. JUSTIN K FULLER is the guitarist of ZOND—the ZOND CD is about to get an LP release, get it, get it, fucking get it. For the number of times I've endured the experience of watching someone tinkle away at an array of effect pedals with little effect, I was rewarded by the JKF set last night. Waves of noise blurred my vision and made my stomach fall out. LAKES closed the show. I've been meaning to interview him for *MRR* for some time so have held off ranting about his music in *All Foreign Junk*, but here we are. A wall of abrasive guitar, a synth, and a heavily treated drum sample crafting songs that recall the miserable demands of UK punk, particularly later CRISIS material as they began to disintegrate into DEATH IN JUNE. His latest LP *Solar Flecks* is worth tracking down—like all of his previous records, it went out of print in Australia almost immediately.

The new BLACK JESUS cassette is a ripper. This band features my mate and your mate Rhys Davies, who's done time in Perth for many years ruining your ear drums with fast hardcore—ALL IN DEEP SHIT and EXTORTION are probably the most well-known bands he's played in. He lives in Melbourne, and recently got together with a couple blokes for a few beers, formed a band, and that band has released a cracker of a demo. Right now my favorite record is *Ride The Lightning* so I'm getting a lot out of this one. Lacking comparison points, I'd say this is somewhere between SLAYER and CELTIC FROST, much like SANGRAAL have done on their latest 7". Music to enjoy fantasies of persecution to.

Imminently, Lewis from the No Patience record label in Adelaide, Australia, will tear off the packing tape on a fuckload of boxes to find the new releases from SHOCK VALUE, SEXUAL CHOCOLATE, WARCHILDREN, and BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS. I can't testify for the SHOCK VALUE rec, but their demo is great and the last time I saw them with Wes from INSURGENTS it was a ripping set. SEXUAL CHOCOLATE and WAR CHILDREN both feature Wes too: SEXUAL CHOCOLATE I have not heard but I have heard RAZAR mentioned as a reference point. RAZAR! And the WAR CHILDREN 7" is sick, menacing, horrible hardcore. BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS I have been listening to a lot—their new 7" absolutely trumps their demo and anything they did with SNAKE RUN, delivering eight songs of punk hardcore that sound somewhere between THE FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES and THE H100S. No shit! Lewis plays in BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS, publishes *Deny Everything* fanzine, and is the guy to turn to when you're trying to get a show in his fuckhole town. And along with Nic from RIP Society, he's doing the best job in getting good bands recorded and released before they become shit bands or break up.

And speaking of Wes from INSURGENTS—in the next couple days a box will arrive with the new issue of *Distort*, a split release with Pederast Prophet label, the new INSURGENTS 7" called *Fad Cash*. I'm helping release this record because I need to keep the Australian economy operating. My bank needed me to put a little more money on my credit card—some executive got a great offer over e-mail for a cheap breast implant or penis extension. I bravely complied with their request, and soon you will appreciate the fruits of my credit card's labor: a real hardcore 7", in 2010! High times. Note: Wes is also reissuing the MODERN WARFARE *Nothing Left* 7" on Pederast Prophet. Do you know hardcore?

ROYAL HEADACHE recently came to Melbourne on a tour with THE BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS. Both bands are easily the best pop punk bands in this country—I mean that entirely without imagery of hibiscus flowers on board shorts or dudes with lip rings named Randy. You can hear a legacy of UK pop in ROYAL HEADACHE (BUZZCOCKS, etc.) and punk bands like DESCENDENTS, and the BAD BOYS may or may not have started off gigging around outer suburban pubs as a REPLACEMENTS tribute act. ROYAL HEADACHE released a tour cassette for the occasion, seven songs recorded live, including a couple from the new LP I've heard raw demos from that sounds real fuckin' good. Like I mentioned before, Nic from RIP Society (bassist/drummer of BAD BOYS) runs a tight ship. The latest CD from ZOND I already jacked off earlier; he's also responsible for the DEAD FARMERS LP, the first CIRCLE PIT 7", the STRAIGHT ARROWS 7", and will release the new BOOMGATES 7" (members of EDDY CURRENT, TWERPS, DICK DIVER, TEEN ARCHER... shit!).

SUPER WILD HORSES have copped numerous mentions from me in these pages in the past, but their LP launch was the other night and they're about to head to the USA and will probably be within driving distance of your town about the time these words get printed so here's a smattering: the new LP is called *Fifteen*, it is glorious. Also out on Aarght shortly: the new SAILORS and OOGA BOOGAS 7"s. THE SAILORS is a killer A and B of snotty, asshole punk. The OOGA BOOGAS 7" is a real tearjerker ballad from a band that have developed live into somewhere between kraut rock and bar boogie. Evil.

Alright—see you on tour.

If you play punk, hardcore, garage noise or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you DON'T live in the US, Japan, or Sweden, please get in touch. My address is DANIEL STEWART: PO BOX 239 NORTH CARLTON VICTORIA 3054 AUSTRALIA.

Getting born/getting teeth/getting up/getting hair/getting food/getting fat/getting bad grades/getting insulted/getting punched/getting in trouble/getting high/getting drunk/getting girls/getting records/getting down/getting lost/getting a phone call/getting arrested/getting a ride/getting a dog/getting tossed out/getting drugs/getting money/getting fired/getting in trouble/getting sick/getting hospitalized! Eternal activities, one-two-three and so on until you got Xs for eyes, and a tongue hanging flopping grey and loose like a thin fish in high wind! Same stink, too! Doctor's smock, mother's tit, father's hands, teacher's scowl, boss's sneer, girlfriend's ass, wife's toes, doctor's smock, coroner's wallet! That's life! Every ten days or so you lie flat on your back and think about the rest of your life, on both sides of the moment, and all you can get out is "Shit!"

Shit indeed, shit forever!

What a word, what a hell of a word, you can use it anywhere! Stub your toe! Shit! Miss a phone call! Shit! Pick up the phone! Shit! Dribble yellow piss on your pleated trousers! Shit! Another shit for the pleats! Life! Shit! Death! Shit! What a word! What a world! You'd have to be crazy not to laugh! Oh, but there's a lot of different laughs, you've got to find the right one! I was born in 1989 and it's a good bet that I won't live to see a hundred! How terrible! Human tragedy is the only tragedy! Animals don't have emotions, and we who do don't have surplus, so don't waste yourself on weasels and cicadas! I've wasted a lot of time in my life! Look: it's the beginning of my third full decade! The first two were shit! I remember for most of the first one I was a towheaded little creep! I took in cartoons, which were on television constantly back then, with all the tenacity of a glutton at a buffet! I wanted out! Escape! But I never laughed, because cartoons are never funny! They're unfunny, always! Grotesque, even! No wonder I turned out the way I did! The way I turned out, awful! I hope my parents aren't proud! My father never reads this column! Neither do I! Shit!

My wit's end, that's where I am! I've fucked enough types of women to figure out what the rest are like! So fuck them all, tell me about it later! I can't stop you! Corner me! Expound upon the virtues of the cunt! Extol upon the triumphs of the cock, yours in specific! Talk to me! Spit on me while you do it! Fart! Touch your finger to your nose! Sniff! Sigmund Freud, who was he? I didn't use an exclamation point on that one! Because it was a question! I'm dictating this whole column out loud to one of my light-skinned manservants! Occasionally when I pause for a great length of time, his fingers leave the keys and he touches them to my lips! Lightly! I have sensitive lips! He tells me to use creme! The pig! Maybe after this nightmare writing is over, I'll sodomize the son of a bitch! Shit!

Once I wrote a column about my friend! He died! So did my mother! Maybe yours did too! Don't fucking talk to me about it! I don't care! How could I! I've got problems of my own! I've got rent to pay and I hate my job! I sell flowers in the cold in one of the Chinese neighborhoods in this city! My bosses are Greeks! They're poorer than I am! They're fat! Ugly! I don't think the old-

est one has ever had a woman! Bad for him! Great for women! There's two sides to every coin, you pricks! In that column I mentioned, I talked about how when Craig was dying, when he was really going to die, his eyes and mind became scared and hopeless and hateful and insane! It was the worst thing I've ever seen! I resolved to live life to the fullest! I didn't! I sat around! I'm sitting right now! I'm not going to stand up! I've stood up before! It was awful! I sat back down again! Shit!

Shit! Stink! When I was younger I was forced to scrub my disgusting tangled rat's nest hair with dandruff shampoo before going to school! I smelled like a burning oil slick! I looked like shit! I failed every class! I got arrested! I got charged! I was innocent! I was! Probation! Skipped it! Thrown into a van! Thrown into the desert! Thrown onto a farm! I was thrown around a lot! Maybe that's why I got fat! But I'm not fat anymore! And look: they started throwing me around again, the bastards! The Greeks! The customers! No one tips! I wake up before any semblance of dawn and sit on a train for an hour! I hate the subway! I hate flowers! Who gets flowers! Women! Men! For each other! I've gotten girls flowers before! Where are those girls now! This is when I really need them! All of them! What if they were here! Nude! Why not! Prostrate on my bed! It's a comfortable bed! A bit small! They could fit! They were all short! Not freakishly so! I have some standards! I can see them now! Limbs akimbo! Dripping wet! But not with water! With lighter fluid! Why not! This is my fantasy! It's nothing against them! It's just cold in here! It's cold everywhere! Coldest summer in forty years: since before even PUNK! Shit!

I've been awake for three days! My alarm just rang! In my skull and on my table! It's been ringing forever! Time to work! Stand around forever! That's life, they say! I can't argue!

Listen! We all have legs, and arms, and brains, and nipples, and parents, and apartments, and condos, and appetites, and perversions, and secret thoughts, and secret joys and secret minds and secret feelings that are secret for a reason! A good reason! We're all born ugly and we'll all die ugly! Good! There's honesty in ugliness! Just remember what happens between your first breath and your last is your business! No one else's! Shit!

This month all I can talk of is hatred! Hate! Ha! But, this is a punk magazine! Punk is easy rock and roll! Impossible to hate! In fact it's wonderful! I love easy things! The word punk has a great ring to it! It puts a smile to my face! My face is ugly! Now I hate things again! But: everyone is ugly! Tim Buckley was ugly! Townes Van Zandt was ugly! Iggy was ugly! Common people: they're ugly too! Good! Suddenly I'm filled with great love and a feeling of happy solidarity towards the rest of mankind! I'm elated! My spirits soar and glide thru bubbling clouds of ethereal sunshine and winks from girls! Half smiles mean more than full ones! They're more honest! I don't know what my mouth is doing now! Days and nights have blended into one long nightmare! I love it! I hate it! Shit!

"Gegen Nazis"

Everywhere I went while on tour in Germany, this phrase was written or plastered on a bathroom stall. I became more familiar while on this visit to the "anti-deutsch" ideology in the punk underground. As I understand it, the movement came to be around the time of German re-unification and an upswing in fascist gang violence. The anti-deutsch movement is very strongly against German nationalism in any form, and some even oppose the right of Germany to be a nation at all. While we were touring in June and July, the World Cup games left many of our hosts at least annoyed, and at most, simmering with anger and all hoping Germany would lose as soon as possible. I'm not German and don't speak the language, and freely admit there's much, much I could learn about what factors created these attitudes, so my opinions are based on the little I know from speaking with people there. As an anti-nationalist movement, I have no qualms with what they oppose, but what they support truly boggles my mind.

In what I can only imagine is inextricably linked with disgust of Germany's Nazi past and the monstrous crimes of the Holocaust, the anti-deutsch movement is pro-Israel. Furthermore, understanding the Israeli link with the US, they are pro-American. In conversations with two separate individuals, both described their desires to see the U.S. invade Iran and topple the Ahmadinejad government. Being at a punk show with communist and anarchist flags hanging everywhere and hearing this is somewhat mind-blowing, but these kind of attitudes were commonplace in my travels. The main reason for this specific desire would be Ahmadinejad's anti-Israel sentiments. People would bring up the obvious subjugation of the people of Iran, which is no doubt horrid, but you'd think after seeing the abysmal mess Americans have made of things in Iraq that this idea of invasion would register as madness, never mind the moral and tactical issues of not violating another country's sovereignty, or how a US invasion would easily shore up support for Ahmadinejad by giving a solid reason for his combative, nationalist rhetoric. Again, the main reason the anti-deutsch people I spoke to had chosen Iran for US invasion is the anti-Zionism of the Iranian regime. There was no mention of any other brutal dictatorship that should be overthrown, just similarly anti-Zionist countries like Syria.

The madness continues with the movement's own argumentative rhetoric. Throughout my friends and my own discussions with people of anti-deutsch ideology, we discovered that comparing the Holocaust to any other ethnic cleansing or racial subjugation throughout history was taboo and initiated immediate head-shaking. The attitude was essentially that German anti-fascism had to be stronger and more fierce than any other similar movement... an attitude that seemed strangely fascist itself, and deeply hypocritical.

In one such discussion I had, I told of an article I'd read about two Israeli soldiers humiliating a Palestinian man at a checkpoint by making him perform a song on his violin for their amusement. The incident leaked back to the Israeli media and sent waves through the population as it triggered memories of a similar famous incident involving a Jewish man having to perform a tune on his violin for two Nazi guards during the Holocaust. The point I was trying to make was that the Israeli people got a mirror glance at themselves, one they didn't like, and so their anger was turned strictly toward the two soldiers in question, and not the entire occupation of Palestine itself. Immediately my German host began shaking his head and saying, "no, you can't compare the Holocaust to..." before I reminded him that I didn't make the comparison, the Israeli public did. The simple argument falling on deaf ears that if one group of people feel superior to another, awful things are going to happen.

I can't quite imagine what it would be like to be from a country that had started the most massive, bloody war in history, finally lost, and also committed massive genocide in the meantime. The psychology of the anti-deutsch movement obviously starts with that, but what is the outcome of that kind of shame and guilt? Blind support for the obviously dominant power in the Israel / Palestine conflict? Feelings of one perhaps being anti-Semitic if one doesn't support the occupation of Palestine? It would seem obvious to me that the more rational attitude to have would be one that supports a just, peaceful outcome to the conflict, not one side triumphing over the other. In my conversations with people in the punk underground in Germany, I may as well have been speaking to my American coworkers when talking about subjects like "terrorism," having to remind whomever I was speaking to that bombs in trash cans are no more insidious than ones dropped from planes, and that one way to wage war is not morally superior to another.

The reactions to Holocaust guilt go even further in Austria, where Holocaust denial, the most obviously ignorant, stupid, rhetorical garbage is illegal. Even as some would see this kind of ideology of denial as emboldening fascist apologists—and in recent years Austria has had a few neo-fascist politicians do better than would make us comfortable in a few elections—still, it would seem making such idiotic ramblings illegal would only seem to me to play into fascist hands. Without the argument of free speech being a moral issue, tactically, this policy seems counterproductive. To make one idea or argument illegal would seem to me to draw a dangerous curiosity to that forbidden theory and make the more dull among the public wonder, "Why can't we say this, or believe in this?" And one thing that very

dull people love is an outlandishly ridiculous conspiracy theory, (see also: The Tea Party Movement).

I don't live in Germany or have to deal with fascists, ever. One place we stayed at in Dresden had been attacked my fascist gangs before. At another show in Nuremburg, a Nazi tried to enter the show and was turned away, prompting some pissy-pants violent posturing before finally exiting. Still, to see this issue at the forefront—and with some bizarre, bizarre, reactionary ideology surrounding it—was shocking. Germany currently has NATO troops in Afghanistan, but there was no talk about that. There was little talk of the western world's evaporation of the middle class and the impending environmental catastrophe brought on by capitalism, or any other issue that affects the entire world. In Germany, the punk subculture and left-political subculture are very intertwined, which is excellent and inspiring to see, but are these theories really of a leftist persuasion?

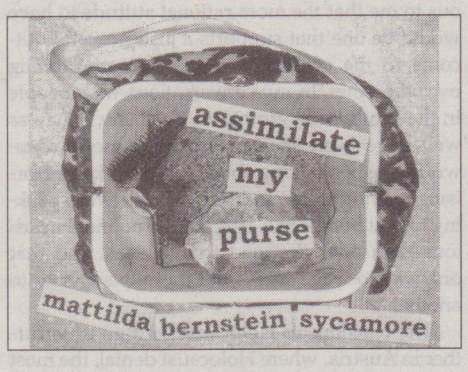
Do they really warrant this much attention?

Please write me for more dialogue about this: fahy_john@hotmail.com

ENDNOTES: 1. Thanks to DOLCIM (solid lads), Lars, Sabine, Amelie, Leia, Jimbo, Melee, RESURRECTIONISTS, JUNE PAIK, MAGRUDERGRIND(for the weed), MILVAINS, TITAN, HAMMERS, BATTLE OF WOLF, PUNCH (put on one of the best sets in the middle of nowhere in Germany to kick off their tour), and millions of others I can't begin to think of for making our tour a killer one.

2. Thanks for more mixes and demos! Please keep them coming, especially the more noisy of ye: John Fahy / 15011 Lakeside View Drive / Apt. 2402 / Fort Myers / FL / 33919 / USA

3. More music next month, should be a lot to catch up on.



The Rush

It must've been a few weeks ago when I woke up from a dream, coming in my sheets. I mean I woke up just as I was coming. It was a dream about my father. In this dream he was trying to force his dick into my throat, pushing harder and harder while grabbing the back of my head and choking me, my throat burning with the tension. It was like I was me now but his dick had grown with me, so it was just as large proportionally as when I was a kid but not as terrifying. There was fear, fear that I might choke or that my throat might rip if I couldn't get away, but before there was fear there was desire or maybe there was fear and then there was desire and then fear again, but even when there was fear it wasn't like the terror when I was a kid, it was just fear. And I'm not sure if my father came before giving up. No, he didn't give up, so he must have come in my throat, but then afterwards I stood up and I was jerking off and I looked my father in the eyes and said put your hand under my balls and he looked surprised by my desire and sudden control and that's when I came in my sheets.

I realize this is part of a series of dreams, dreams where there's some element of me as me now in a sexual scenario with my father. Sometimes he tricks me in some way by getting rid of everyone else so we're alone but there's some way that I maintain a sort of control. Sometimes I chase him into the bathroom. Sometimes I decide I'm going to have sex with him, just so I can see what his dick looks like, and then I wake up and think "Oh good, he's dead so I can't make that decision."

In this dream I don't have that control except for the rush of desire at the end, a rush of desire I can remember now, and then all these dreams become part of my lived experience in some way that relates to the fact that lately I barely have sex at all. I'm horny for like five minutes, and then it's over. Or I cruise online, and then I just get depressed. I hooked up with someone from Craigslist a few weeks ago, right? Or was it a month?

The other day I tried again—it's always worse when they say they want someone sweet, when they say that's the most important thing, and then in this case this guy even compliments my hot pink socks in the picture and I think they would go with his hot pink tie, I mean if they were hot pink but actually they look red to me. But anyway we make plans, but then an old friend of his calls, that's what he says, and I say that's okay, friends are more important than cruising online, right? He says we should get together another time, and then of course he doesn't respond again.

So I go to the video booths at the Nob Hill Theatre. I haven't been there in over a month. I think about it, but then it just seems like whatever might happen there won't be what I want to happen, so why even go? It's true that my libido is almost entirely situational, I can see someone and get that rush but then when I don't see them anymore I don't care. Or I do care, but I don't have that rush.

Now the Nob Hill Theatre charges five dollars for the video booths, so I ask if that means they don't yell at us to put money in the machine. There are more people than I expected, although I'm not sure what I expected, since I rarely go there this early. Now they actually close at 12:30am on weekdays, instead of 2:30am, but I guess now I go to bed at 10 anyway.

The good news is that I go in the booth with some guy and I suck his cock—no, wait, first I suck his cock through the glory hole and then I ask if he wants to come in my booth, and then he does, grabs the back of my head just like I want and comes fast down my throat so I hardly even notice, I mean I don't taste it first, and then he says "You're so hot, thank you." He says: "That's something I'll remember." And then I get that other rush, the one that's better than the rush of desire, the one that says "I'm here, this is me, I am all of this." The one that makes me feel invincible, at least until I stay a few minutes too long, jerking off to the porn and the guy in the booth next to me until I see his face when he looks through the hole, too many edges, and the porn stops, no the porn is still going on but I can hardly even remember what desire feels like, again.

This is something I forgot, or forget, maybe I forget every time, after I'm inside. How, walking up to the Nob Hill Theatre, I actually think about what people are thinking. I mean, I worry, a little. I scan the street ahead of me just to see, walk inside quickly like I'm not thinking of anything really, and maybe I'm not, but I am. It's funny, right? I mean, I've been to this place at least a hundred times, and places like this so many more. Still that instinctual nervousness. Not as much as going to a bar or a club, but still.

I wish I could say there's no shame, but first everything was shame, right? Childhood and all that was around it. And then, nothing was shame. Or at least that was the goal: I got close.

But then: all these years of time in these spaces, time in these sexual cultures that lack almost everything I've dreamed of, all these years surrounded by everyone else's shame, and maybe now. Like, online, and I do think: I wonder if my friends will recognize this ad. Because it's stupid, lowest common denominator, a cock without a face, the only kind of ad that works on Craigslist, and yes I am embarrassed. Mostly I'm embarrassed by this culture that surrounds me, but I haven't figured out how to get entirely away, probably I will never figure that out.

But here's someone who writes to me on one of those cruising sites, the one where I write something real so hardly anyone talks to me, but this guy says something in his profile about not wanting to get pulled into the seemingly endless pit of emotionally stunted men, so that sounds promising. Somehow he has a different white throw to cover each area where we have sex, or at least it seems that way—maybe not on the chair, but definitely on the white sofa, and in the white bed. Afterwards, we're talking about San Francisco and the Mission and gentrification and I can't decide whether it's more exhausting to talk to someone who understands, but not really, or to talk to someone who doesn't understand at all. He keeps saying something about how there are still undeveloped areas of San Francisco, unlike New York. Because he lived in New York too; that's another thing we're talking about. "Where?" I say. Those undeveloped areas? South Beach, South of Market, Bayview. He says something about how the character of these places is going to change dramatically, and I say "Dramatically for the worse." He says "Probably you're right," but I don't ask whether he's thinking of the displacement or just what the new buildings will be like.

And then something about how he bought a house with his boyfriend, and the house has some modifier, something I'm supposed to know, like it's a whatever-house, probably the architect's name, and I think of saying "What's a whatever-house?" but then I wait too long and

then I guess I'm doing that thing where I act like I know whatever annoying thing that I don't actually know, and that's this particular type of bourgie conversation. Something about an Eames chair, things he acquired from doing interior decorating on the side. Or maybe not interior decorating, set-up for something or other?

It's the bourgieness of this kind of conversation about displacement, the way the terms of what we talk about are already gentrified and I don't want to be part of that. Maybe that's the difference between us. His landlord just bought him out of his apartment where he lived for fourteen years—a huge two-bedroom in the heart of the most gentrified part of the Mission, where he still only paid $800. Now he has a thousand-dollar Tenderloin studio with hardly anything in it, I mean it's carefully empty, so when he mentions the house outside the city with his long-term boyfriend I realize "Oh, that's where everything is." The boyfriend who maybe isn't his boyfriend anymore and they never believed in monogamy but then somehow they were monogamous for six-and-a-half years. Partner is probably the word he uses—his partner is twenty years older, and now they're growing apart.

So then he's mourning the loss of some of the things I also feel loss about, or no we never actually talk about exactly what he's mourning, or what I've lost. Because he'll say something about an Eames chair, and then I say something about how everything in New York is an industry. He moved to New York when I first moved to San Francisco, or a few years before, he lived there from '89 to '91. When downtown was still downtown. He doesn't say that: he says "New York, when New York was still New York." No, he doesn't say that either, but it's what he means, what we both understand. Just before the end of all that, if there ever was a before. We do agree on the date, as if New York can just be this thing that happened downtown. I say: "Now it's just a place to sell what it used to be."

Wait, I remember—I say something about how San Francisco is my foundational place, he says for him too. The early '90s in the Mission, even, and for a moment I wonder if I knew him then but then I realize he moved there in '94, probably right after I left the first time. I wonder what it meant to him, he must say something, something that makes me not want to share what it meant to me. He's leaving now. Maybe that's another part of the disconnect—the Mission means nothing to me now, except—I mean, nothing now, but everything then. Then for him is still now, or yesterday.

He does say he's embarrassed by the reasons he doesn't find the Tenderloin comfortable. Everyone out on the street. Which is one of the things I like. But no, also the desperation—he says he's very intuitive, it's hard for him. That you can't walk around the corner to everything you might need, and I wonder what he needs. Something trendier is what he means. "It's not a village," that's what he says—he likes South of Market better, although I can't imagine why. He likes the flatness. Highways and yuppie lofts, that's South of Market to me. Not that there aren't trendy places here, but not in the same density. Maybe it's the relating that makes this conversation hard also, that makes me wonder what it means to connect, what is connecting, how hard it is to find it.

My most recent book is a novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*. I'm also turning lostmissing, my public art project, into a book—and, I'm working on a memoirish thing called *The End of San Francisco*. And, I'm trying to leave San Francisco, so I can feel hopeful again. I recently finished a new anthology called *Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots?* I know you're wondering the same thing. Now I'm just waiting for someone to publish it. You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns, although I need to add the most recent ones. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.

So, there I was, on the last leg of our California tour, with the almighty F.Y.P…

This was a few years back… but after hearing some tour stories from some good friends of mine recently… I see nothing has really changed!

Vive le Punk Rock!

***

"I think Rall is gonna be sick," said Todd, lead singer of F.Y.P, from the front of Aaron's car.

I looked out the rear window, which was two inches from my nose. I was riding with the suitcases in the back of the Bronco, or whatever kind of car it was.

"Yup," said Todd, confirming his suspicions. He's sick all right.

He was right. As I looked out the window, I watched the F.Y.P van pull up behind us and stop. Then Rall, our merch guy for both Furious George and F.Y.P, stuck his head out of the passenger side window and puked. Big time. It looked like he must have drank like ten banana milkshakes. It went all over the side of the van.

"Ewww," said Natalie, my ex-girlfriend, who was riding with me, Aaron, my old college pal Todd, and My Future Ex-Wife, "that's gross!"

"What's gross is this road we are riding on through the mountains," I said to Natalie. "I think I'm gonna puke next, what with all these fucking hills and all."

We all got out of the car and walked up to the F.Y.P. van to see how everyone else was doing. While Aaron's car had air-conditioning and shock absorbers, and was sort of comfortable, the F.Y.P van was an outhouse on wheels. Sorta.

"How you boys doin' in there?" asked Todd.

Michael, our drummer, who was driving the van, just stared at Todd. Stoots, bassist for F.Y.P, lit up a smoke and said nothing. Evan, our bass player, coughed up some phlegm. Sean, drummer for F.Y.P, was fast asleep in the van's loft. And Rall? He just looked at Todd, opened his mouth to say something, and then puked all over the place.

We were traveling through the mountains on the Nevada/California border. A night earlier we had played Sonora, after making a hellish drive there from Berkeley. When we arrived in the small mountain town, we were still covered with fish guts from the Bay Area show, and we were not in good moods. To make things worse, we couldn't find a hotel that would let us in until about one in the afternoon. That meant sleeping in the car and van in one-hundred-degree-plus weather, smelling like a can of sardines.

The Sonora show had gone, well, all right. We played a skate park, which was actually just an old barn. The people who came to see us were very pleasant. All thirty of them. They all pulled up old couches to the front of the stage, and clapped politely after each song. We were polite back to them. I only called them pussies like ten times.

After that show, on our way back to our hotel, we stopped at a Circle K. Or 7-11. One of those mini-mart things. The woman there asked us if we were a rock band. We told her yes, a "punk" rock band. She told us her daughter was into "punk." Then she called her out from behind the counter, where she was busy reading a *Goosebumps* novel.

"Tell them what kinda punk rock you are into, Susie," said the woman to her daughter.

Susie just looked at us, terrified.

"These strange men won't hurt you, they are in a band!"

Suddenly Susie's eyes lit up. A band.

"Well," she started, "I like Spice!"

"Spice?" I said. I'd never heard of them. Probably some local hardcore-emo band with straight edge lyrics.

"Yeah," said Susie, nervously chewing on her thumbnail, "Spice. Spice Girls. I love them."

D'oh.

So we sat outside in a small park near a pond in the mountains, waiting for Rall to feel better. To pass the time, Todd and I got into water gun fights. He soaked me. I soaked him. He soaked me. I soaked him. He soaked me. I soaked My Future Ex-Wife, Aaron, Rall, Sean, Stoots, Evan, Michael, and Natalie. They all soaked me. I rode through the rest of the mountains on the way to Reno with my crotch soaking wet. But at least I wasn't puking like Rall, or going crazy driving the van like Michael, who, even through to this day, bitches about that drive, the heat, the cops behind them, how F.Y.P wouldn't shut up, and why he likes to be called Larry Fishkorn or Party Boy Curtis.

Drummers.

As we arrived in Reno, Todd explained to us that we were to go to Becca's house where we would have a barbeque. He explained that Becca was the promoter, and the barbeque was supposed to be our dinner. He also told us that the guys in No Fraud, a great band from Florida we were playing with that night, had told him that the barbeque was bullshit. That Becca would take

bands to a supermarket, tell them to get whatever they wanted to eat and put it in the basket, and then bring it to the cash register. Once there, Becca would pull the same shit every time. When the cashier would ask for money, Becca would make believe she had none, and make the bands pay for the food. Even though it was in the band's contract that she was supposed to buy it. Then she'd take the band home, and feed them, and her kids. And her sister. And herself. Not very punk rock.

We drove around Reno looking for Becca's street address. The F.Y.P van followed us. Finally, we gave up after ten minutes of not finding it, and went to the nearest store to ask directions.

As we walked into the large supermarket, a freezing blast of air-conditioning hit us, and it felt great. I walked toward the nearest cashier, along with Todd, and suddenly heard someone yell my name.

"George!," I heard the male voice yell.

I look around, saw a bunch of cash registers, cashiers, people, and about a zillion slot machines. They had them everywhere in Nevada. Slots. I wish New York had them everywhere.

"George," yelled the voice again.

Todd and I turned around, and we saw a couple of dark-haired guys, and this little blonde fellow.

"Hunter!" I said to the little guy. It was Hunter, drummer for The Gotohells, from Florida.

"Hey, George buddy!" said Hunter back, with his southern accent.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I asked the Floridian, wondering what the odds of running into a friend in a store in Reno were. Nevada had me making odds on everything.

"We're playing with you tonight," he explained, "and I believe you know the two gentlemen next to me from The Heartdrops, local pals of yours!"

I looked at the two guys, and sure enough, it was them. The Heartdrops. The guys on Melted Records. Out here in Buttfuck, Nevada.

"I didn't know we were playing together," I said to the guys, "and by the way, this is Todd from F.Y.P."

Everyone shook hands and then I asked the question.

"So, what are you guys doing here in this store?"

"We are here shopping. For the barbeque. Becca and our drummer are at the cash register now," said one of the guys from The Heartdrops.

"Oh no," said Todd.

But it was too late. We saw the guy in The Heartdrops was opening his wallet and taking out money. She got him. Poor guy.

"Oh no, what?" said Hunter.

We told him we'd explain it to him later. And we did.

As we arrived at Becca's house, Todd told me he thought Becca had a "stankface." I told him he was right. She certainly did.

"She's got a stankface with 'rhea, and she'd never give me a 'don," I said, trying to be all Californian and stuff.

Stoots, who overheard this, laughed.

"Keep trying, George!" he yelled, and then walked away, laughing.

That night we played Reno. We were supposed to play at a place called "FSU Studio," but a week earlier some straight edge singer of some band took out a knife and stabbed three people in the audience. Because they ate meat and drank alcohol or something. We still would have gotten to play the club, but one of the people who got stabbed died. So they ruled the club a crime scene, and it was murder, she wrote.

So we played Reno. In a basement. Of some kid's house. He moved all his bicycles, slot machines, and boxes and stuff so us, F.Y.P, No Fraud, The Heartdrops, The Gotohells, and D.B.S. could rock. To all ten people. The high points of the night included the singer of No Fraud, Dan Destructo, banging his head into a heating vent on the ceiling until he bled, then taking out a metallic vibrator, covering it with lube, and shoving it up some kid's ass while they played. Also the same kid fucked a basketball during our set, while his girlfriend with the nice boobs hopped up and down and we all got to watch her. We all being Michael, Aaron, and myself. Evan was sick, and back at the hotel. Lucky pussy.

Now when I say he fucked a basketball, I mean he fucked a basketball. During our set, he whipped out his pecker and just kept pushing it into the basketball in rhythm as we played all our songs. I kept looking at him, wondering why he was doing this, and he just kept looking at me, smiling.

After our set, which lasted two hours, what with the Quiet Riot, Ratt, Motley Crue, BTO, Metallica, Slayer, Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath, Run DMC, Black Flag, Flipper, Ramones, Dead Boys, F.Y.P, Twisted Sister, Dick Army, Dio, and Puff Daddy covers, the kid approached me and asked me to sign his Furious George album he just purchased. I wrote "To Michael Jordan" on it.

The next two days we had off, so we spent them in Vegas. Two days in Vegas. It could be the title of a movie. So many things happened there, it's its own story in itself. Todd almost lost our tour nest egg, Rall tagged up in the New York, New York casino, and on what appeared to be a newspaper box. He almost got arrested. I started a hooker business card collection, and Evan and Sean remained in bed, sick. Aaron, my pal, became a big-time gambler. My Future Ex-Wife almost did as well. And, oh, we ate lots of New York Steaks at $3.99.

As we drove into Phoenix, Arizona, it was being hit with one of its worst dust storms ever. The sky was red. The air was red. Everything around us was red. Everything we could see. Which was about everything within four feet of us. We had to travel very slowly to find our hotel, then the club. I got sand in my eyes, hair, teeth, and even my pubic area. It sucked.

"How ya doin'?" asked some guy as we loaded out of the van, and into The Electric Ballroom, in Tempe, Arizona.

I looked at him through the red wind. He had bleached blonde hair, was sorta big, and had a really nice smile.

"Good," I yelled back at him, as the dirt sandblasted me clean, "I like this sand storm shit. It cleans F.Y.P! They never take showers!"

The Smiley Guy laughed. He then told me his name, which was Will, but I instantly forgot it, because I'm a dope. He told me that he and this kid Shane were doing the show.

"How come we aren't playing the Nile?" I asked him.

"The Nile got shut down by the cops," explained Smiley Guy, "some band danced naked and it offended the kids. Actually the cops. So no more Nile."

We loaded all our shit inside and watched the first band play. Adam's Alcoholics. They said bad things about me on stage. So they sucked.

We were up next, and as we played, Rall got thrown out for drinking a beer. Rall was twenty. Underage. Todd begged the big, huge, steroid-driven bouncers to let him stay, but they forced Rall out anyway. And they didn't do it nicely.

So during the F.Y.P set, Rall stood outside the club, in the dust storm, near a large glass window near the stage, and mooned the band and the club. Natalie went out to join him. As did My Future Ex-Wife, Evan, Michael, and eventually myself. We watched Todd and company laugh during their set.

After the show, as we loaded our stuff into the van, we asked Smiley Guy about getting paid. He told us it was Shane's department.

We asked Shane about getting paid, and he explained to us that a mic was stolen during the F.Y.P set that had a value of $400. Our guarantee. He said that he pleaded with the club owners, who were "doing him a favor" by letting him book bands at the club, to let him have some cash to pay us, but that we were responsible for the stolen mic.

I, of course, told Shane that was bullshit, and to pay us. The next thing I knew, some big-ass bald bouncer comes walking outside. Me and Michael approached him, and he told us to get the fuck away. Then he started to yell at Shane.

"Your fucking show sucked, and during the last band a mic got stolen. I gotta pay the sound guys for that, fuck you and fuck you getting paid!" he yelled.

"But dude," said Shane. Shane was scrawny, was wearing a baseball cap backwards, and could have his ass kicked in about one second.

"Don't "but dude" me," said the big-ass bald bouncer, "it's your responsibility, Shane. The mic is gone, I gave all the money to the sound guy. You are fucked, as are the lame bands you booked who drew no one!"

I looked around at all the kids leaving the show.

"We drew well," I said to the bouncer.

"I told you to stay the hell out of this, pussy," said the big bald bouncer guy. Wow. He knew my nickname.

Some more yelling occurred, basically from the bouncer to Shane. Finally, it ended, and Shane approached us.

"Dudes," he said, almost crying, "you heard what that guy said. He took all the money, dudes. I ain't got nothing to pay you except the 150 bucks in my pocket. My own money."

I looked at Todd. Then the rest of F.Y.P and my band. We had driven ten hours through the desert to get there, the guy promised us the money, and this was horseshit.

"Dude," I said, trying to be all cool, "our guarantee was higher than that, and we need the money. Please pay us."

Shane looked like he was about to cry, told us he'd be right back, and ran into the club. I heard him scream at the bouncer, and then the bouncer threw some furniture and screamed back at him.

While all this was happening, I looked over at Smiley Guy. He was smiling. Of course.

"What's so funny?" I asked him.

"He's bullshitting you," said Smiley Guy, "Don't worry, you'll get paid, he's just trying to rip you off. Don't back down. You'll get paid, even if I have to go borrow the money from my mom!"

I told Smiley Guy I wouldn't take money from his mom, thank you very much, and what the fuck was going on?

Smiley Guy told us to just listen to Shane and the bouncer fight.

We did. They'd yell at each other for a few seconds at a time. Then, I swear, I heard laughter.

Finally, Shane comes out with 200 bucks and tells us it's the best he can do since F.Y.P had the mic stolen during their set. We tell Shane that that is the club's responsibility, not ours. He tells us that is all he can do.

"Do you like booking shows?" I ask Shane.

"Dude," he exclaims, "I love it. I love the punk rock!"

"Then," I said to him, "you'll pay us."

"But dude," Shane says, "I told you , I have no more money."

"Then take us to a cash machine and take it out of your account."

"I have 47 cents in my account," he says.

I laugh.

Just then he tells me he'll be right back. He goes into the club and starts screaming again. We all roll our eyes.

"I think he's bullshitting us," says Michael.

"He is," says Smiley Guy, "he's got the money."

I listen to them scream at each other, then realize what is going on. The oldest trick in the book. Good cop, bad cop. The mic was probably never stolen to begin with. The bouncers and Shane are gonna split our money.

Finally Shane comes out with $220 and says that's it. He is almost crying. Or at least appears to be.

"Fine," I say to him, "we'll take the $220, and then I'll call My Future Ex-Wife's stepdad, who lives in this town. He's on the zoning board. He's a lawyer. I hear you guys had your liquor license pulled for ten days. Tomorrow your club will be shut down."

"But..." starts Shane.

"Shut down, bro," I say. I feel like a mob guy. It feels good.

"George," whispers Todd, "can you really do that?"

"I dunno," I whisper back, "maybe!"

I look at Shane. He looks back at me.

"You wouldn't really have the club shut down, would you, George?" says Shane, "that'd like totally ruin our scene." That's the first time he uses my name.

"Yeah," I say, "I would. And then you and your big bald-ass pals will have no one to kick around, chum!" I was getting tough.

Shane runs inside, and Smiley Guy tells us we did it. That he is willing to bet that Shane returns with all the money. I wonder why he just doesn't call Shane on his shit, and later he tells me that he used to be friends with Shane and didn't want to embarrass him. But that after that night he no longer will even talk to the guy.

Shane returns with a wad of cash in his hand.

"Dudes," he says, "you'll never believe this, but I found all this cash in my back pocket. Exactly enough to pay you your guarantee!"

He was right. We didn't believe him. But we took the cash, hugged Smiley Guy, really named Will, and left.

Continued next month...

Alright, I decided it is time to write a column about music, damn it. Here are some, not all, of the most influential punk records and bands in my pre teen and teenage punk forming (in no particular order):

1. Devo – *Are We Not Men*? LP

Yes, folks I am a staunch Spud, even now in their "family friendly" days. The multi media blitz that they hit with kicked my ass and still influences my music choices and bands today. The weird sexual innuendos and sheer geekiness impressed me. Devo weren't tough, but they had an edge and they were intelligent enough to utterly confuse the toughest hardcore meathead shit bag that they threatened with their music and avoid an ass whipping. That's ingenuity.

2. Naked Raygun – *All Rise* LP and live

Seeing this band at the J and J club in my hometown of Waukegan, IL was my first punk show. I was pretty young and Eric Spicer gave me a beer before they played (not in a sleazy way). I bought a shirt with money I made selling newspapers and hustling the kids that paid me to use an Easton bat during games. The sound is Chicago, all the way. It is working class with a big heart and with some truly romantic songs for me; just listen to all those "whoa, whoas." I guess it's ok to feel feelings... My brother bought this LP and hearing the record after seeing them play convinced me that I had to start a band and put out a record some day. And I fucking did.

3. Poison Idea – *Feel the Darkness* LP

I know that most people love *Kings of Punk* more, but this record is so epic. The music is so beautifully played but still raw while even rawer in its brutal honesty about fighting personal demons, self-loathing and failed attempts to correct mistakes. It's even sadder yet with the death of Pig and the current state of the band, or what is left. It's sort of like Van Gogh's last painting just before his suicide. Yeah, that's sort of fucking ridiculous, but like the painting, this record takes on more when you see its layers.

4. Negative Approach – 1st EP

Seriously. Toughest fucking record of all time. I can listen to this shit everyday and still be super pumped. While I was always turned off by the intense "dude" factor of hardcore shows (yet strangely turned on by the audience), this record took away all my doubts of being out of place at a hardcore show. These guys are just normal dudes that are fucking pissed at life when it deals you a shit hand, to which we can all relate at some point or another. Be that as it may, I heard this record for the first time when I started realizing how fucking mad I was about shit I couldn't control that was fucking up my life, and it helped me cope with some really tough times. Seeing them at Touch and Go fest in Chicago was awesome, because as the first note rang out, an amazing yuppie-crushing, flip flop tossing pit started that probably spilled about 400 bux worth of middle age Amstel lights. Fuck 'em. This was no reunion show bullshit, they can still throw down and they did in Cleveland when I saw 'em again (surrounded, yet again, by sweaty young dudes...sweet). Midwest, angry and seriously flawed, that is what I am all about.

5. Dead Kennedys *Give Me Convenience or Give Me Death* LP

It may be cliché, but its true. I was in an all girl skate crew in Junior high and this record was part of our skating sound track. The music was so jarring to us and we took the lyrics very seriously. They are about injustice, peoples' bullshit attitudes, history, etc... but it wouldn't have reached us if the lyrics weren't so sarcastic and funny. We were lil' assholes and this was just the music for us. If the lyrics were straight forward, about all of these issues instead of painting a picture or telling a story, I don't think I would have loved it so much. I remember showing the lyrics to my Dad and him saying something like, "this is... well... it's all pretty true..."

6. Antischism – *Still Life* LP

I loved this whole record, even the samples and the weird backwards shit in between. I know it covers a lot of the same issues covered by bands of the crust-as-all-fuck genre, animal cruelty, homophobia, racism, etc... but it comes across sincere and tough as shit. They even have a unity song! The vocals are the *shit*. In the age of Riot Grrrl, which I am now learning to appreciate as an old lady, hearing a woman throw down with the rage and force that I felt represented me more than a movement that was mostly white middle class girls, killed me. I know that people will cite Nausea as an obvious influence, duh, but I truly believe that back then the members of Antischism could probably kick my ass, your ass and Nausea's ass.

7. Los Crudos – live.

I am originally from a run down 'burb about 45 minutes outside of Chicago, then in High

School I moved to a completely white town where kids had no problem letting me know I was a weirdo. I skated, had a cliffhanger, was one of four (no shit) brown kids and had Dead Kennedys patches on my pants. My friends and I used to get in our friend's shitty Skylark and go to Chicago for shows a bunch, and that's when I first saw Los Crudos. Seeing a bunch of other punks of color and hearing them talk about shit that I could relate to blew my mind, and hardened my resolve to not let those racist bratty white kids fuck with me. So, thanks to Crudos for creating an environment that let me know that I wasn't totally isolated in the suburban honky wasteland and making me a better fist fighter.

Laters…mariam@maximumrocknroll.com

When you watch the end of punk rock history documentaries, the part where the protagonists claim it all died when they lost interest, how does it make you feel? When you talk to former kids, who slept on the floor of your house whilst on tour, who now are touring again with the same band, on a reunion tour playing rock clubs, pro sound pro audio... The idea of punk that resonates most with me is that of exchange, where someone stays on your floor when they're in your town, and then in the future you stay on someone else's floor when you're in some other town. Where the humans in the audience are not "fans" per se, but are people that are part of the punk rock community. People that put on shows, take photos, write zines/blogs/letters, make podcasts or mixtapes, put out records, make music, and so forth. People that make the culture they participate in, that is the basic DIY ethos right? You're bored in your hometown so you make your cohorts start a band, or you write a fanzine describing the indignations you suffer as a result, or maybe you set up shows for your friend's bands, or take photos at those shows, or whatever the hell it is you do.

I went to see Cap'n Jazz, a band I was obsessed with as a teenager when their LP came out. They broke up before I got to see them but I played the LP to death, and my ticket purchase was fueled by nostalgia, the memories of traded zines and mixtapes from girls at expensive liberal arts colleges in the Midwest pouring into the boredom plagued teenage existence of growing up in Brentford, England. Fanzines, letters, seven inches and tapes enabled me to imagine a world outside of the non-DIY teenagers I grew up with, and along with most of the Dischord, Gravity and Kill Rock Stars catalog Cap'n Jazz were part of that imagined landscape. Boys with gas station jackets and high water pants who owned the Faith/Void split, girls who read Audre Lorde and made furious bedroom punk bands, these people did not exist in Brentford. I had no idea what to expect from this show, and obviously no one I knew wanted to go so I ate some pizza and ended up walking over one of the hugest hills in SF that seperates the *MRR* compound from the douchelords that populate North Beach (what was that Big Boys thing—about making you wanna kill some frats??).

It is a genuinely disconcerting experience to go to a reunion show of a band that were around when you (meaning me) first got into punk. The first thing I saw when I pulled up to the club after aforementioned epic hill walk was a huge gaggle of Urban Outfitters teens smokin' and squawking in the regulation smoking area. Their outfits probably cost more than I earn in a pay period and my heart sunk, that weird eternal high school dork feeling when confronted with those who ooze the confidence of "cool." No gas station jackets or Audre Lorde here… The realization struck that this was probably gonna be a long and weird night. The music was great, but I felt like I was watching a play rather than a show, a performance and that I didn't feel part of anything. Everyone around me seemed all swept up in something that I felt so separate from to the point of repulsion. True feelings of horror! These people went to rock shows and wore merch and chugged $8 beers and so forth and so forth, if twenty people in the room had been to a basement show in the past year I woulda been shocked. I felt shitty for feeling so separate from the good times of these humans, but what we do is secret, and merchandise kind of gets in by design and so forth and until it makes you more a kid if you wanna off a pig. Afterwards I talked to the person in the band I knew from my youth, and honestly felt so gross and fan like that I had to leave—it made olden times seem all grim and for sale... I was really looking forward to the show, and musically it was what I wanted, a replication of something that meant the world to me, but it also reinforced the fact that it was not what I wanted.

The other thing that reinforced this sorta obvious fact (and yes I am sure Tim Yo is turning in his grave, clutching Ben Weasel to his chest as he recoils in horror that a current coordinator went to a Cap'n Jazz reunion) was a show in Marissa's back yard last week, in a rare spot of SF sunshine... Featuring Los Angeles' own Neonates, Nuclear Family from Albany NY, Daylight Robbery from Chicago and Brilliant Colors and Airfix Kits from San Francisco and Oakland respectively. Neonates play furtive ingenious girl punk, demonstrating their encyclopediatric knowledge of the history of lady-punkers, they reminded me at once of Washington DC's Meltdown (most excellent No Wave inspired Scissor Girl worship from 1995—get the LP if you see it you will not regret it...) and the Slits demos and um, the Ama-Dots from early '80s Michigan, all hail furtive exploratory girl sounds!! They were exciting to watch, used their instruments like toys rather than tools—weaponry listens to love… Then Brilliant Colors played a dreamy as usual set with Jess at once channeling Brian Jones and the girls from the Shop Assistants. Again, all hail exploratory girl encyclopediax! Let's make a new sound that will banish these memories of historical endeavors in basements and youth halls, that are now being sold back to us, reinvent a movement!! Thrift stores and record shops and I don't know what you're talking about....

Nuclear Family played next, and while I loved their first tape for it's raw destruction everything else has seemed so polished and wrong when you think of the people in this band and what they can do to a sound... This show (and their incredible LP coming out on Loud Punk this month...) negated all past ideas. Nuke Fam feature Zach and Paul from Acid Reflux, and Jen and Kevin, all true Albany up all night punkers, ready to half plate a buffet or play golf on the weird science fiction state capital at 2am. Zach's guitar attack and Paul's drums of doom, with Jen's swooping all encompassing vocals... So good!!! Really though, the LP and live show cement the fact that it is a bummer that this band will probably be no more after this fall, so go see them when they play your town punkers!

Daylight Robbery have put out the LP I listen to the most right now, it makes me think of similar things that the Observers LP did, in that I think it's that important and good a record. The way that Christine and David's vocals collide over the desperate Wipers guitars that also bring to mind John Doe and other things... the lyrics are great, and I love this band so totally. Jeff Rice on drums! Airfix Kits played last, had the driest stage banter, and both Al(l)ans in the band fell through the rotting deck on which they were performing. Tetchy, tense punk that's bloodstains over Scotland, the problem of leisure and our band could be your life.

Seriously! Punk rock is the eternal adventure, the endless possibility, this thing we make with our hands and our friends help. I am going to make myself a Cap'n Jazz t shirt, because I still love that band, but I did not want to get into the American Apparel merch situations. And in regards to the liner notes on the recently reissued *Analphabetthology*? I still get thriftstore pants for $3, even if you do not Tim Kinsella. Blah blah blah. This column was supposed to be reviews of all the demos I have been sent this year that have yet to make it to the review section. Next month? Pinkie swear.

There is no such thing as a top ten:

1.Delinquents"Food Free Food" video

2.Urine Analysis*The Yellow Album* 7"

3.Michael Yonkers various LPs

4.Las Se˜noras 7" this is my new favorite band

5. Neon Blud 7"did they break up?? I need more of this sound immediately pls. Also: Diet Cokeheads

6.UV Race 12". Truly bummed I missed out on witnessing the Total Control/UV Race destruction, spent the week putting this thing you hold in your hands together. I like both bands better than I like the Victims. Disco donkey. Ya hate me now?

7.I only like what I think would be side two of the Frankie Rose LP, though I only have a promo CD, Side two is good, so maybe I will get the LP and only play that. Bsider for lyfe.

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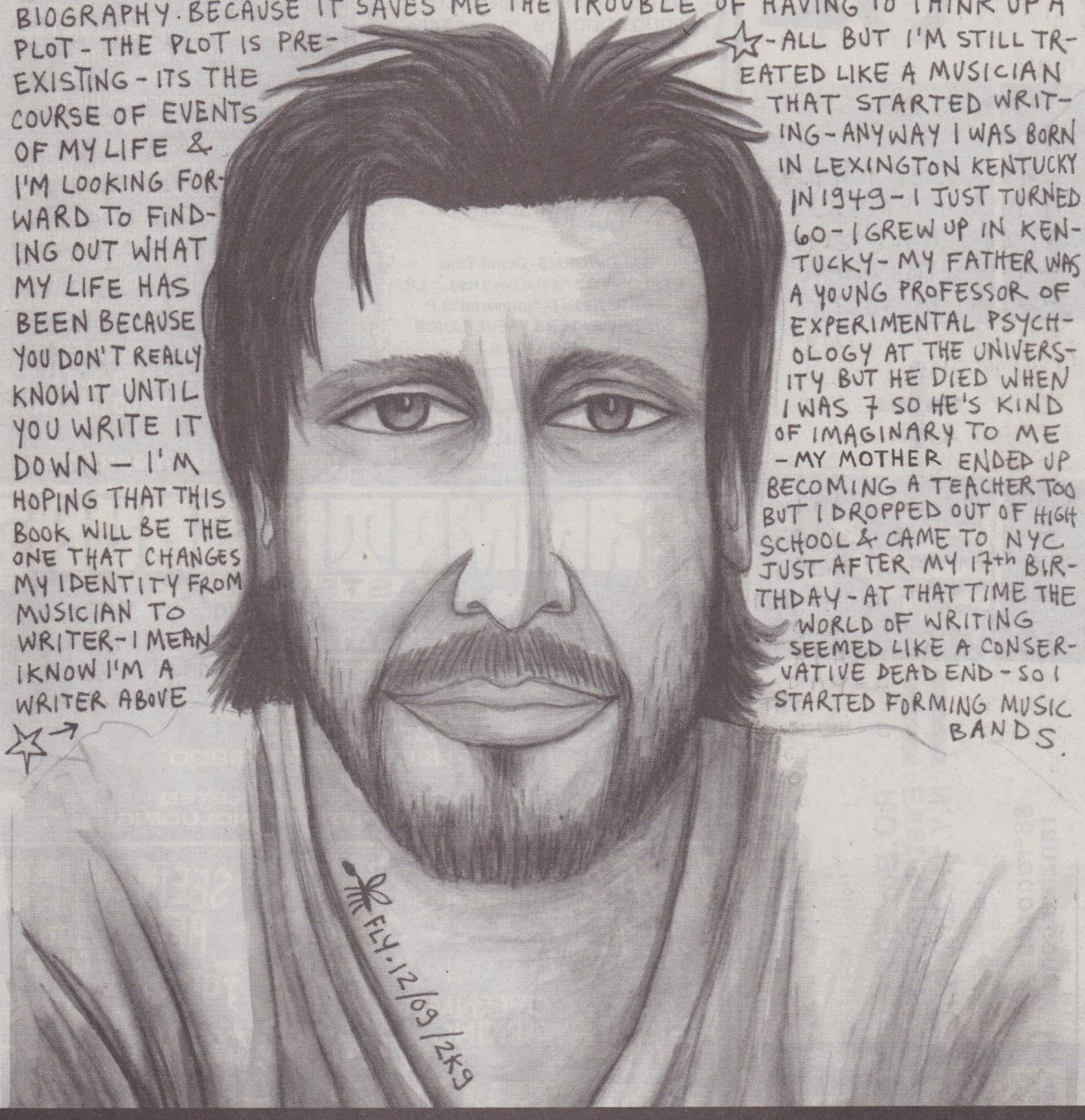
ITS INTERESTING TO BE TALKING ABOUT THIS NOW - WHERE I'VE BEEN & WHERE I'M GOING BECAUSE I'M RIGHT NOW WORKING ON AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY — BECAUSE MY PROFESSION NOW IS WRITING - I'VE PUBLISHED 4 OR 5 BOOKS INCLUDING A COUPLE OF NOVELS - I'VE ALWAYS LOVED READING & WRITING & I FEEL LIKE BEING ABLE TO MAKE A LIVING AS A WRITER IS KIND OF MAGIC - ITS LIKE A BIG CON LIKE 3 CARD MONTY OR PULLING A RABBIT OUT OF A HAT BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPORTING YOURSELF JUST BY DESCRIBING WHAT THE WORLD IS LIKE — SO I HIT ON THIS PLAN OF DOING AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BECAUSE IT SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF HAVING TO THINK UP A PLOT - THE PLOT IS PRE-EXISTING - ITS THE COURSE OF EVENTS OF MY LIFE & I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO FINDING OUT WHAT MY LIFE HAS BEEN BECAUSE YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW IT UNTIL YOU WRITE IT DOWN — I'M HOPING THAT THIS BOOK WILL BE THE ONE THAT CHANGES MY IDENTITY FROM MUSICIAN TO WRITER - I MEAN I KNOW I'M A WRITER ABOVE ☆→

☆ - ALL BUT I'M STILL TREATED LIKE A MUSICIAN THAT STARTED WRITING - ANYWAY I WAS BORN IN LEXINGTON KENTUCKY IN 1949 - I JUST TURNED 60 - I GREW UP IN KENTUCKY - MY FATHER WAS A YOUNG PROFESSOR OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY BUT HE DIED WHEN I WAS 7 SO HE'S KIND OF IMAGINARY TO ME - MY MOTHER ENDED UP BECOMING A TEACHER TOO BUT I DROPPED OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL & CAME TO NYC JUST AFTER MY 17th BIRTHDAY - AT THAT TIME THE WORLD OF WRITING SEEMED LIKE A CONSERVATIVE DEAD END - SO I STARTED FORMING MUSIC BANDS.



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THE NATIONAL GUARD BORDER FIX

Juanita Darling
From www.nacla.org

In a deployment that reinforces the administration's militarization and interdiction anti-narcotics strategy, despite stated US commitments to change this strategy, National Guard units from southwestern states have been called up and are being trained to provide backup support to the Border Patrol along the US-Mexican border. Homeland Security's rationale for the call-up is that additional military presence will allow Border Patrol agents to more effectively pursue drug and arms smugglers. A bill President Obama signed in August provides funding for 1,500 new Border Patrol agents to replace the Guard units within a year. The second National Guard deployment to the border in two years mirrors Mexico's own US-backed military effort to fight drug traffickers. The United States has supported Mexico's strategy with an estimated $1.3 billion in law enforcement and military aid, including three Blackhawk and five Bell helicopters.

Like previous US-backed anti-narcotics strategies, such as Plan Colombia, the agreement has focused on interdiction in drug-producing and transit countries, with an emphasis on arming police and bringing in troops in those countries to fight drug traffickers.

Yet, both Mexican and US officials have acknowledged that under this military approach, drug trafficking persists, and violence related to the illicit drug trade has dramatically increased. This is underscored by the 28,000 drug-related deaths in Mexico since Mexican president Felipe Calderon took office in late 2006. The State Department seems to realize that militarization alone cannot effectively combat the multiple problems associated with trafficking. Roberta S. Jacobson, deputy assistant secretary of Western Hemisphere Affairs, recently told a House subcommittee that the US administration was moving toward a new strategy of supporting "stronger democratic institutions in Mexico . . . expanding our border focus beyond interdiction of contraband to include facilitation of legitimate trade and travel, and [cooperating] in building stronger communities."

According to US officials, one aspect of the "new strategy" is the creation of a "twenty-first-century border" that can "stop the flow of drugs and human trafficking to the north, and guns and cash to the south," said Jacobson. Attributes include interior check points and modern technology, but not troops.

Other aspects of the new strategy include "reforms to sustain rule of law and respect for human rights" and "build[ing] strong and resilient communities."

However, US State Department travel warnings issued in July about the violence in Mexico specifically approve of Mexico's "extensive effort to combat drug-trafficking organizations" and military troop deployment in relation to increased violence. And the lion's share of the $331 million in aid the United States has agreed to provide for Mexico in 2011—$300 million—has been classified as "Foreign Military Financing" and "International Narcotics Control and Law Enforcement."

The deployment of 1200 National Guard troops announced by President Obama in May gives further mixed signals to whether the US administration is genuine in the stated shift of its anti-narcotic strategy. According to a joint follow-up statement by the Departments of Homeland Security and Defense, the troops would be sent to all four states on the Mexican border for one year starting on August 1, until new Border Patrol guards can be recruited and trained.

The National Guard "will serve in law enforcement support roles consistent with the Administration's view that border security is a law enforcement challenge," Gen. Craig McKinley, chief of the National Guard Bureau said in a prepared statement. This year's contingent is about one-fifth the size of the 2006-2008 National Guard deployment.

Previously National Guard troops participated in flare truck operations to illuminate the desert night and prevent unauthorized crossings; controlling cameras and other visual equipment to monitor the border; and simple foot patrols to show their presence. They have not been involved in direct law enforcement.

But there is considerable disagreement over whether the "new strategy" is all that new. "Proposals to deploy the National Guard are ill-conceived and motivated by electoral politics rather than border realities," a dozen organizations representing border communities wrote to President Obama in May. "We consider the deployment of the National Guard an affront to border communities and oppose the militarization of our region." As cartel-related violence rises in Mexico, and the demand for illicit drugs remains high in the United States—and as the US drug war is increasingly conflated with US immigration policy—we are clearly a long way from a quick fix along the border.

FACING PRISON FOR FILMING US POLICE

Published on Thursday, August 26, 2010
by Al-Jazeera-English
by Chris Arsenault

When police arrested Anthony Graber for speeding on his motorbike, the 25-year-old probably did not see himself as an advocate for police accountability in the age of new media. But Graber, a sergeant with the Maryland Air National Guard, is now facing sixteen years in prison, not for dangerous driving, but for a You Tube video he posted after receiving a speeding ticket. The video, filmed with a camera mounted on Graber's motorcycle helmet designed to record biking stunts rather than police abuse, shows a plain clothes officer jumping out of an unmarked car and pointing a pistol at the motorcyclist. It does not portray the policeman in a positive light. After he posted the video on YouTube, police raided Graber's home, seized computers and put him in jail.

"The case is critical to the protection of democracy because I don't think you can have a free country in which public officials are able to criminally prosecute people who film what they are doing," David Rocah, a lawyer with the American Civil Liberties Union in Maryland who is representing Graber, said. Even though he had never been arrested before, Graber is being charged with illegal wiretapping and could face sixteen years in jail. "This is about shielding the policeman, a public servant, from journalistic scrutiny," Steve Rendall, a media analyst with Freedom and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR), told Al Jazeera.

The arrest happened in April and the trial is expected to begin later this year. Rocah said his client "was charged under the wiretapping statute which prohibits taping oral communications without consent." The statute, which does not mention video recording, is not supposed to apply to "conversations in a colloquial context, but in a private context" Rocah told Al Jazeera. The encounter happened on a public street and, according to Rocah, police officers—public officials tasked with protecting the public interest—should not be able to hide behind such rules to avoid scrutiny. "The value of documenting what is happening cannot be overstated," he said.

Supporters of the crack-down on filming police argue that citizen journalists pose a threat to privacy. That is the logic Joseph Cassily, the prosecutor handling Graber's case, is likely to make at the trial. In media interviews, Cassily presented a scenario where police stopped someone on suspicion of drinking and driving, asking for a breath test, and a random passerby filmed the encounter, putting it on the internet without consent from the driver or the officer. "Is there some interest in protecting private individuals who may be having a conversation with the police? Yes," Rendall said. "But in the end, I think that is outweighed by the public's right to know... [Furthermore] you can't walk through Washington Square [a public space in New York] without being in the view of dozens of video cameras run by the police."

The wiretapping statute which bans "secret" recording of private conversations is legislated by the state of Maryland, not the US federal government. Other US states, including Florida, Illinois and Massachusetts, have used similar laws against citizen journalists. In 2007, police in Florida arrested Carlos Miller, after the journalist photographed the arrest of a woman. "They [police] told me to leave the area, saying it was a 'private matter' and I said 'this is a public road.' They escorted me across the street and told me to keep moving. I had the right to be there and kept taking photos. They arrested me," Miller said. He was charged with a series of misdemeanors and like many Americans arrested for filming police, Miller was eventually acquitted in court. The arrest prompted the reporter to start the blog Photography is Not a Crime where he has documented more than eight similar incidents. But the idea of winning court battles against journalists may not be the reason security forces prosecute journalists with wiretapping laws and other methods.

"The whole reason for these laws is to intimidate people from filming," Rendall said. And attempts to intimidate journalists into putting down their cameras reach far beyond the US. In February the UK's *Guardian* newspaper ran the headline "Photographer films his own 'anti-terror' arrest" for a story and video about a man who was held by police for eight hours after taking pictures of Christmas celebrations in the small town of Accrington. Rocah points to the example of the post-election protests in Iran. "The regime completely shut down the traditional media," he said. "It was citizens' video posted on the web that allowed the world to see what was happening." Barack Obama, the US president, went so far as to ask Twitter to hold-off on a maintenance operation because the social networking site was playing an important role in the protests.

The most prominent US example of a citizen journalist filming police was arguably the case of Rodney King, a black man in Los Angeles who was assaulted by several police officers. His beating was filmed by a citizen standing at a nearby gas station. Without video evidence, King, a convicted felon, may have stood little chance testifying against police officers in court. But the video of King's beating flashed across news screens and helped spark the 1992 Los Angeles riots, which left more than 50 people dead and caused about $1bn in property damage. The dynamics of video-tapping have fundamentally changed since then. "I think that technology is making the issue [of arrests] arise with increasing frequency because the ability to record is more widely distributed than it ever has been," Rocah said. The civil liberties lawyer, who believes the wiretapping law is unconstitutional and will eventually be struck down, says he is confident his client will be found not guilty.

But even if he is, this case is indicative of broader trends in media, and consequently, the exercise of power. As technology outpaces the abilities of states to control the flow of information, governments in the US and beyond are cracking down on independent journalists. "In the past, freedom of the press only really belonged to those who owned newspapers, TV stations or other major outlets," Miller said. Now information is more diffuse; history easier to record and technology easier to afford. Direct evidence, including video of police abuses, is the easiest way to hold the powerful to account. And that may be exactly why security forces do not want to be caught on tape.

R.I.P. RUSSELL JOHNSON

Gainesville is a small college town in North Central Florida that has always had a thriving punk rock scene. One of Gainesville's most prolific and well-loved musicians, Russell Johnson died in April due to complications of Hepatitis C.

He played guitar in about twenty bands in the course of roughly 35 years but the band that made the biggest impact on Gainesville were the Doldrums. The Doldrums existed between 1986-1988. Their music could be likened to the Bad Brains, although they did not consider themselves a hardcore band. Their singer, Pete Brightman, was as wild on stage as HR ever was! Russ played lead guitar even though his best friend and drummer for the Doldrums, Vic Wilkinson compared him to a rhythm guitar and actually followed him instead of following the bass player as do most drummers. This is not to say that Greg Pierce wasn't an amazing bass player who later went on to play drums for Subject, far from, it was just that the chemistry between Russ & Victor was quite strong and similar to that of brothers. Russ and Vic also played together in Scared of Stares and Stabilizer.

When Russell died his friends realized that the funeral and memorial service were not enough to commemorate Russell's life so a tribute show was planned and carried out this past July 18th at the Livery at the Palomino Pool Hall. The bands played outside in the Backyard at the Boca Fiesta, the space that used to be the Hard Back Cafe's patio area. Friends and family converged on Gainesville from all parts of the country. Pete flew in from Los Angeles and the Doldrums played one last time with Dave Ruckstuhl, formerly of Grinch, on guitar. Some of Russ' other former bands played too including Black Snake and the John Birch Society. Fully Loaded rocked out too which is the band Half- Cocked plus Tom Nordlie who was in another one of Russ' old bands, Dredge.

The show's proceeds benefited the Hepatitis C Foundation and there were CDs for sale including the Doldrums, Pete's new CD called Dead White Suns and Blacksnake CDs. The Doldrums only other recording is a 7" EP put out by No Idea Records which is still going strong.

The Memorial gig was so fast and furious and during the Doldrums set the cops were called by someone complaining about the noise and a ticket was issued. Dave Peck, one of the show's organizers rallied the crowd into donating money towards the fine and the show continued.

Russell's family was in attendance and the whole night was a fitting and fine way to say farewell to not only an amazing musician, but also a genuine, caring, and down to earth man.
Photo of Russell Johnson by Ken Coffelt

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R.I.P. DARREN DAVIES 30TH SEPTEMBER 1968 – 1ST AUGUST 2010

Welly / Artcore Fanzine 2010
On Sunday August 1st 2010, bassist Darren Davies passed away aged only 41.

After the demise of UK82 meets US Hardcore Cardiff, Wales, U.K. band The Soldier Dolls, Dave Alderman and Matt Grey experimented with an Egg Hunt style instrumental project circa '86, that paid homage to DC and Chicago punk as well as Crime, called I Mobster.

Throughout 1987 Dave and friend Darren Davies evolved the idea of the band Slowjam, and with the reintroduction of Matt and a drum machine called Ro-Leigh, they recorded three demos (CS, Kingpin and Plexi, totaling eleven songs) before Stator Records of France expressed an interest in releasing an LP.

In 1990 the album Crabapple was released, which was recorded by Iain Burgess. Slowjam experimented with the drum machine hardcore of Big Black, the dance rhythms of the Effigies and the melody of DC bands such as Fugazi. The LP featured ten songs, and the CD/CS 15 songs.

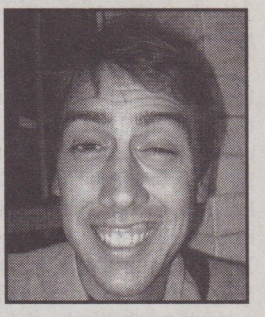
Playing locally throughout South Wales at such dodgy joints as Cardiff Art College and Newport TJ's, they honed their energetic live performance (no mean feat with a drum machine), eventually playing dates with Chicago's Naked Raygun throughout the UK on their 1988 tour. After this, they released another CD album entitled Pig on Stator, recorded by Jon Langford, a split 7" EP with Cardiff art rockers Crabladder, a 12" entitled Freefall on Darling Buds Records in 1991 and recorded a Peel Session and did a mini-tour of France in 1992, before disbanding and going onto other projects in 1993. Slowjam remain sadly under-rated and unknown.

MRR asks YOU:

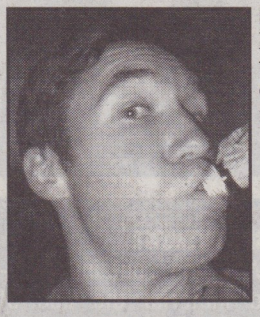
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What's something you've been procrastinating?
(asked at an Oakland house show with Nuclear Family and Daylight Robbery)

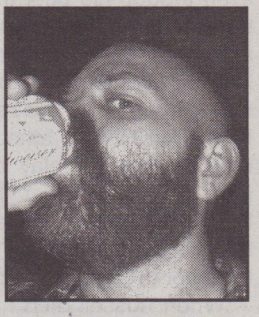
Rachel, 22, San Francisco
Going to school.



Matt, 26, San Francisco
Dumping myself.

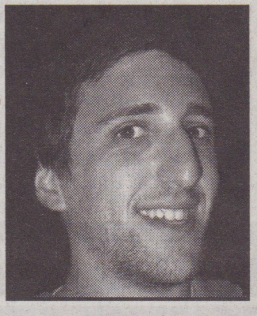


Ryan, 28, San Francisco
I'm moving to New York tomorrow sometime before noon, and I've got ten years of San Francisco that needs to find its way into a box.

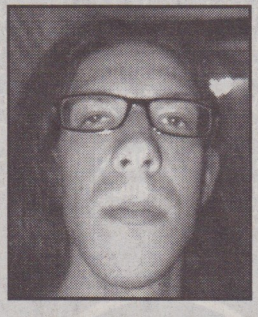


Pete, 32, Melbourne, Australia
Moving my stuff from the state that I moved to back to the state that I actually live in, and then once I do that, *then* I'll be able to pay my taxes.

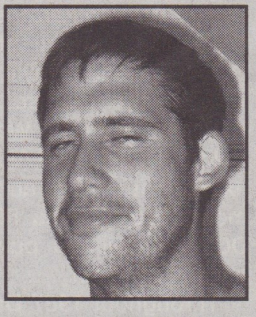
Jeff, 36, Chicago
A vasectomy.



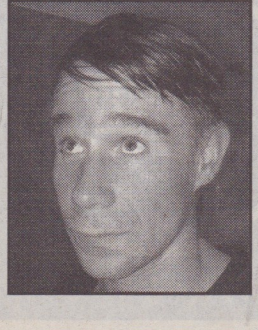
Max, 22, Oakland
Learning to drive, for the last six years.



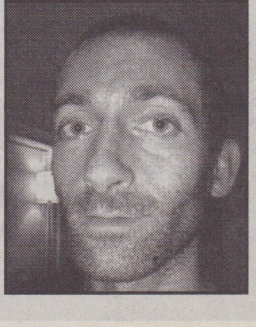
John, 23, Minneapolis
Doing a zine, which is why I brought this tape recorder out here.



Zach, 25, Albany NY
My epididymitis is gone, but there's some sort of other mysterious non-painful, non-infected thing on my left testicle, but I just don't feel like dealing with it. I've been putting it off for like a month now.



Paul, 32, Albany NY
Moving out of the worst, shittiest, most awful city in all of God's creation.



Jamie, 29, Albany NY
Doing really dumb things. I've been doing consistently not dumb things for a while, and I'm really trying to push it for the past couple of days.

GG KING

Babbling Voices 7"

Ex-Carbonas sleazy PUNK.

LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN

Fina Nyanser i Nya Finanser 7"

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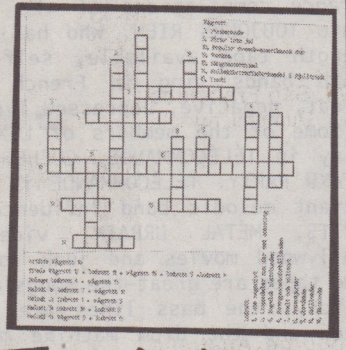

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SEPTEMBER 18TH - DETROIT, MI - TRUMBULL PLEX
SEPTEMBER 19TH - CHICAGO, IL - REGGIE'S LIVE
SEPTEMBER 20TH - MINNEAPOLIS, MN - TRIPLE ROCK
SEPTEMBER 21ST - OMAHA, NE - THE HOLE
SEPTEMBER 22ND - DES MOINES, IA - VAUDEVILLE MEWS
SEPTEMBER 23RD - MADISON, WI - GET BENT PRESS
SEPTEMBER 24TH - NORMAL, IL - FIREHOUSE PIZZA
SEPTEMBER 25TH - INDIANAPOLIS, IN - ES JUNGLE
SEPTEMBER 26TH - TBA
SEPTEMBER 27TH - TOLEDO, OH - MICKEY FINN'S PUB
SEPTEMBER 28TH - BUFFALO , NY - CLUB DIABLO
SEPTEMBER 29TH - PITTSFIELD, MA - REBEL SOUND RECORDS
SEPTEMBER 30TH - ITHACA, NY - THE HAUNT
OCTOBER 1ST - PHILADELPHIA, PA - TBA
OCTOBER 2ND - NEWARK, DE - MOJO MAIN
OCTOBER 3RD - 6TH - OFF/DRIVE
OCTOBER 7TH - BALTIMORE, MD - SIDE BAR
OCTOBER 8TH - RICHMOND, VA - GALLERY 5
OCTOBER 9TH - GREENVILLE, NC - LIVE NIGHTCLUB

OCTOBER 11TH - JACKSONVILLE, FL - JACK RABBITS
OCTOBER 12TH - PENSACOLA, FL - THE HANDLEBAR
OCTOBER 13TH - NEW ORLEANS, LA - NOWE MIASTO
OCTOBER 14TH - HOUSTON, TX - ROC BAR
OCTOBER 15TH - DALLAS, TX - TREES
OCTOBER 16TH - AUSTIN, TX - RED SEVEN
OCTOBER 17TH - OFF
OCTOBER 18TH - EL PASO, TX - THE HIDEAWAY
OCTOBER 19TH - SHIPROCK, NM - TINT SHOP
OCTOBER 20TH - CAMERON, AZ - THE BAND ROOM
OCTOBER 21ST - LAS VEGAS, NV - THE BOX OFFICE
OCTOBER 22ND - LOS ANGELES, CA - BLVD CAFÉ
OCTOBER 23RD - LOS ANGELES, CA - INFEST WAREHOUSE
OCTOBER 24TH - SAN DIEGO, CA - METAPHOR CAFE
OCTOBER 25TH - OFF
OCTOBER 26TH - OFF
OCTOBER 27TH - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - THE PARKSIDE
OCTOBER 28TH - TBA
OCTOBER 29TH - PORTLAND, OR - ROSELAND THEATER (DOWNSTAIRS)
OCTOBER 30TH - BREMERTON, WA - THE CHARLESTON
OCTOBER 31ST - SEATTLE, WA - STUDIO 7

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GIVING ART A BAD NAME SINCE 1979

By Alex Ratcharge

A friend of mine interviewed Porcell when YOUTH OF TODAY played in France back in the late '80s. When asked if he knew any French punk or hardcore band, his answer was, "No, I've never heard any French punk or HC record... Is there such a thing?" Then when my friend told him there was indeed a shitload of bands putting out tapes and records here, Porcell sounded genuinely surprised and said, "Well, they must be hard to get in America." This isn't very surprising. After all it was the '80s and foreign information about outsider rock was hard to get. While France already had its fair share of punk bands, the amazing raw political hardcore explosion that had happened in the early '80s in the surrounding countries–Italy, Spain, Holland, etc.–hadn't hit the Hexagon with the same ferocity (the reasons for this are subject to endless debates). But even now, more than twenty years later, in this digital age of ours, it's still pretty usual for us Frenchies to meet overseas folks and ask them if they know anything about French punk only to be met with a slightly embarrassed, "French punk? Are there even punks in France?" or something along those lines. The answer to that question is, *of course there are punks in France, you morons!* So, dear American readers, here's a quick guide to some of the current hot French punk bands, so next time you travel to gay Paris and meet some local maximum rock'n'roller in a scummy squat, you'll have no excuse for your ignorance and will hopefully come across as a knowledgeable underground music enthusiast who's well aware that England, Denmark, Sweden and Spain aren't the only countries in Europe. Thank me later.

I'll start with SIDA (AIDS), the youngest of all the bands I'm gonna mention. They've been playing their brand of female-fronted, dark, noisy no-wave punk shit for only a year or so, but what I've heard sounds very exciting, fucked up and promising, especially if you dig the rotten city noise punk vibes of bands like XYX, TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS and AH KRAKEN. The members of the band are all in their early 20s, which is pretty young, especially by French standards.

I think it's safe to say the kids from SIDA have been influenced in one way or another by some other current French bands, namely the ones gathered under the moniker "La Grande Triple Alliance Internationale De L'Est." Based mostly, but not only, in the eastern part of France (Metz & Strasbourg area), La Grande Triple Alliance is a big loose collective of weirdo musicians putting the punk back into art-punk, with a tendency for provocative, dodgy lyrics and song titles, imaginative sounds, more or less obscure influences and a dark twisted sense of humor that's most likely lost on all their international audiences. Some of the bands from the collective include AH KRAKEN who plays brilliant gloomy industrial no-wave noise shit, and has a 7" on Sweet Rot Records, LP on In The Red, and a one-sided 12" on Gaffer/Downboy. THE FEELING OF LOVE plays bluesy modern garage and has too many records to mention. PLASTOBETON plays minimal drum-machine driven proto-post-punk and has a 7" on SDZ Records. THE ANALS are a dark suicidal synth-punk band and have released an incredible LP on Permanent Records, and a 7" on Sweet Rot. La Grande Triple Alliance includes a million more bands, mostly made up of the same ten or so members. Definitely check all this shit out if you're tired of most punk sounding too safe or generic.

Or if you're tired of punk being safe, but still crave that basic, melodic, 1-2-1-2 upbeat punk with choruses you can sing along to and verses built for pogo and beer-drinking, you should go ahead and get into LEXOMYL and TOUJOURS RIEN. Both bands come from the same area and play classic-sounding French punk rock with an added WIPERS/OBSERVERS Portland punk flavor. Check out LEXOMYL, who has one 7", one split 7" and two tapes available, all self-released. For a great old school French Oi! feeling reminiscent of the infamous *Chaos En France* compilations of the '80s look into TOUJOURS RIEN, who has one full-length tape available, self-released. Both bands sing in French and have great, negative, depressed lyrics.

Some of the members of LEXOMYL also play in TÉLÉCOMMANDE, COCHE BOMBA and OTAKU PARTY. TÉLÉCOMMANDE is an idiot-savant melodic band influenced by THE SPITS, MÉTAL URBAIN, video games, Hollywood movies and junk food. Their two tapes are great–the songs are ultra-catchy, the bass lines are groovy as fuck and the drum machine makes them sound like they come from a futuristic past. They've since hired a real drummer, but I haven't heard their new sound yet. Some people don't get it, but those who do will end up dancing, smiling and singing along to these tunes for years. COCHE BOMBA is one of the oldest currently active French hardcore bands. They recently toured Mexico and the US and released countless records, including a recent LP on FZM Records and split EP with DIOS HASTIO from Peru. Musically, they sound like crazy frantic non-generic powerviolence/fast hardcore.

One of their ex-singers now fronts OTAKU PARTY, a band that's been going for more than ten years and is actually more of a small collective than a simple band. Sometimes it's only one man and his drum machine, sometimes it's a man and a woman doing fucked up industrial noise performances, and other times it's a three-piece noisy as fuck hardcore band influenced by CONFUSE, MAN IS THE BASTARD and '80s French noisecore pioneers, RAPT. Whatever the line-up is, you'll always be confronted with a brutal, noisy, ugly, distorted mess.

If you dig the noisecore do yourself a favor and check out LES HULKS, STATE POISON and WARNING//WARNING. LES HULKS are supposed to be a garage band influenced by the BRAINBOMBS, but their sound is so raw, blown out and fucked up that I'm sure any fan of Japanese noise sadists like STATE CHILDREN, EXIT HIPPIES or AOSTRAPOS could get into it. When I saw them live they weren't as mind-blowingly noisy as on record, especially on their crucial *Pussy Cola* 7", but their whole bodies were painted green (hence their name),

so that sort of made up for it.

The STATE POISON 7" is now in its fourth pressing and has received great reviews from all the DISORDER glue-sniffers of the world. By the time you read this, their LP will be available and they will be back from a Japanese tour. The band is greatly influenced by GAUZE and the rumor has it that their new stuff goes more into this direction, still with insane drumming, simple riffs and an American singer that sings in broken French the way Japanese punks sing in broken English.

WARNING//WARNING shares some of the same influences: CONFUSE, STATE CHILDREN, ATROCIOUS MADNESS… Their sound focuses more on the ineptness and the noise, with primitive drumming and reverbed vocals with something of a Finnish feel to them and a guitar sound straight out of a LEBENDEN TOTEN record. Their 7" is sold out but you can hear their two self-released tapes on their website. Some members of WARNING//WARNING also play in a raw black metal band called CHAMBRE FROIDE, who just released their first tape; and in France's most famous (and best, if you ask me) D-beat band, GASMASK TERRÖR. GASMASK TERRÖR has been perfecting their formula–DISCHARGE drumbeat, TOTALITÄR guitar sound, great riffs, great shows–for a few years now, with each of their recordings being an improvement on the previous one. By the time you read this their new LP, *Black Sun/Fake Gold*, will be out on I Feel Good (France) and Solar Funeral (US). Their drummer also plays in FACE UP TO IT!, which is a sloppy fun-loving, yet politically-conscious '80s influenced HC band that's been existing for ten years now. Their LP will hopefully be out before 2020.

If fast, straightforward, energetic HC is your thing, I'd recommend CRIPPLED OLD FARTS, MICHEL PLATINIUM and ATOMIC TANGO. CRIPPLED OLD FARTS play '80s USHC that's more original than your average Washington/Boston '82 worshippers, which is probably due to the fact that their members are old enough to know better, and are influenced by a lot of different music, from post-rock to...well, to everything else. Their split LP with UNLOGISTIC is out now. Their singer also does the hand-written, pocket-sized fanzine *Rad Party*, that's been going for close to twenty years and is showing no signs of slowing down. MICHEL PLATINIUM leans more towards the crusty side of things, somewhere between fastcore and EXTREME NOISE TERROR. Their 7" is still available. ATOMIC TANGO reminds me of the late '90s/early '00s Punks Before Profits bands like I OBJECT and ARMED WITH INTELLIGENCE: simple, catchy, personal/ political fast punk. Their first 7" is out now, and you can also download it for free on their website. The band is three-fourths female, which is unfortunately rare enough that it deserves to be mentioned.

THE SIOUX is influenced by BLACK FLAG, THE WIPERS, BIKINI KILL and the Copenhagen bands of the past decade, most notably GORILLA ANGREB. Their sound is a good summary of these influences, with clean guitars, catchy garage riffs, yelled female vocals and a level of energy that's bordering on hardcore (especially in the drums). They released a demo and a split 7" with LEXOMYL.

I'd compare FAST ARBEIT BABIES to an amazing, super-energetic synth-punk/post-punk circus version of bands like KLEENEX/LILIPUT or MIKA MIKO. Their live shows are fun as hell–they'll make you wanna dance and smile and start your own band. They self-released a beautiful homemade CD that has to be seen and heard to be believed. If you dig them you should also check out ROBOTNICKA, another female-fronted synth-punk band whose shows feel more like a party than the Alcoholics Anonymous gathering feel one sometimes experiance at punk gigs.

If what you want is to be completely blown away by a band's live performance then by all means go and see a gig by the noisy freak show that's HEADWAR, a one-of-a-kind band that I won't even try to start describing–you just have to see it for yourself. Their recordings so far haven't been that great, but live they are a total insanity. And if those bands sound too weird or happy for you but you still need your dose of synth-driven punk, then PASSION ARMÉE might be up your alley. That is if you're into THE MOB, CRISIS, JOY DIVISION, the annihilation of civilization, Guy Debord and slow tribal post-punk beats. The band recently broke up but their demo

and LP are mandatory listen for anyone interested in politically driven music and dark depressed sounds.

These are just a few bands I felt like writing about because I'm particularly inspired by their noise. There are, of course, shitloads more of them, whether they play '80s-influenced USHC (LOST BOYS, STRONG AS TEN, KOENINGSTEIN YOUTH, THRASHINGTON DC, ABJECT OBJECT, YOUTH AVOIDERS, GORILLA GRIPPING...), melodic punk (LA FRACTION, LOBSTER KILLED ME, FAT BEAVERS, CHICKEN'S CALL...), some kind of variation of modern garage (MAGNETIX, JACK OF HEART, THE DICTAPHONE, THEE DEAD CLODETTES, CHEVEU, YUSSUF JERUSALEM, THE CRETEENS, MEATARDS...), pure noise (MOTHERFUCKING, ÉCOUTE LA MERDE, MORGANE DESBEET, MENTAL HYGIENE TERRORISM ORCHESTRA...), D-beat/crust/grind (LOUT SOCIETY CURSE, CHIENS, DESECRATOR, INSALUS, DEATH REIGN...), hard-to-classify weird shit (RADIKAL SATAN, CHOCOLAT BILLY, ACCIDENT DU TRAVAIL, SCORPION VIOLENTE, LES LOUISE MITCHELS, REVENGERS...), post-punk (MAN IN BOX, LE PARTI...), doom/ sludge (MONARCH, BAYGON VERT...) and so on.

There are also tons of zines, labels, distros, record shops, places to play, screen-printing collectives and squats, but I won't even start with that. Hopefully that will save enough space for George Tabb not to have to cut his column in half this month. I'll also save space by not listing any contacts as I'm confident you'll find everything you need online, but if you want more info about any of these bands or where to get their records, feel free to write me a nice message at alex.simon82@yahoo.fr and I'll do what I can to help you.

Until then remember, baguettes are better than your national bread, snails and frogs taste great, berets and striped shirts are for losers, Pushead loved HEIMATLOS, and the first record ever released by Rough Trade was from a French band, MÉTAL URBAIN. Panique, anarchie, et à la prochaine, bande de bâtards.

DE HØJE HÆLE

This interview was conducted about one year ago, just as the fine Danish trio De Høje Hæle was about to embark on its first tour of the USA. A tour that should have been in support of the band's debut LP, but the record kept getting delayed and delayed…

…And delayed…

But guess what—the LP is finally out! It's called "Skal Vi Aldrig Videre?" and it's available now from Hjernespind Records. To commemorate the occasion (and not because yours truly has flaked on transcribing this thing for almost a year — no!) here is that enlightening conversation, which took place on a BART train towards the East Bay en route to the band's first American gig: a house party in Oakland, CA.

Intro and interview by Paul Curran
Photos by Paul Curran and Martin Sorrondeguy

De Høje Hæle are
Ebber: drums
Myre: guitar and vocals
Magnus: bass

MRR: How long have you been together and how did the band form?

Myre: We've been together for two and a half years now and we were formed at [Magnus'] home. It was a rehearsal space...

Magnus: Me and Ebber were just listening to records—actually I think we were listening to a Bowie record—and we thought, "We should make a band." So we did, and we practiced two or three times and then we found Myre.

MRR: Why David Bowie?

Myre: It could have been anything, but it was just when we were listening to a David Bowie record that we were convinced that we had to start a band or kill ourselves. So we had to do something about playing music.

MRR: So you guys had never played music together before?

Myre: Yeah, all three of us have each had bands before, but…

Magnus: I met Myre the first time we practiced together. I had never met him before.

MRR: Oh, so how did you find each other?

Magnus: I knew [Ebber] a bit and I knew [Myre] a bit...

MRR: What has made De Hoje Haele stay together, as opposed to your previous bands?

I've never been in bands that played live. Maybe two shows with one band, but it hasn't been on this level. It hasn't been anything like... This wasn't serious from the start but it just felt—I don't know—it's a good combination of people.

MRR: You mean musically, or because you like each other, or both?

All: Both

Myre: We really enjoy the company of each other.

Magnus: In the practice space and out of the practice space—just hanging out.

MRR: Do you guys collaborate on writing the music?

Magnus: I write most of it, but some numbers we make up together… jam ...

Ebber: But it's not often that it's all finished. Usually we jam it.

Myre: Like, he comes up with a melody or a riff, and then I come up with something and we arrange it.

MRR: At the beginning were you trying to go for a certain kind of sound, or a certain influence or did it all come naturally? I ask because you guys are decidedly not a hardcore band. It's very mid-tempo and not super distorted. Is that something that you tried to do?

Magnus: That's the kind of punk music I like.

Ebber: It's the only way I could convince [Magnus] that we should play punk, because if I wanted to play hardcore he wouldn't be into it.

Magnus: I haven't listened to punk rock that much. I did a little, but I never listened to hardcore. I listen to a lot of rock music...

MRR: What makes you write these punk style songs then?

Magnus: It's only the way we play it that's different for me. The songwriting is the same for me, actually.

MRR: So, you weren't super into punk —

what were you into?

Magnus: I'm very much into Frank Zappa and Captain Beefheart and...

MRR: It's really hard to write that kind of music though, isn't it?

Magnus: Yeah, I'm not good enough to do that kind of music, but I like to play that kind of music too.

Ebber: I think the way the music sounds now with our band is just...that's the way we play together. From the start, we didn't have this idea that we had to sound like this or that. It's all written by the way we play music together — by ourselves and together.

MRR: Does DHH play with a lot of different kinds of bands?

Ebber: Yeah, we play with hardcore crust to pop, synth pop, whatever. A really big range.

Magnus: As long as we can go out and play, it doesn't matter what bands we're playing with.

MRR: Some bands in the States will only play all-ages shows. I'm wondering if that's even an issue in Europe, or if that's an issue when you come here—whether or not you'll play a bar show.

Ebber: It's not an issue in Europe at all. There's not that many bar shows in Europe, and they don't really care about the age restriction. Almost anybody can get into a bar.

MRR: But in the States...

Myre: We'll play whatever.

MRR: I've always thought of Copenhagen as being a very political scene, especially with Ungdomshuset—it's seems like everybody there was involved to some extent in that fight (to keep the squat open). Do you guys consider yourselves political, and do you write about politics?

Myre: I think maybe there's some undertones of political issues, but I don't see us as a political band... at all, actually. Of course we have opinions about things. I used to be in a very political band; the lyrics were very hardcore, against government and police and stuff like that...

MRR: Do you feel like you don't want to play that kind of music now, or is it just that this band doesn't play that kind of music?

Myre: I don't really care what kind of music I'm playing.

MRR: But do you still have those kinds of views?

Myre: I have those beliefs, yeah, but I don't think you have to sing about it all the time.

MRR: Even if you don't sing about politics, there's different ways bands can be political, like will you play benefits for political causes?

All: Yeah.

MRR: What kind of benefits?

Ebber: The last benefit show I remember playing was for an anti-fascist football team.

Myre: One was actually for these 18 Iraqi refugees. The (Danish) government wanted to send them back, so there was this support show for those guys. They were living in this church; that was the last place where they could hide.

MRR: Do you know what became of that, or ...?

Ebber: The government or police got into the church and took all the people out, and now they are in court and people are doing a lot of work to try and help them.

MRR: OK, so we've established that you don't write songs about politics, but what *are* you writing songs about?

Magnus: There's songs about girl problems and paranoia and staying up all night and getting no sleep and getting drunk, and just about the weird world.

Myre: There's one song called "Big Brother [Thing?]" about how there has to be cameras all over the city watching you.

MRR: What does the name mean and what is the song "De Høje Hæle " about?

Magnus: " De Høje Hæle " means "The High Heels" and it just says "The High Heels" all the way through the song.

MRR: Nothing but...

Magnus: Nothing but "The High Heels." Maybe that's the connection to the David Bowie thing, actually... I guess we thought it was funny that punk music came out of glam rock, and all those big rock shows and rock bands on the high stage. And it's kind of funny to make this reference when we play punk rock, because in my opinion all these styles don't really matter.

MRR: Irony! What other kinds of things are you interested in besides music?

Myre: He (Magnus) is into soccer.

MRR: Not you guys, though?

Myre: I'm into skateboarding — I've been doing that for ten years or so.

MRR: Did you bring your skateboard with you?

Myre: No, I didn't. I don't really know why. I was thinking about getting a new one while I'm here.

Magnus: And Ebber is the record collector.

MRR: Did you bring an extra suitcase for records?

Ebber: No, I've got to buy one. A hard case I can bring home without breaking them.

MRR: Ebber, you have never been to the States before. Any first impressions to share?

Ebber: San Francisco has got a lot of freaks. That's one of the things you notice first in the street. Compared to Denmark there's many more people on the street doing funny stuff, yelling out, and being full of themselves. But that's nice…

Magnus: Yeah, I like it.

Ebber: And you need to have a car here, otherwise you have to spend all day on busses, walking, on a train or whatever, to pick up stuff.

MRR: Tell us about what releases have you have put out so far, and what's coming out in the near future.

Myre: We released a demo tape on Kalkylom. It was a tape with 19 songs on it, and that was the same recording we used for the 7" that came out on Repo Man. Four songs on that one. And then there was this French tape that just came out on Dead Kids Records with new recordings that we did in our practice space on this old ghetto blaster. So it's just recorded live in the rehearsal room.

MRR: And then you have this LP that's gonna come out. Where did you record that?

Ebber: We recorded at Mission Hall Studio in Sweden with Tommas from Hjernespind and Lasse from Hjertestop.

MRR: Was that the first time you've been in a real studio for your recordings?

Magnus: Yeah.

Myre: I've done it before with other bands, but it was the first time with this band.

MRR: How do you like being in the studio, as opposed to recording with the boom box?

Ebber: It was a really fun experience because it was a really cool studio.

Magnus: I think it was an old studio with equipment from the '70s — a really cool place out in the countryside, far away from everything. You had to drive about 15 minutes to get to the nearest supermarket for beer.

Ebber: And I saw a comet coming down from the sky when we were there.

Magnus: I didn't think it was true…

Ebber: They wouldn't believe me but then we looked it up on the internet, and there were reports all over about it …

MRR: Wow!

Myre: We went to the studio in January and now it's getting mixed.

MRR: Did you do put any extra instruments on there like keyboards, saxophones…?

Ebber: No, no experimenting…

MRR: Tell me what happened in Zarautz, in the Basque Country of Spain.

Myre: We played in Zarautz in July of this year. We were on tour with another Danish band called Kværn. We played the show and then we wanted to go to the beach to take a swim. There was this guy and a girl who had a car, and they said, "Yeah we can drive you down to the beach." And we said, "Yeah, for sure, that would be cool."

We all got into the car with these big pint glasses of beer, and they were driving the car really, really fast over theses speed bumps and we were just hopping and bouncing and there was beer falling all over the place.

After about five minutes we got pulled over. There were two big police cars and I think there was like ten policemen who came out and stood on the corner across the street with these huge machine guns and just looked really angry and tough. They put on black leather gloves and put us all in a line to search us, and I had this big bag of weed in my pocket…

MRR: Oh no!

Myre: I was thinking like, "Oh, shit, we're going to get caught be these fucking crazy Spanish policemen and they're going to fuck us up completely if they find our weed."

So, they started out by searching Ebber, and that was alright—he could go. Then it was my turn next in the line, but the guitarist from Kværn who was standing beside me, he took a step forward and said, "Oh yeah, you can search me," so I had the time to…

MRR: Because he knew you had weed?

Myre: Yeah, and I had my camera on, with the strap. And I had this shirt on with a breast pocket where the weed was. So I very carefully put the strap over the pocket so you couldn't see that there was a pocket. And then I just took everything out of my (other) pockets, and they said, "OK, you emptied your pockets," and then they searched me and they didn't find it.

"Phew! That was really lucky." I was just standing there—my heart was beating. I'd been thinking, "OK, it's over, I'm going to go down to the station, get kicked into a cell, or whatever…" I was really fucked up about that.

And then we found out later on that the two that were driving the car had just smuggled really a lot of speed and coke. They had speed on them as well.

I don't why, but they let us all go afterwards. We just had to leave the car and we could walk away.

MRR: You had to abandon the car?

Myre: Yeah.

MRR: Why?

Myre: I don't know. We didn't talk to them (the drivers) afterwards…

MRR: Weird…

Contact De Høje Hæle at myspace.com/dehjehle

Get their LP from Hernespind at www.hjernespind.com

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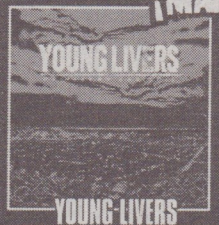

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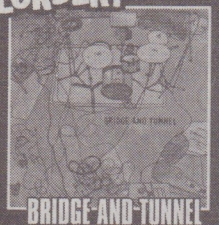

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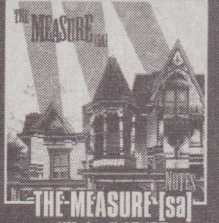

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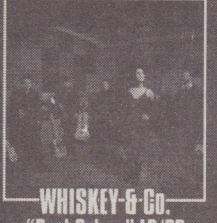

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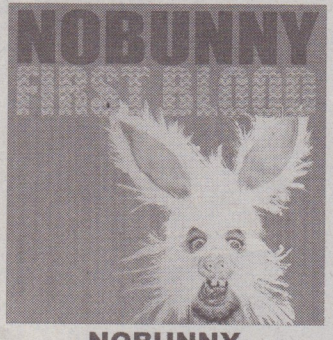

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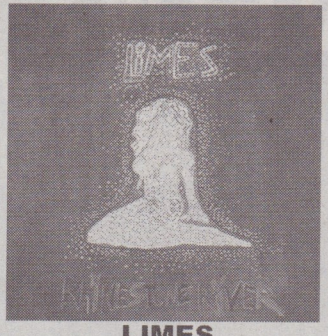

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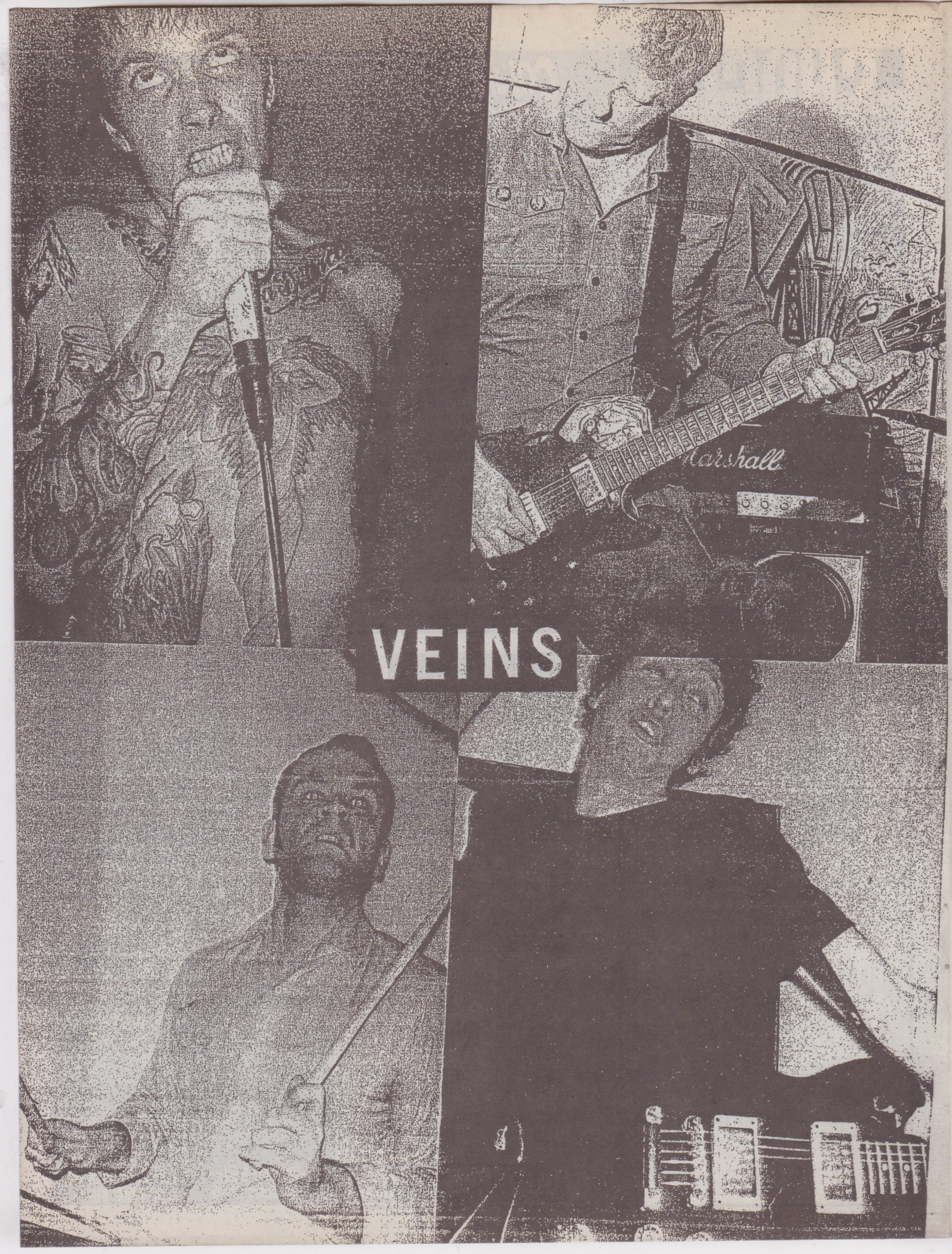

Marshall
VEINS

Veins were interviewed by Logan Worrell

MRR: So who am I here with right now?
Mark: Mark McCoy.
Berdan: Berdan.

MRR: You guys are in Veins, right?
Berdan: Right!

MRR: So how many people are in Veins right now?
Mark: Well at the moment, four, working on a fifth.

MRR: And you guys have members all throughout the USA and the world—you got dudes all over the place?
Berdan: Haha, you gotta stop going on about that!

MRR: Well Holland, no?
Mark: Three of us are in New York, one of us in Holland, yeah!
Berdan: Haha, how do you write songs is the next question?

MRR: I was actually gonna ask that...sorry about the cigarette smoke. Mark McCoy doesn't like cigarettes only black cardigan sweaters. So how did Veins come to be?
Mark: Well I wanted to do a band with Jeroen, who was in the Oath, while he was here on vacation. I pulled him into a practice studio with my friend Ian and we wrote some songs right away, and then for a while those songs sat, so we were like, "You know, we should get Berdan to sing cos he'd be perfect."
Berdan: Yeah, Mark called me one day at work. I was having an awful, awful day.

MRR: What do you do for a living?
Berdan: I sell tattoo supplies to people who shouldn't have them. I peddle sharp objects to ex-convicts or people who will one day be ex-convicts. He left me a voicemail and I snuck into the bathroom to call him back, cos I needed a minute with a friend anyway. He said that he had this project and explained what it was—I jumped at it. I've never really played in a more traditional hardcore band. I've always wanted to, but it had never come to pass. Yeah, I jumped at it and it's been pretty exciting.

MRR: So would you say this is a continuation of stuff you wanted to do with the Oath? Is this the Oath part two or scab songs from the Oath?
Mark: Well at the end of doing the Oath, we wanted to strip away elements of the style we had been refining, and just play how we did when we started, but that didn't work out. I mean Jeroen went on to be in Failures with me too.

MRR: A long distance kinda thing too?
Mark: Yeah it was intended to be a project that was done in like a day but it somehow took two years! He just couldn't do it and wasn't interested in a long distance project to the extent that we had it.

MRR: So are the songs all from the same sessions?
Mark: There are actually two sessions. I'm pretty happy with how it
came out; it's pretty direct with all the filigrees removed. I think it's more refreshing that way, in this age, to play as minimally and as unrefined as possible. I'm not really a trained musician.

MRR: How do you feel about playing hardcore in your thirties?
Mark: I think I have more enthusiasm for the music, the energy, than anything else that's attached to it. I still listen to it alone in my bedroom.

MRR: So you're not one of those hardcore kids who sits around playing dance music?
Mark: It's such a personal thing I don't even really wanna talk about it, you know? I don't even like playing shows. I do find myself doing it and liking it, but I get caught up in the ideas of everything. Really, on its own I find hardcore to be the most energetic music to latch onto.

MRR: So if you don't like playing shows, do you do them because it's a means to an end, like that's what people want?
Mark: For a band to exist it's essential that you're out in the world, that you can present it as such, but I'm actually terrified of playing. I'm scared of harming myself. When I get up there I don't really think of a sense of safety, and I can't be accountable for what happens.
Berdan: I really go back and forth when it comes to playing shows. Like when it's a case of shows night after night, back and forth, I detest it. I find it so wholeheartedly impersonal, like your tenth show in a row you just don't feel the same way.

MRR: So you hate playing shows?
Berdan: No, I love playing shows infrequently. I just need it to mean as much to me as it does in the song writing process. Here's a finished product, then you can present it. The idea of other people relating to something that you've made is wonderful and beautiful and a completely genuine experience, but I feel really disingenuous days, weeks, or months into the process. So for me playing out is something absolutely important, just not something that I want to do all the time. I am also deathly afraid of getting hurt, absolutely terrified. I've got into my fair share of scuffles in the past, and I'm sure that will continue to happen. Your mind is in a different self-preservation mode, and sometimes I'll wake up the next morning and be like, "Why do I have a black eye?" or with a mouthful of blood, or covered in bruises, and then be like "Oh, wait..."
Mark: It can't be any other way. You can't get up there and just stand there. It's your obligation to really just attack with it.

MRR: For me, people fall in love with the music, the recordings, but what really solidifies your longevity as a "lifer" in the scene is going to see a band play—that's what'll really stick with you. Fuck, we all love the Pistols, we all love the Misfits, but we never got to see them play in their prime, but the bands we did get to see, when people get hurt and go wild, that's what really sticks with you.
Mark: It's about creating something mythical that really sticks with you forever as "something."

MRR: Did that happen for you when you first started going to shows?
Mark: Yeah! I saw 7 Seconds play when I was thirteen. I didn't know what to do, so I just punched this fat girl in front of me.

MRR: So you just popped her in the back of the head?
Mark: Yeah she turned around and decked me! I just thought, "Oh well, that's what you're supposed to do." I went home with my jaw sore and was like, "Now what do I do? I guess start a band."

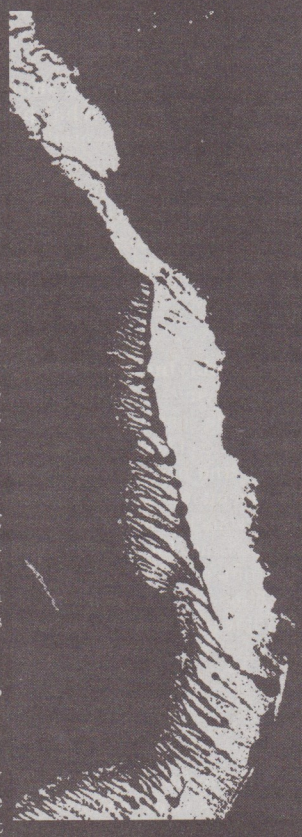
MRR: Speaking of which, when are you guys going to play shows?
Mark: This fall.

MRR: Do you have it set up? You got the bands planned?
Mark: Yeah we've been talking to bands that we think would be good. We'll all get together and do it; it's always good to have a plan.

MRR: Are you jonesing for it Berdan?
Berdan: I'm very excited about it. I feel like I'm excited about it in a different way. I feel like I relate to the songs in a different, more earnest way than previous projects. I'm really excited to see how we react to an experience with the crowd. I'm absolutely excited.

MRR: Given all this exciting shit, what all do you guys have on the docket? You have the demo, another 7"?
Mark: We're pressing the demo as a 7" because the tape sold out in like two hours.

MRR: How many tapes did you guys do?
Mark: 333. I think it's good to just sort of put the feelers out there, not be like, "Oh here's these guys from so-and-so bands, taking over..." That's not my method—it's best to start off modestly. Some people will question it and say, "They're selling themselves short with this silly tape format," but I think it's playing into some nostalgic thing that's really relevant right now. The music, the lyrics and the whole delivery, they're one package. Everything I do I try to be really purposeful about it, like think out how it's going to be. If it does well, then yes, onto the next one, if it doesn't do well, then we think about it.



MRR: So instead of repressing the demo you guys are gonna put it on a 7", right?
Mark: Yeah, and we're working on new stuff. I think a steady pace is the best way to go about it.

MRR: Who's putting out the 7"?
Mark: I am, Youth Attack.

MRR: The label has a lot of new stuff coming out right? Like Raw Nerve from Chicago, what else is new?
Mark: Vile Gash 7", Aerosols LP, Nazi Dust 7".

MRR: Does Youth Attack primarily do limited runs of stuff or are you willing to keep things in print for as long as it's desired?
Mark: It's more of a decision made with the band, like "What do you guys wanna do, what do you want out there?" A lot of people do ask me why the Youth Attack stuff is limited, but I just tell them, "That's what the bands want."

MRR: So if someone wanted 2000 copies you'd do it?
Mark: Yeah! I think it's a misconception that every band wants to be famous. It's generally known that people will rebel against the success that comes to them, like it's more desirable to be a secret that you have to unearth. That does come into play—the idea that surrounds the music is where the value is attributed. That's where we're coming as Veins too, you know, there's something in the searching for rather than the getting.

MRR: Not that I wanna harp on about Youth Attack, but what about things like SQRM t-shirts made on trash bags? To me, I think it's funny to see if you could get these motherfuckers to buy trash bags.
Mark: I think everyone's reading it wrong with that.

MRR: Clear it up for me if you want to. If you don't tell me to fuck myself, that is also acceptable.
Mark: Some may see it as an absurd joke, as if I'm laughing at them.

MRR: Aren't you?
Mark: No, it's a serious thing. A lot of people were pissed that they were buying a garbage bag, but it should be read more as a statement of intent, really. Like, if it was on toilet paper or a potato sack, it doesn't really matter; it's about intent. People think that SQRM, and the other bands, are just kids that are fucking around, but those guys are absolutely serious about what they're doing.

MRR: Have you worn one?
Mark: They're not to be worn. It's not a practical thing. It's a concept.

MRR: I have definitely worn a trash bag. I was referred to as "trash kid" at school because my dad put me in a fucking trash bag with holes for my arms and head and put me on the school bus like a dickhead. So I wish to god they'd had, well, at the time it would have been a Yage, or 26 Red trash bag, y'know, something sick that I could have worn to be sporty. So if you guys make Veins trash bags let me know, I want a whole fifty pack of them.
Berdan: Haha! Not to touch on the trash bag shirt thing too much, as I have no involvement, but it's like, if you don't want to buy one, or look at one, no one is twisting your arm to do so. If you buy it, it's yours. They weren't thrust in anyone's face.
Mark: There were thirteen of them!
Berdan: Exactly.

MRR: If you did do it as a joke it was a funny one.
Mark: It's not a joke.

MRR: Yeah, but if you think of any funny shit like that again, you should do it as a joke! I mean, I don't think Veins toilet paper is by any means far-fetched. Each strip could have one of y'alls face on it. Monday I wipe my ass with your face, Tuesday yours...
Berdan: Some people may appreciate that.

MRR: What is the song 4/16/2007 about?
Berdan: That is the date of the Virginia Tech Massacre. It's not about that, but the song is about how you relate to untimely, unexpected death. A couple of the songs on the demo come down to that, desperate situations that completely floor you—situations that are mass incidents. There's general empathy that comes out of that, but how you deal with the knowledge, and how you also empathize with the person capable of that heinous act, and how people get driven or alienated to act in such a malicious way. Just trying to understand all of that, really.

MRR: Hypothetical question. You're on a desert island, and someone can airdrop a huge, Operation Dumbo Drop sized crate of either comic books, or horror movie VHS tapes with a TV. What do you pick?
Mark: I'm not a comic reader but I'm really into movies. I hate comedies.

MRR: Even rom-coms?
Mark: I don't like anything funny.

MRR: But you're such an upbeat guy! I've never seen you not-smiling!
Mark: I was awarded "Best Smile" in my senior class in high school.

MRR: I can believe that, you have such straight teeth.
Berdan: You do have lovely teeth.
Mark: I've broken all of them with a microphone.
Berdan: Me too.

MRR: You have no excuse; your dad's a dentist.
Berdan: Many people rebel against their fathers, and mine came in the form of several broken teeth.

MRR: Would you say that you raged against the machine?
Berdan: If that machine is a dental pick, yes.

MRR: So horror or comics?
Berdan: Horror movies. Movies in general. I'd probably take the movies over food and water, because in a desert island situation there's absolutely no hope, and if I did manage to get off then there'd be no chance I could relate to anyone else. I will never feel good again, so I'd rather spend my last hours thinking about what a shithead Umberto Lenzi is than I would grasping at the straws of hope about seeing my girlfriend or job. I would quit, absolutely. I would act the movies out in my delirium.

MRR: Mark, you're from Chicago originally, how do you like New York?
Mark: I don't know. You know when you kind of like the image of yourself in a certain setting, so you tolerate all the insanity around you that comes with existing in a place like this. You have to forego logic, as it's by no means an easy place, but a most rewarding place that comes at a high price. You can internalize the high rent, like you just wanna get through the month. It's not really a question of "Hmm, should I really be paying rent?"

MRR: I come from a city where it's really, really easy to be in a band. Like you can pay your $15 a month for a practice space, drive your buddies truck out there... How do you get your shit to practice? How do you guys pull off practice?
Mark: It is incredibly difficult but you do what you have to do. There are no good bands from here.
Berdan: There are a number of hardcore bands, or bands in general, that are enjoyable. You acknowledge things as a necessary evil—like not having a centralized practice space—whether that is lugging bullshit on the train or hiring cars. You make time, and you make space. A lot of living here is about recognizing your own location and dealing with it.
Mark: You know I feel way more uncomfortable not being here. Like if I was back in the Midwest, I would hate to have to drive to every place, being stuck on the highway.

MRR: When did you move here?
Mark: I came out here to go to school and I've been back twice.

MRR: Do you miss the family-oriented Chicago punk scene?
Mark: I do not. I don't know if it even exists anymore, or not in the way that I knew it, anyway.

MRR: Would you call yourself a punk?
Mark: I don't know what I'd consider myself anymore, I guess in some respects, yeah, as I've tried to survive by doing what I do without committing to someone else.

MRR: What do you do for a living?
Mark: I just work on the label and make art.

MRR: Very, very cool. Do you consider yourself a punk, Berdan?
Berdan: Yes, I feel like I always will to one degree or another. There are things that I don't agree with anymore in terms of scene politics and anything along those lines. I don't necessarily know what that means, but I feel way more individualistic than I have in the past. But yes, I absolutely consider myself a punk. I don't feel so in tune with the group mindset all the time, but the mindset changes a lot. I feel like I exist somewhere on the fringe, but if that's not punk I don't know what is. A community of people I can identify with based on intellectual and emotional freedoms, someplace I can call home—I still find that available in abundance.
Mark: The problem I have is the tendency to steer towards victimization, like they get screwed over and it ends there, or someone else is harming them and they must be taken out, or just the constant antagonism with everything. A large part is that the priorities are off, there's not enough focus on individuals in terms of things going wrong. It all seems to end with back patting about how we're all screwed. When do you take responsibility, like do something about it to get us to a better place?

MRR: So what's next for you guys? When's the record dropping?
Mark: Next month.

MRR: You're gonna record more songs?
Mark: Yeah, but it has to stay fresh, these are things you have to work at, they don't fall out of the sky. Especially if you've been around, it doesn't get easier, the decisions only get harder to make. I think it's essential.
Berdan: There is absolutely no time stand on the band. We will continue to do things at our own pace, which at this point seems like that pace will be pretty quick. Hopefully there will be a lot of productivity that will continue on.

MRR: How do you guys feel about hardcore bands doing records on bigger labels?
Mark: I think that's fine, I mean, whatever they want to do.
Berdan: I don't really agree with the term "selling out" anymore. If somehow I was presented with the option to live and tour based on some kind of stipend—if I could be a career musician and not have a shitty day job, I'd do it in a second.
Mark: I don't think at this point anyone is doing this for financial gain. That whole argument in the '90s has kind of fossilized because no one is making any money. It holds no water. Ethically you do want to deal with people on the same level as you. These are the band's decisions, it's nothing you can dictate.
Berdan: It's a different kind of compromise. If you start making music that you don't really care about because you think it will sell, then that is bullshit and you should reassess your priorities, and possibly stop being a band. But for the most part, I don't see too much of that these days.
Mark: No, everyone's self-sufficient. But at the same time there aren't too many labels. But the idea of these big companies coming in, casting a shadow, and exposing the scene is a bit of a myth.

MRR: Who do you think is current and good right now?
Mark: All the bands I put out I love, there's no question. Aside from that I'd have to think about it.
Berdan: Records and bands that I'm very engaged and intrigued by: Slices and Twin Stumps. Walls, without a doubt. From around here Men and Nomos.
Mark: Those two are the forerunners of New York right now.
Berdan: That's just in terms of hardcore. There's a lot more, but I'd have to think about it. There's way more that I like, than that I don't, which is a really good feeling. I still get the "this is shit" feeling when I hear some things, but I feel musically less jaded and critical.
Mark: I always wanna hear new things. I'm never like, "Oh I've heard all this before" or "They were doing this in the '90s."
Berdan: I would also put Scapegoat on my list of bands that I think are interesting and drive a really good point home. Egh!

MRR: That's good.
Berdan: Yeah, there are many bands.

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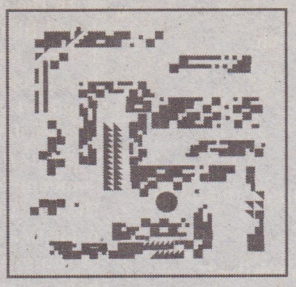

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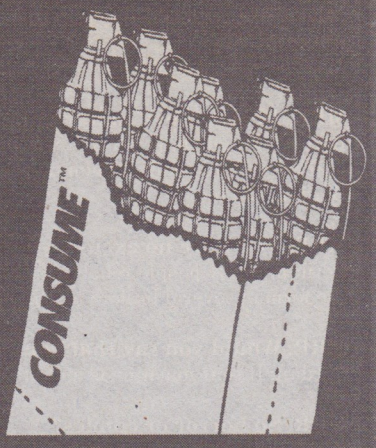

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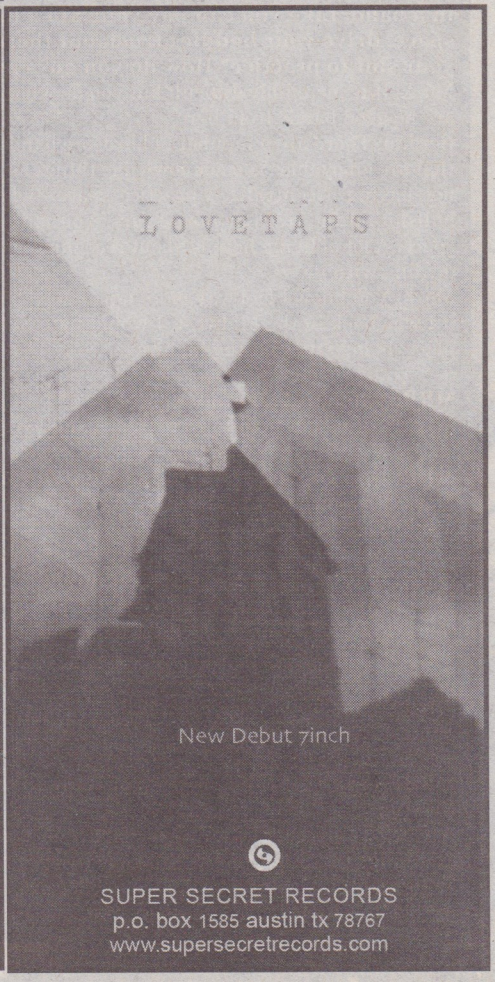


The UV Race is a punk band from Melbourne, Australia. This September they are going to the United States of America to play some shows, including Goner Fest in Memphis, Tennessee with a shitload of other bands like fellow Melbournians Super Wild Horses and Total Control. If you like going to punk shows, dancing, partying, and having fun, I guarantee you will dig UV Race. If you like going to punk shows and standing around the merch table and then spending all night taking photos of the band on your iPhone, I guarantee you are a fucking loser.

I spoke to DX, Snake and Alex Microwave next to a swamp in a park where the mighty Pisschrist were playing their last ever show. It was freezing cold and I hadn't prepared any questions. The band ganged up and nearly threw me in the swamp, but you couldn't really blame them.

THE UV RACE

Interview by Tim Scott
Photos by Georgia Rose, Tim Scott and Amy Hill

MRR: Alex, you are an interview virgin so I will start with you. Is the UV Race the best band you have ever played in?
Alex: Yep.

MRR: What is the second best band?
Alex: The Penetrating Stares (the only other one).

MRR: And why is UV better than Penetrating Stare?
Alex: Because that Johnny from Extortion is not in it.

MRR: Do people in the US know Extortion?
Snake: Yeah they're popular there.

MRR: More popular than UV Race?
Snake: You'd hope so. They hope so.
Alex: We don't wanna hope so.

MRR: What do you think the US think of UV?
DX: I think that's the kind of question that if we answered we would sound like fuckwits. Anyone that speculates on their level of attention sounds like an idiot.

MRR: OK then what do UV expect from the US?
DX: I think we are going to have a fucking good time. I know everyone says that in magazines and it does sound retarded, but it's true. I expect to have good times.
Alex: We are actually hoping for a really terrible time and then we may be surprised.

MRR: DX and Snake, you have been to the States before with Straightjacket Nation. Does that make it easier this time?
DX: Fuck yeah. I was shitting myself last time. Getting into America, it's scary.
Snake: Yeah, I was scared going through customs last time.

MRR: Especially with that bag of heroin strapped to your leg.
Snake: Yeah that too (laughs), but I was thinking they were going to hassle me because I'm in a band. I was the last in the line. But, they just gave me a stamp and let me through, they were like "whatever."
DX: But every time I have been to the States they've looked at me like I'm basically going there to rape and pillage. They look at you like you are a fucking scumbag.
Alex: I've only been in the band for six months. I've never been to the States before. I'm looking forward to going to Graceland and Disneyland. Lands.
DX: We're not going to Disneyland.
Alex: We're not? Is it too late to cancel my ticket?

MRR: I expect touring the States is different from Australia.
Alex: I expect it's going to be different to Adelaide.
DX: American cities are a lot closer together than in Australia so you don't have to drive as far and there's just fuckloads of more people.

MRR: My questions are pretty shit. They are not so much questions as they are ramblings.
DX: You are giving us statements to respond to.
Alex: We know you too well. That's how you talk in real life.

MRR: I wish Marcus [UV Race vocalist] was here. How do you

think he is going to go in the States?
Alex: He likes to party. If someone is going to be making out in the mosh pit it's going to be Marcus.
Snake: We are all going to take it in turns to mind him. I think we are going to take it in shifts. Nightshifts, too. He gets the night terrors. Mostly waking up mid-sleep, crying for "comfort." A comfort we assume is unattainable.
Snake: Hey why don't you ask Alex if she thought she would be touring the United States twelve months ago.

MRR: Hey Alex, twelve months ago did it ever occur to you that you would one day be touring the United States of America with the band UV Race?
Alex: No, twelve months ago I started a university degree because my Mum wanted me to. When Al first asked me to join the band I agreed but told him that I couldn't go to America because I would be doing my degree. A few weeks after joining the band I realized that was an incredibly bad idea. So I told my Mum to lend me the money to go on tour, or I would drop out of university and earn my own money instead.

MRR: Wow the ultimate punk rock ultimatum!
Alex: No it was just blackmail.

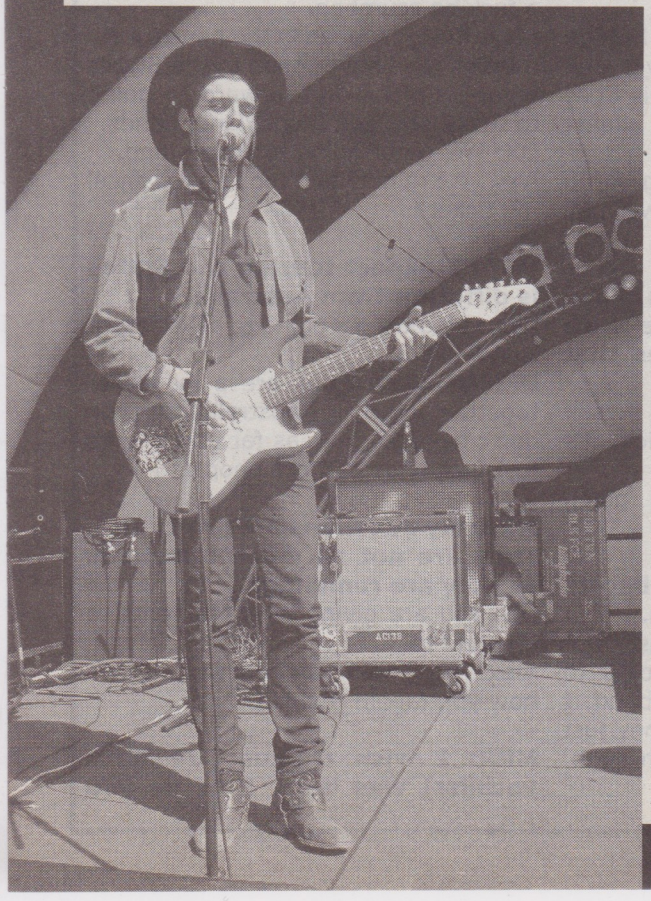
MRR: What does she think now?
Alex: She thinks it's a good idea if your life ambition is to be a musician.

MRR: And is it? What is your ambition?
Alex: That's a very existential question.
DX: It's probably the best question he's asked! (laughter)

MRR: Besides playing shows, what else do you want to do in the States?
Snake: Marcus wants to go to a gospel church. Like an evangelical church with all the singing and dancing.

MRR: I can imagine Marcus speaking in tongues.
Alex: Imagine getting a Marcus tongue transplant! Y'know how you hear about people who get heart transplants that start to empathize the same way as their donor? If you got his tongue, you would start speaking and singing like Marcus.
DX: If you were to get a tongue transplant it may as well be Marcus'. He has a big tongue.
Snake: He has a huge tongue. It's extraordinarily long.

MRR: OK, let's change the subject from tongues. What releases you got coming up?
DX: We have a seven inch coming out on Fashionable Idiots for the tour and we've got a new LP.



MRR: You are all bagging me for my lack of questions, then the ones I do pull out of my arse you all laugh at!
DX: It's a delightful insight into how not to do an interview. (laughter)

MRR: Normally I'm a little more prepared. I at least have a piece of paper with some semi-coherent questions scribbled on it.
Alex: You are like George Costanza with this shit.

MRR: Yeah, this is Penski file of punk rock interviews. But you guys are my friends and it's difficult asking questions that you already know the answers to.
Snake: Is there anything you don't want to know about us?
Alex: Let's just change it to truth or dare. If you lose, you get thrown in the swamp.

MRR: Alex, is it true that you are called Microwave because you once placed a baby inside of one?
Alex: No, although I once did tell my brother that when he was very small, our grandfather was a television repairman, that he had a fabled twin brother who got trapped inside a television set which burned down inside a house. He believed it. He believed it for quite a while.

MRR: How old is your brother?
Alex: He is two years younger than me. He is now in Afghanistan. If he gets *MRR* over there...hey, if HE IS A PUNK SOLDIER!!?? Michael, give peace a chance!

MRR: So are you excited about the tour?
Alex: I've got a buttload of work to do before I go to America. I work at the Collingwood Children's Farm where we have goats that make noises like men lost in the mountains.

MRR: Maybe we should finish it here, I still don't have any questions.
Alex: Sorry I wasn't very good, it was my first time (laughs)

MRR: I feel bad for destroying Alex's first interview experience. It was like I popped her interview cherry in a bad way. How about I transcribe this, then send to you to add more comments?
DX: So we can add more insults? We will actually just redo the whole interview. (laughter)
Snake: Can I ask you a question, Tim? You lost your virginity when you were an exchange student in America. What can we expect from US lovemaking?

MRR: Not sure about the lovemaking but if you pass through Kansas you may find a fifteen year old kid asking if you know their Australian father who they have never met. (laughter)
Alex: They will be like a Manson child only worse. (laughter)
DX: I think when we get there some kid is going to blow up a car full of babies and rape all these nuns and they will be asked, "Why the hell did you do it?" and it's going to be "Tim Scott is my father. He told me to do it." (more laughter)
Alex: Like it's a genetic predisposition

to bad behavior.

MRR: You all think of me in the wrong light. I'm a nice guy.
Alex: You are. I wouldn't walk to a secluded swamp in a park in the dark with just anyone.
(Power during the Teargas show goes out).
DX: Hey, look, the power blew out and now they are booing.
Alex: It's punks for power!

MRR: The punks want their money back.
DX: Responsible punks are about to get lynched by irresponsible punks. Punks are getting pissed off that they can't headbutt their friends to another Teargas song.

MRR: We are sitting in a park in Footscray. For people who don't know, how would you describe Footscray?
Alex: Cultural mecca. Cheap Vietnamese salad rolls. Coriander. Salt and pepper mayonnaise.

MRR: Where do you get those? By the station?
Snake: Anywhere. Any bakery. $2.50. Also Em and Dave from Straightjacket Nation live here. And UV Race used to jam here.

MRR: What do you do in the tour van for entertainment?
Alex: The boys talk about the boners they have and Georgia and I just get flabbergasted.

MRR: By the amount of boners or just that they are talking about them?
Alex: Both. We also worry about Marcus turning around and looking at the back seat when he is supposed to be looking at the road.
Snake: Yeah, when Marcus is driving the hardest task of others in the van is to make sure he focuses on the road.
Alex: You can play I Spy but only if it is something that is directly in front of the car. (laughter)

MRR: What are your plans after the US tour?
Alex: Marcus is going to go skiing.

MRR: Is Marcus a good skier? I know he worked one season in the snow and wrote a song about it.
Alex: Yeah the "Baw Baw Blues."
Snake: Skiing is actually a sexual position where a person in the middle wanks two men on either side. Marcus has always been into skiing, the normal alpine variety, but when he and I were fifteen we were hanging at the Warragul Bus Station and overheard a girl who had been "skiing" and we were perplexed by the idea.
DX: We just did a new record. It's called *Homo*. The name was Al's idea.
Snake: It came to me in a dream. I actually woke up and thought "Oh homo." I won't write it down, but if in the morning I remember it, then that is what the next record is going to be called. I never normally remember my dreams except two weeks ago I did have a dream about having a threesome with three Americans. One being Lady GaGa, the others Beyonce and Jay Z.
DX: That's a foursome.
Snake: Oh yeah. It was still a strange dream.

MRR: Do you dream in black and white or color?
Snake: Well Jay Z was black.

MRR: Ahh! America, UV coming to get you! So when you took the name *Homo* to the band, what was the general consensus?
Snake: It was positive from everyone. Marcus needed some more time to think about it.

MRR: Who is most PC member of the band? Do they get on a high horse?
Snake: With this band, there is no high horse. There is a low horse.
Alex: We got a fucking Shetland pony that is kneeling down at all times (laughter).

MRR: When is *Homo* coming out?
DX: Exactly. When is he coming out? I'm waiting.
Snake: It should be out in November in Australia. We are going to put it out on tape, too. There will also be a limited edition record at Goner.

MRR: What day are you playing Goner?
DX: Saturday.

MRR: Are you staying for the whole festival?
DX: We will be there for two days. The two most important days.

MRR: The day you are playing?
DX: Nah.

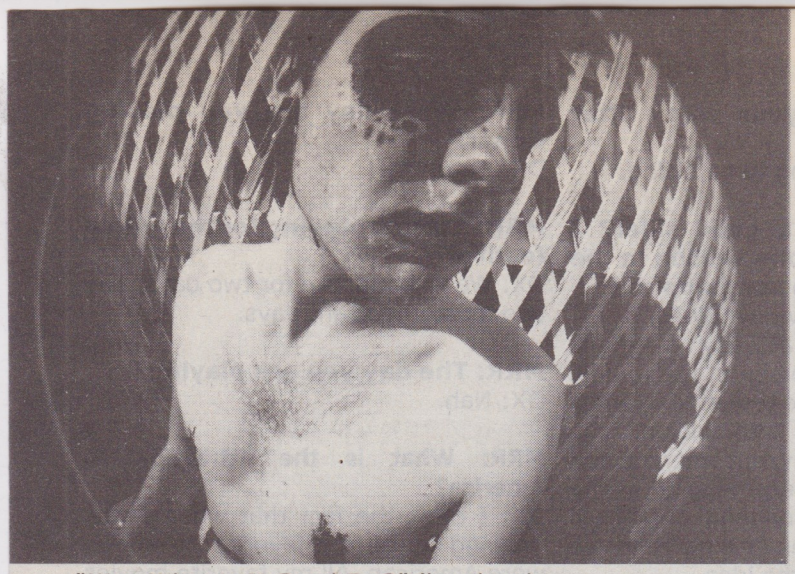
MRR: What is the attraction to America?
DX: I think the fact that when I was growing up all my favorite TV shows were American. All my favorite movies were American.

MRR: Like what?
DX:*Sesame Street* for one.

MRR: Do you think *Fraggle Rock* was a poor imitation?
DX: *Fraggle Rock* wasn't set in a street with Latino shop owners arguing with dogs.

MRR: How was your involvement in the recent *Muppet Show*?
Snake: It was a tribute to Jim Henson where local bands played *Muppet Show* songs. We did "Ma Na Ma Na."
Alex: But people said we were the worst of the night. Everyone else was pulling Kamahl's caramel penis.
DX: Caramel penis. What the fuck! You have to leave that in.

MRR: For those who don't know who is Kamahl?
Snake: A singer/songwriter. A crooner from the '60s.
DX: Like the Tom Jones of Australia.
Snake: Or Sri Lanka. His catch cry is "People Are So Unkind" or "Why Are People So Unkind?"
DX: That sounds suspiciously like



"War. What is It Good For?" (laughter)

MRR: Did you get to meet him?
DX: Yeah, I shook his hand.
Alex: I thought it was someone impersonating Kamahl. (laughs)
DX: Yeah, she didn't think he was a black guy either. She goes, "That's pretty fucked actually."
Alex: He has a strange hue to him.
Snake: We were accused of turning what should have been the best song of the night into the worst and ruining the whole show.
Alex: But, Mikey Young from Eddy Current said he thought it sounded like Beefheart.
Snake: That guy who gave us a bad review. I read some of his other reviews and one of them started with "This is the twelfth time I've seen Pearl Jam and probably the fourth best time I've seen them." (laughter) So that gives you some idea about the guy.
DX: We actually get a lot of good reviews. They are not all bad. Some people see us and think, "Oh this is the most disgusting fucking awful thing I've seen in my life." There's a few of them on the internet. But some people actually like us.
Alex: How old were you when you lost your virginity?

MRR: Sixteen.
Alex: How old were you?
Snake: Seventeen.
Alex: And you?
DX: Fifteen, no sixteen.
Snake: How about you?
Alex: Seventeen.

MRR: Do you think kids are having sex at a younger age nowadays?
DX: I don't want to talk about kids having sex. (laughter) Let's speculate on other matters that won't get us detained at the border.

MRR: But the sexualization of youth nowadays is interesting.
DX: Oh come on man, Nabakov, it's been around for a long time.
Alex: Josef Fritzl.
DX: Fritzl Youth is probably our favorite Melbourne band at the moment.

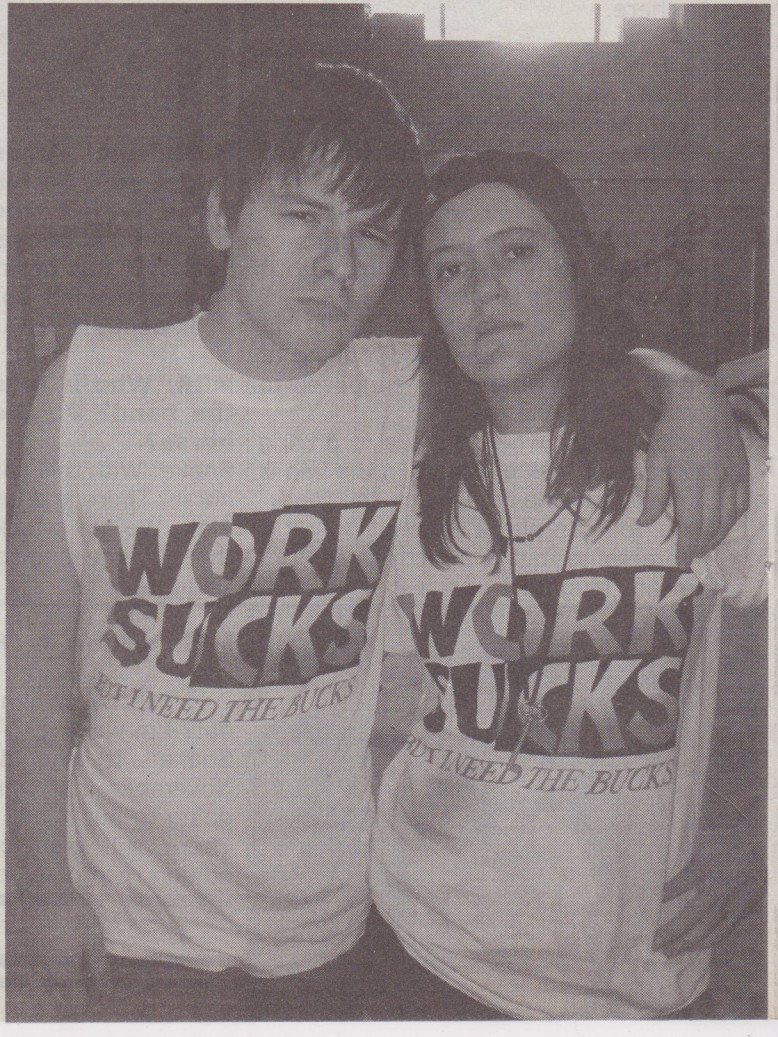
MRR: Who's in that?
Alex: His daughters.

DX: That prick over there in the pink hair.
Alex: I spoke to that guy the other night. He seems pretty loose.
Snake: He went to school with Moses [UV bassist].
Alex: Oh private school. His parents must be a little upset (laughs)
DX: Most of these people here today are from private schools.
Alex: I went to a school that had a crayfish logo on our shirt.

MRR: Where was that?
Alex: Jurien Bay, Western Australia. A population of about 1000 people where everyone was white and nobody was gay or disabled.

MRR: Sounds like paradise.
Alex: Lots of people got pregnant. My dad was the only doctor for about five towns; so I used to step out the door and trip over all these boxes of crayfish.

MRR: Was that payment for medical treatment?
Alex: No, I think it was just dudes who had been fishing and were trying to suck up to my dad. There wasn't much to do in Jurien Bay but get pregnant, smoke heaps of weed, or do lots of extracurricular activities. I was in the Brownies.
Snake: I love how they call it the Brownies.
DX: And in the Scouts all you are trying to do is finger a Brownie.
Snake: Or not get fingered by a Scout Master. (laughter)



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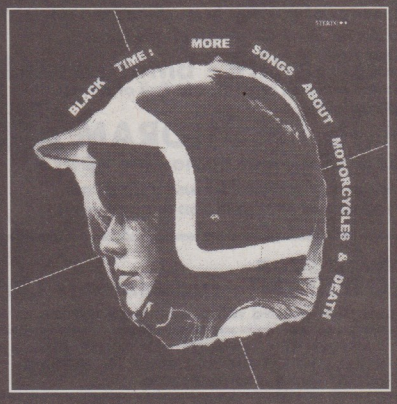

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slr

Ok, I finally got a chance to interview the Moonhearts. Several failed attempts, lost emails, and chronic dumbness on my part plagued the prospect for pretty much all of last year. But, I finally nailed something down. Now a few great seven inches have come to pass, and their debut LP is currently sinking those fuzzy hooks in as well. So here's the band that fuses the blown out, trashy guitar sound with big melodic garage moves, and even the occasional mind-bender on the experimental side of things to great effect of course. Boys and ladies, I give you, The Moonhearts. Onward!
Interview by Mattt//Above photo Johnoslav Johnvic

MRR: Ok, let's get started. Were you guys playing in bands before you started Charlie and the Moonhearts. I've heard some stuff, but I'm not too familiar with the stuff you were doing before all this. Can you gimme a run-down on all that?
Mikal: Charlie was in a band with Ty and Roland, our guitar player, called Epsilons. They played around LA and Orange County a lot. For a couple years. I was in Portland when they started and then I came down, dropped out of school, and then Roland and Charlie and our friend Shaun were in a band called Clerks that started playing in Charlie's basement. It was two keyboards, guitar and drums. It was just weird. Just funny poppy jams. And I started playing in that; we played one terrible show in LA.
Charlie: Laughs
Mikal: And kind of ...disbanded. Around then we decided to play some more garage rock stuff. And then that guy Sean just kind of stopped playing with us, and it was me, Charlie and Roland.

MRR: Oh, so at first you had another guy, what was he playing? Guitar? Or was that the keyboard dude?
Mikal: Yeah, he was playing keyboard. We have some demos of that stuff, and it's just like really funny poppy stuff. Not like Moonhearts *at all*. We had like two vocalists that never really practiced with us, and then just kind of popped onto the first show at The Smell...so we had like...uhhh...six people... and they just basically giggled through the first show. The first and only show.

MRR: Yeah just checking if you had this whole sound you have now nailed down from the beginning, or if you were just kinda fucking around trying stuff out.
Charlie: Oh, it was far, *far* from nailed. I don't know, I think once we consciously made the decision we wanted to actually try to make some garage type music that's when we kind of started nailing it down, but then it was faaaar from anything concrete.
Mikal: Our earliest recordings are, I don't know, kind of similar, but it's definitely different...
Charlie: He'll figure it out.

MRR: So the first real thing you did was that *Red-Handed* tape?
Roland: Yeah.

MRR: the first thing I heard by you guys was that 7" Goodbye Boozy put out. And that one was just like really, really, I don't know, I just really liked it. And I didn't know who the hell you guys were at that time, I was just sitting there listening to it like, "this is fucking great shit." So, how did that first record come about then?
Mikal: Those are kind of our first songs as like, "Moonhearts." We did that tape that was, I don't even know how many, like six songs? And then yeah, I don't even remember how Gabrielle at Goodbye Boozy found us. He just asked us to put out a 7". Most of those songs are pretty early songs too though. I think just the validation of somebody putting out a 7" for us really put us on the right path. And then we just kind of went from there...

MRR: I don't know what everybody in the band is currently doing for side projects, well I shouldn't call them "side projects," just "other bands..." But (Gabrielle) has been all up on that shit. It seems like he is all about projects that you guys have all been involved in. Seems like a cooperative guy! It's probably cool to see that.
Mikal: Yeah, it's insane. You gotta give that guy a lot of credit. I mean it's so funny I haven't even talked to him in real life, I mean it's just been lots of these emails in broken English. I mean as far as bands I've been in, it's now I think five Goodbye Boozy singles. It's cool—he's just like following up with our little scene of friends. Like Ty (Segall). I mean it is insane and blows my mind a bit.

MRR: Yeah well, it seems like a lot of bands now, and this might just be my own pet peeve, and I oughta keep it out of this, but a lot of bands take the approach of doing a million billion different things that they'll just put out anywhere. And that's cool, depending on the situation I guess. But it's also cool to have, for example that dude, who's got it all in one little zone, which is kind of neat. And it illustrates his taste a lot too. But anyway, enough of me suckin' on that dudes dick!
Mikal: No, no, no, you can say it again, Goodbye Boozy rules.
Charlie: Yeah.

MRR: Are you guys living in different towns? Or are any of you guys in school?
Mikal: I'm in a little town north of LA called Val Verde... Going to school here, yeah.
Charlie: I'm in San Francisco but not in school right now.

MRR: What else do I got here... Well that's it boys! No just joking. Alright what about your influences? And also if that's shifted or changed, because over the records you guys have put out so far, there is definitely a move towards more melodic and better built-up parts in the songs. Even though it's still got the whole budget rock feel to it.
Mikal: Well, we all listen to a lot of different stuff.

MRR: Any bands that factor into the song-writing lately? Or just "a lot of stuff?" (Laughs).
Mikal: Well...
Charlie: White Fence (laughs)
Mikal: I don't really know. My taste is constantly changing as one of the songwriters. I was listening to a lot of '90s garage like Mummies and Supercharger, especially when we first started. But I'm always listening to more melodic stuff. Trying to infuse it. Hardcore punk is important to us too but we try to approach it from a different direction. Melody-heavy records and '60s stuff and psych even. I guess we're getting more melodic and getting more conscious of pop harmonies and things like that.

MRR: What is the move from the name change?
Charlie: The name kind of came about when we were more of a straight "garage" thing, a "so and so and the so and sos" band. Kind of a joke. Mikal one day brought it up. And I'd been thinking about it too, because I don't really write anything for the band, so it gets awkward when people are like "good set, who are you?" and I go "Charlie", and it's like "oh, you're *thee* Charlie". And it's like no, I'm not *thee* Charlie at all. Shit just gets weird. Plus it's too long. "Hey, we're Charlie and the Moonhearts".
Mikal: Plus it kind of implies that there's this singular entity in charge of the band. A certain guy named Charlie.

MRR: Yeah, but now that Charlie actually has explained his thoughts about him not writing anything though, it makes it the biggest tongue-in-cheek joke ever though!
All: Laugh
Charlie: Yeah but there's no context out there.
Mikal: Yeah, and as the guy singing, people thought my name was Charlie...

MRR: Oh God. Yeah, I didn't even think about that. Whoa, that's obvious. Must be annoying...
Mikal: I mean, I'd love to be Charlie, but I'm not Charlie.
Charlie: Shut up.

MRR: Make the band be called The Mikals.
Charlie: The Mikals... *Thee* Mikals.

MRR: Most times bands have a fucked up name anyway. It's like if you like it, you like it, and then people get used to it if not, and then later it means something totally different anyway. So it doesn't even mean really that much anyway.
Charlie: Yeah
Mikal: All our friends call it Moonhearts anyway.

MRR: Well it saves me a whole lot of typing. Except when I write "Moonhearts, formerly Charlie and the Moonhearts."
Mikal: Oooh, a couple extra syllables.

MRR: Yeah, it evens out. I gotta figure out my strategies a little better.
Mikal: Carpal Tunnel man.

Photos on these pages David Forcler

MRR: Oh you wanna talk about some Carpal Tunnel? I got this phone all on my wrist, all fucked up, trying to hold it up to the microphone and shit.
Mikal: That's the age we live in.

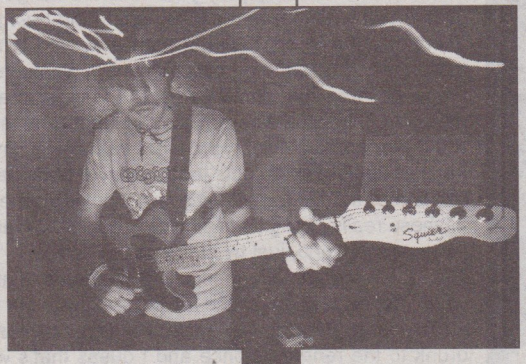
MRR: Brand new technology. Speaker phone with a microphone sticking in it.
Mikal: First world problems!

MRR: Tell me a little bit about those tours from last year and coming up this year? Are both of those with Ty?
Mikal: The last summer tour was entirely with Ty. Also we did a little thing for SXSW, and that was with Ty. This next tour is not entirely with Ty, but we're playing some shows together because we're touring at the same time. He's touring with our friends, the Baths. But yeah, this is our first US tour on our own.

MRR: On your US tour last summer, did you guys have any high points or low points in particular you want to talk about?

Mikal: Well it was all pretty amazing. And traveling around with Ty and his band was amazing as well. You know we're all really good friends, we're all really tight, so there's absolutely no problems with us like getting along or anything. I think the high point for me was when we played Toronto with Teen Anger, the guys who run Telephone Explosion Records. And yeah, it was just like completely packed shows, plus it was our first time in Canada, and everybody was really, really excited. It was just hot as fuck! I think we played at some place above a burrito store?
Mikal: Yeah, yeah.

MRR: "Oh yeah, I got something to say about burritos."
Mikal: Yeah, I think we ate 137 burritos during that tour.
Charlie: laughs
Mikal: No wait, 117.
Charlie: Yeah.



MRR: I didn't know that was the same people who ran Telephone Explosion. That's cool.
Mikal: They're great people. It was great to meet them, it was out first time meeting them, and yeah. It was awesome. Uh, Charlie, do you have any high points?
Charlie: Uh...well high or low? I think this is a mix between the highest and lowest point. This was in Memphis after we'd seen the Gories and the Oblivians, and we'd been up really late, getting really drunk, and we ended up staying at Eric's house, and we got woken up at like... what time did we get woken up?
Mikal: Yeah we had a super long drive. I think we had to wake up at like 6:00 AM or something. We fell asleep at like 4:00 AM, completely wasted.
Charlie: And then yeah, Maggie...was it Maggie?
Mikal: Yeah.
Charlie: From the Gories. She comes in at like 6:00 in the morning, all wasted from being out all night, and she like... Mikal set this absurd alarm with him screaming into the phone to like "GET INTO THE CAR!" So that goes off right about then, and so Maggie comes in and just unleashes all the dogs on us at like six in the morning, just like super hung over. Yeah it was horrible. And then we had to just get into the van and drive twelve hours so we could make it to a BBQ show in Indianapolis.

MRR: Oh my God.
Charlie: Yeah but we got to see the Oblivians and the Gories.
Mikal: Mind-blowing.
Charlie: Well worth it.

MRR: Now where are you going this summer?
Mikal: We're doing the whole US. I think it's 3 weeks. We had somebody helping us book the tour, but long story short, they kind of... flaked out. So we're trying to book it all last minute now. But we're definitely going to New York and back in the span of two and a half weeks. I'm still filling out the dates for that, but I've got a good feeling it's going to work out.
Charlie: Our buddy Mark is helping us out.
Mikal: He's great. He's toured around with Nobunny and Rock 'n' Roll Adventure Kids, so he kind of knows everybody already and he's just a super friendly guy so he gets along with everybody. So he's definitely helping us out here a ton.

MRR: Cool. Well let's see, do you have any other burning topics that you desire to speak of? How about the new record! How do you feel that thing turned out? Tell me about it!
Mikal: Yeah, we went up to San Francisco to record it with Eric Bauer and in his basement studio. He has a bunch of great equipment and old analog gear. It was him and Ty recording us. We did it over, like three different weekends? I mean, me and Roland lived down in LA and Orange County, and I was in school at the time, so we came up on Friday night and recorded all weekend and then just headed back really late Sundays. I think it turned out great. It was exactly what we were trying to accomplish, with a lot better equipment than we'd ever used.

MRR: Man, when you were telling me about that Tascam 388... With the one track that burned out. Did I tell you about that shit?
Mikal: Yeah, yeah! That you just ordered...

MRR: Yeah, and I got the shit in, and there's a fucking track burned out on the shit! I'm thinking, "what the fuck is this? There's a 'Tascam 388, 7-track' syndrome going around!" Anyway, I think that the limited track space works awesome for your production. Almost like the limitations add to it in a way.
Charlie: Yeah it's cool how it turned out. And I don't think we're the kind of band who needs... more fidelity than that would offer anyway.

MRR: I mean nobody is gonna have a 24-track tape machine with all this crazy shit going into it... It would probably sound like total shit too. It's just funny to see how good crap like that can turn out through the simplicity of it.
Mikal: No, it's true. I mean there was kind of a frenzy for us to get it all done in the limited time, and then one of the tracks crapped out, but yeah. I don't know, personally I wanted something that sounded really big, and really full. Thanks to Ty and Eric behind the machine, they were able to squeeze that out of the limitations we had. I mean I still think it sounds pretty full, but also pretty fucked up. The perfect mix of a fucked up recording style and clarity, for the pop-mentality we have.

MRR: Damn I ran out of questions! So do you think *MRR* is going to actually publish this shit? No, but seriously, it's been like a year I think since the *Drop In, Drop Out* 7" when they asked me to interview you guys. Well, we lost some emails when we tried that route, and now you have an LP out too, so we'll just say it was a planned accident.
Mikal: They'll want it even more now. Because you held out. (laughs)

MRR: Alright guys. Well, thanks for letting me take up a million minutes of your time.

BEYOND PINK

Maximum Rocknroll asked us to ask a friend to do an interview with us. Since we don't have any friends, and also do everything better than others, we did it ourselves. Beyond Pink is Patricia on drums, Tijana is singing, Ida and Cajsa play guitar and Clara plays bass and some vocals too. We are from Malmö/Helsingborg in southern Sweden and we've been a band since 2002 now. We just got back from our second European tour selling the shit out of our new record The New Black *that came out this spring on Emancypunx records.*
So here you go: some questions and answers from Beyond Pink to Beyond Pink.
Photos by Andrei and Fredrik Malthe

MRR: What do you remember from your first rehearsal? Did you leave it with a big smile and with hopes of conquering the world or fear of never being able to play your instrument good enough or how did it feel?

Patricia: It was fear and excitement in the best possible of mixtures. Actually, I felt like I was about to puke blood, lose my arms and die from sweating too much when playing drums for more than 20 seconds, I had no control whatsoever over what I was doing. At the same time I was so incredibly convinced that I was, and always had been, some kind of natural born musical genius so I was very certain about the fact that I would become an amazing drummer within like a year or so. Now, eight years later, I'm not so sure about that anymore. That I'm a musical genius is a fact but that I will ever become an amazing drummer, I strongly doubt. I also remember the feeling of being way cooler than everyone else. The fact that we had gathered all these really cool girls filled with great ideas was enough to convince me that we were gonna conquer the world, just by being us.

Tijana: I'm always very insecure and always think I suck at almost everything I do, especially when it's new, so I guess the feeling applies to our first rehearsal too, even though I can't actually remember it. But I do remember the first time I let go and sang with some real power. I came drunk to the rehearsal once and I guess that's what I needed to just forget about everything else and scream my guts out. And now, after all these years I recently found that feeling again, it happened on our first tour last summer. You know when you stop thinking about the people around you and what you do then comes from inside and it feels great.

Cajsa: I mostly remember that even though the song I was supposed to play only consisted of three chords, I still couldn't get it together. I really don't have a sense of beat and rhythm and d-beat was way out of my league.

Clara: I only remember feeling a bit dumb 'cause I was supposed to play guitar and I really didn't know how to. It's very good I got to play the bass instead later, it fits me much better: it's easier.

Ida: I'm senile but one thing that comes to mind was that terrible feeling of trying to hit the strings with the pick while actually playing a chord with your other hand. It sounded like shit. So the first rehearsals were great in that way, the only way was up from there! Another thing I recall from our early days was the proud feeling when you could stand up and play the guitar at the same time. But the sad thing is that the more you learn to play the more you realize that you don't know anything!

MRR: Tell us about some of the most fun/interesting/weird rumors that you have heard about you. Both as private persons and as a band.

Tijana: There was this rumor about me, that I had made out with twenty guys at a New Years Eve party in 1999 (actually I had only made out with eight). I remember the first time I met Patricia she knew about the rumor but she was kind of impressed and thought it was kinda cool, haha!

Clara: My favorite rumor about us as a band is when someone had said that "I heard that Beyond Pink are against make up." It's pretty obvious that the person who spread this rumor never had seen us or spent any time with us.

Cajsa: Another good one: that we use stage costumes.

MRR: What is your favorite BP song? If you only could choose one song out of all. Motivate your answer!

Tijana: It's a tough question since we have so many hits, but I think my favorite song is "Walking Bajamaja" for the simple reason I never get tired of singing it. It always gets me going, it gives me energy and power and I feel fucking mad every time I sing it.

Clara: Yeah, I agree it's a tricky question 'cause I also love so many of our songs. I'm real proud we have written so many awesome songs. My favorite, I think, is "Aldrig På Min Sida" from our new record *The New Black.* We always play it as our last song at shows 'cause it's really energetic and also very easy to play so it's the best song for kicking it on stage. It also has a music video on YouTube that's really nice.

Cajsa: I also like "Aldrig På Min Sida" the best, for the same reasons that Clara loves it. "In Our Hearts We're Puking" and "Rhythm is a Hamster" are also some of my new favorites 'cause I think they've got really fun parts to play. Also, for me, they really show how much we've grown as musicians since our last record (and we do seem to grow at a very slow pace so it's nice with some proof sometime that something happens)..
Ida: My favorite song is without doubt "Aldrig På Min Sida". It's the most fun song to play.
Patricia: My favorite might also be "Aldrig På Min Sida" when it comes to listening, but not when it comes to playing. It's hard to say, I like playing "In Our Hearts We're Puking," "Fattiga Riddare," "I-landsproblem," "Karin Boye Goes Kängpunk," and "Fattiga Riddare." And "Bekräftelseslakt!" But ok, I say that my favorite song is "I-landsproblem" because it's the most danceable one. I always wish it would not end when we play it.

MRR: Which qualities are important in a band in the long run?
Clara: That the members are on the same level, have somewhat the same ambitions with the band, and also that you get along as people and have a good time together. I think it's important to have an open mind while doing songs and trying new stuff, otherwise I think you'd be real bored after some years. We have also had some more inactive periods as a band, and I'm sure that there will be more of those, but I can't really see us breaking this band up. We've been around for like eight years now and we have *a lot* more to give as a band, I'm very sure. It feels like it's finally these last years that we have started to get where we wanna be.

Name three bands that really get your juices flowing.
Clara: I always hate these kinds of listing questions 'cause I always have a hard time deciding what I like best. It's so different what I like best right now and what I have liked best overall in my life. But I'll just answer fast without thinking to much: Righteous Jams, Cro-mags and Infest.
Patricia: Wu-Tang Clan, Skitkids, and TLC!
Ida: Municipal Waste, Kylsea, and Anti Cimex
Cajsa: Ebba Grön and Gorilla Biscuits *always* make me happy. Other than that I don't really like any bands.
Tijana: I also hate these kind of questions but right now I'd say it's Kiss, Down to Nothing and Kylesa!

Tell us a bit about your European tour summer 2010. What show was the best? What was the best food? Tell us about some of the high and lows. How was the tour compared to your tour last summer?
Cajsa: I think the best shows were in Mannheim, Ferment Fest and Budapest, mainly because we were surprised by the awesome audience. I was also very happy in Zurich when some kids sang Beyonce's "Halo," which was our theme song for the tour. Other than that, the shows in Berlin and Neubrandenburg were a blast 'cause we met some really fun people to hang out with. I think the main difference between this tour and last years was that people actually seemed to go to our shows because they wanted to see us and not only because they had some time over. Zelebsko, Poland, more commonly known as Zombieland, was the craziest thing ever. People were so drunk early in the afternoon and they were also acting like real "fans." A girl even petted my foot while I was playing … very awkward.

Best breakfast was in Mannheim, except for the shortage on coffee. They did serve the best vanilla flavored soymilk, which I want to marry and have kids with. Best food was in Neubrandenburg for sure!
Tijana: The tour this year was really great. Generally we had good crowds everywhere, we seem to have some crazy fans in Poland and that's fun I guess. Considering the best crowds I agree with Cajsa. In Budapest the crowd did some crazy shit building pyramids and standing on top of each other. But also I think just spending time together as a band and as friends means a lot. In that way the tour got better for each day. I think we were at our lowest the very first gig of the tour. We were supposed to play at Trashfest; instead we played in Steenwijk (a litte village where Trashfest was supposed to be). The last tour was much shorter (we only went to Germany, Switzerland and France) so this year it felt like a much bigger challenge since we played in nine different countries. A bigger challenge and a lot more fun! And I really agree with Cajsa, that it actually felt like people showed up to see us and not just to kill some time. Next year its Beyond Pink world take-over for real so watch out!

MRR: Another tour question, what do you do in the van to not die from car-sitting-boredom?
Cajsa: The van was our everything, our home, our base, and most importantly, our makeup-studio. The best things to do in the van was sleeping, playing sing-along-games and gossiping. We gossip a lot. If there'd only been a way to make coffee and pee in the van, then it would almost be like rehearsing.
Clara: Did we really gossip that much? I just remember us having long conversations about our lives, sex, the Swedish school system and fun incidents from the past Beyond Pink years. I really like that we sang a lot in the car this year, we haven't done that much before. When I was a kid we always sang during long car rides so to me it's the best entertainment in the car. But if you ask Tijana, the best thing for sure is to listen to Håkan Hellström on your iPod for hour after hour and miss out on all of our great ranting and singing!

MRR: Tell us a bit about your records: how many are they, how was it to record them, writing the songs, finally holding them in your hands and so on.
Ida: We have recorded four records so far. We did a 7" called *Cunt-oh-licious* when we had just started playing together in 2002. It's

really simple punk with vocals that sound like squirrels on speed. 2004 we recorded our first 12" *Jedan Dva, Jebla Te Ja.* These first two we recorded with this guy who really didn't like punk music and had no idea how to record/mix punk music so the results were pretty bad. On the third record, *Try This at Home* 7", I did the recording and I really didn't know what I was doing either so the result was pretty bad, once again. But still, I think the sound on this 7" is pretty cool at the same time. We had this crazy idea about tuning down the guitars a lot, which we never normally do, so it turned out really heavy and dirty compared to the other recordings. The best recording we ever did was for *The New Black*, a 12" that just got released this spring. We had the best recording guy ever and it was really fun to make it.

Clara: Yeah, it was great to finally hold a record in your hand that you were really proud of making. On the old records there have always been so many sound problems that we've been ashamed of it already when the record got out.

MRR: There has been some comments and reactions about your album cover to *The New Black*. What was the thought with this cover and are you pleased with it?

Cajsa: We wanted to make a really good looking record, so of course we thought it would be best to put ourselves on the cover. Seriously, I don't understand the way people react to our clothes sometimes. Maybe they're just shocked that they've actually started making clothes in other colors than black.

Clara: Yeah, I don't get what the fuzz is about. Do we really dress that weird? I mean, we wear stuff like band t-shirts, jeans shorts and clothes that I think are pretty common on this cover. Is it that Cajsa has a pink jacket on? People are often surprised by how "crazy" and "colorful" we dress, but I just think that this says more about how boring all the others in the punk scene actually dress. I don't get why people are so afraid of colors. So about the clothes, there is no thought about them, we just wear clothes that we like.

Patricia: But we did have a think about the environment of the photos. We wanted to have our picture taken in a place that had something to do with us as people and as a band. It would have felt completely wrong if we would have been in the middle of the most beautiful forest you could ever imagine, or a field filled with amazing flowers, or in some ghetto-looking, concrete-only part of town, or something like that. We chose to have the photos taken outside my parents' house in Nyvång, a small village in the south of Sweden. It fit us perfectly, trashy but in the stylish way. This was also the place where we first started to rehearse with the band way back when, since none of us could afford paying rent for a real rehearsing place in town. So everyone went by bus and train out to Nyvång, it probably became a lot more expensive in the end, but we ain't that smart.

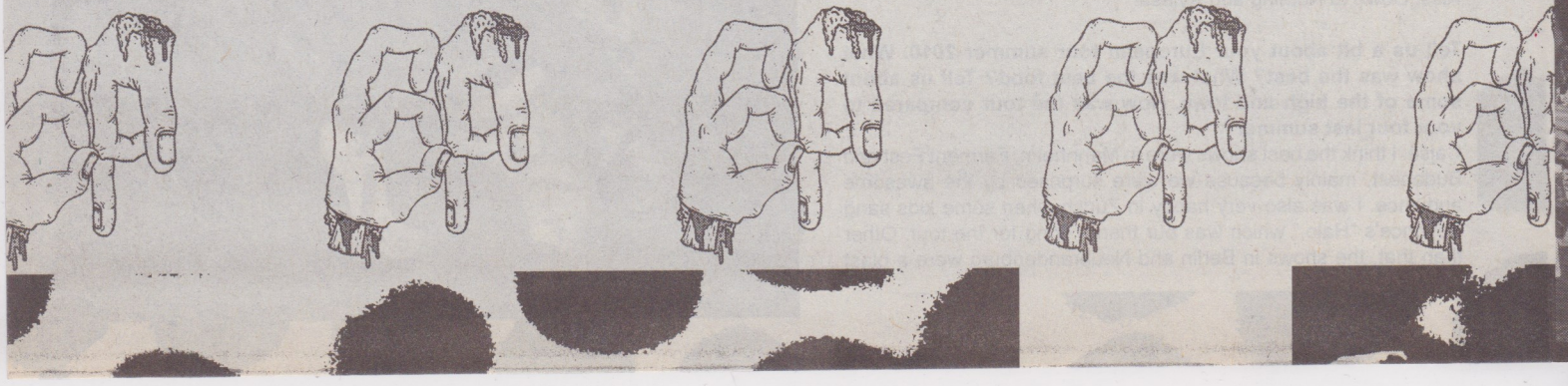
MRR: What is the best thing with being a member of Beyond Pink? What makes Beyond Pink different from other bands?

Cajsa: The best things about playing in Beyond Pink is all the money and groupies we get. Honestly, the best thing about the band is to be able to hang out with some of the smartest and funniest people I know, and to do a lot of cool stuff together. Of course, sometimes we annoy each other as well, but I love them with all my heart and sometimes I feel like I could die out of happiness when we meet after a long time apart.

Patricia: We're different from other bands 'cause we're used to taking a lot of shit from each other. We just eat all the shit up like it was cookies. If someone in another band acted like Beyond Pink members sometimes act they would get kicked out immediately. We would never kick anyone out. We love each other enough in the band to deal with everyone's shit. We love shit.

Clara: Yeah, we might give a lot of shit to each other, but we also give a lot of love and support. We always have the best conversations and worst jokes. I didn't know any of them well when we started the band and I'm so glad I ended up with the smartest, funniest, loveliest ladies I know.

Ida: Compared to other bands I play in, and have played in before, Beyond Pink is much more fun. In every aspect: making the songs, practice, playing shows, hanging out—everything is better. I think this is because Beyond Pink is more than just a band to us. It's home.



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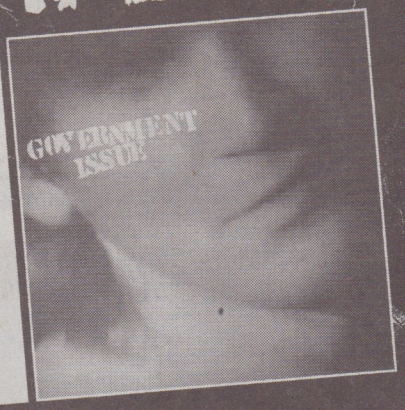

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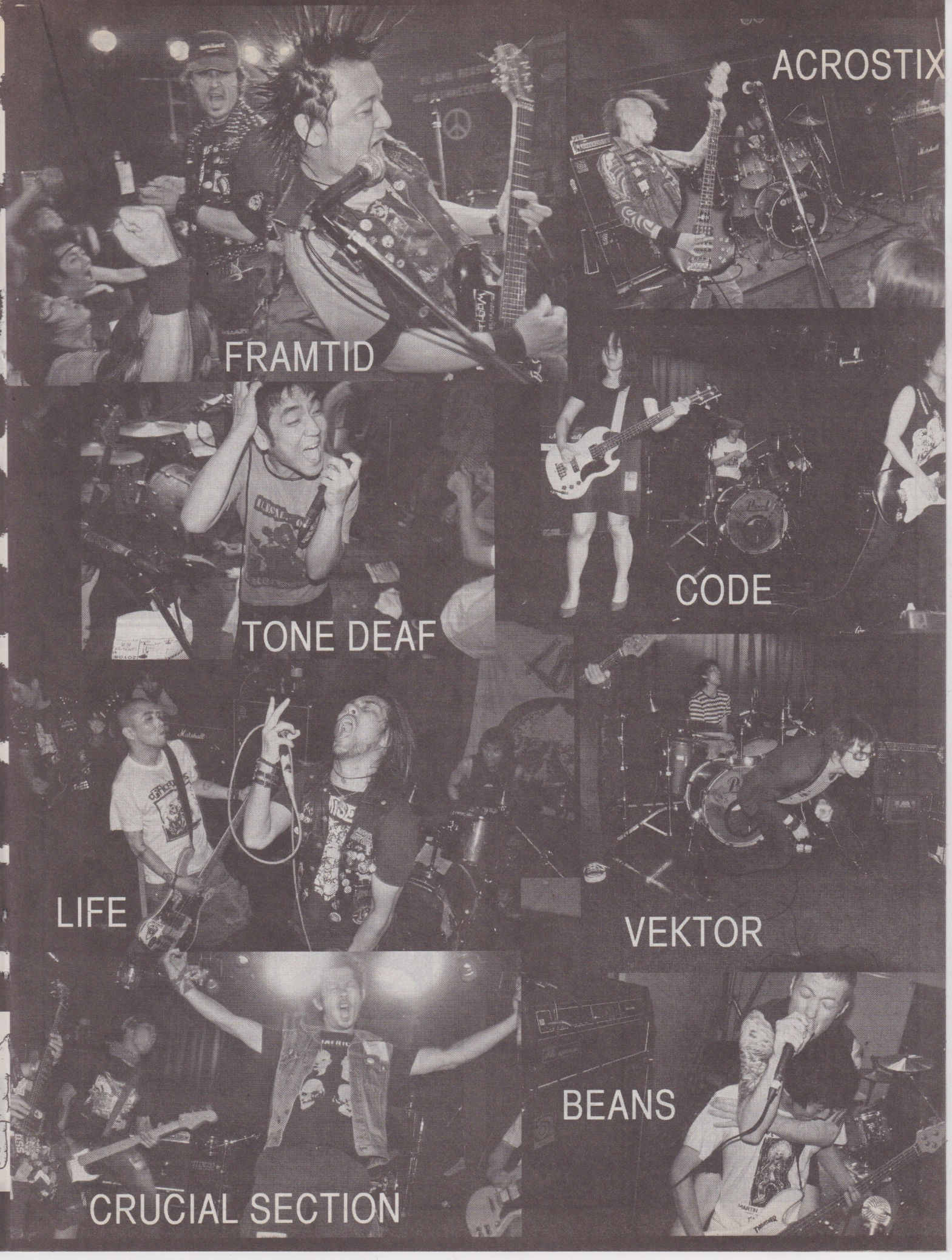
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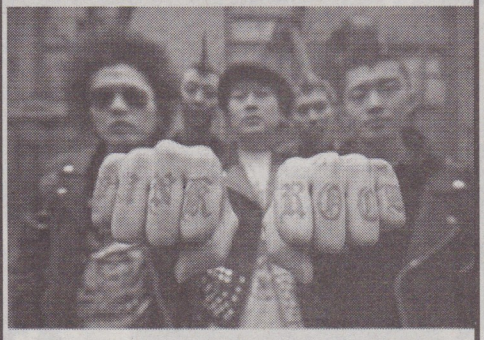

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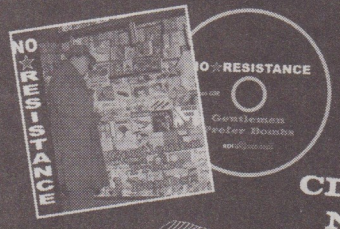

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Cock SParrer

For those of you who have been long-time readers of Maximum Rocknroll, *you may remember the cover of issue #204 which featured the seminal English punk band Cock SParrer. Well it's been ten years since that issue and interview by the iconic Bruce Roehrs and it was his intention to catch the band play their first live shows in their hometown of London, England in eighteen years this past March and to conduct a follow-up interview at that time. Unfortunately as most of you know, Bruce never made it to that gig and went to the big punk-rock show in the sky… In his honor, we decided to carry out his mission to update all you readers of* MRR *and fans of Cock SParrer by taking the time to interview the band in the most passionate and Roehrs-like way that we could think of. We hope you enjoy this and whether you ever had a chance to meet Bruce or not, hopefully you will take the time to remember him and his contributions to* MRR *and the music scene in general as well!*

Interview by Mike Josephson and Eric Mueller.
Photos by Jerry, Sam and James.

MRR: On the topic of Bruce, and the fact that we always seem to be having these conversations over a pint... Who is the best drinker in band? And of course, to follow that, who is the worst drinker?

Steve Bruce: Being a bible reading, teetotaler myself I wouldn't want to cast aspersions. It just a shame the rest of the band have this chronic drink problem. Unfortunately, it is the cross I have to bear.

Colin McFaull: Mickey always has the best selection of booze. Anytime you go to his house you can guarantee that he'll have a dozen different bottles of malt whiskey to choose from. Daryl doesn't drink much, but I think Will is the worst drinker. After a couple of pints and he gets all loved up and starts telling me how I'm his best mate and how he's looking after me, etc... etc... Tart.

Mickey Beaufoy: I am the best drinker in the band, as I have the most practice. The boys have always said that I am the same after fifteen pints as I am after two, I just get onto a plateau and stay there. I have also passed about fifteen police breathalyzers in my early twenties after at least six pints of beer, so I must have a lucky metabolism. Close call for the worst drinker, but I would probably have to vote for Will as he doesn't always know when to stop—we've all had to put him to bed a few times over the years—and then there was the incident when he left his passport, wallet and everything else in the middle of the street outside a bar in Spain and I ended up searching half the bars at three in the morning until I found them for him—meanwhile he was safely tucked up in bed...

Steve Burgess: It depends what you mean by "best drinker." We all like a tipple and the great thing about being such close friends is that, whenever we're together and one of us gets embarrassingly drunk, there's no problem. We know that, at a different time, that would be me. We also have our own favorite drinks, mine being a good single malt scotch whiskey. On tour once, I ordered a large glass of the most expensive one at the bar and was looking forward to sipping it gradually. Stupidly, I said to Will Murray (our road manager), "you should get into this, smell that" and offered him the glass to smell the aroma. It took the bastard less than a second to down it and the look on my face is still remembered by the rest of the band.

Daryl Smith: In fairness, the whole band can drink pretty well. Seasoned pros! Especially the top shelf. Personally when the Jack Daniels and the Brandy's come out, I stick to the beers. I would say that if the best drinker is measured by the last man standing, then it has to be me as the others will eventually go to bed. I'm happy to stay up all night, Berlin '09, London '10, etc... If it's about hard liquor then everyone else. If it's about who is the best drinker of other peoples' drink then it has to be Will! Worst drinker is probably the band member who wants to fight everyone when drunk—no names mentioned!

MRR: What is your drink of choice? ...And your favorite meal?

Daryl Smith: Diet Pepsi and a Canadian Cheddar Cheese Sandwich [Laughter and Applause]

Steve Bruce: Pint of Lager and a Curry. Luuuverly.

Steve Burgess: Large single malt scotch whisky with baked beans on toast. Try it—they really compliment each other.

Colin McFaull: Jack and Coke and I should go all proper cockney and say pie and mash, but it's probably anything with either fish and/or seafood.

Mickey Beaufoy: I can't think of one I don't like—Real Ale, Rioja, Scotch, Sake and VSOP Brandy all have their merits. I also have a wide-ranging palate for food—anything from steak and kidney pud to curry to sushi.

MRR: Alright... now lets jump in to the real Sunday roast! What are your three favorite shows that you've played in SParrer?

Steve Bruce: The one I'm playing next, the one after and the one after that.

Colin McFaull: This is an almost impossible question to answer. Would it be The Astoria in London in 1992, the "reunion show," when we expected about ten people to show up and there was over 2000 there? Maybe the first Holidays in the Sun in Morecambe, England when we got our first chance to headline a festival? It could be the first date of the European tour in 1994 in Monchengladbach, Germany. Why would the Germans be interested in Cock SParrer? Or maybe the recent shows in San Francisco or London? It would be wrong though to forget the fantastic welcomes we've recently been given in Serbia, Norway, Italy, Sweden, Chicago, Denmark, Texas, Austria amongst others. So sorry, but I can't pick out the three best shows.

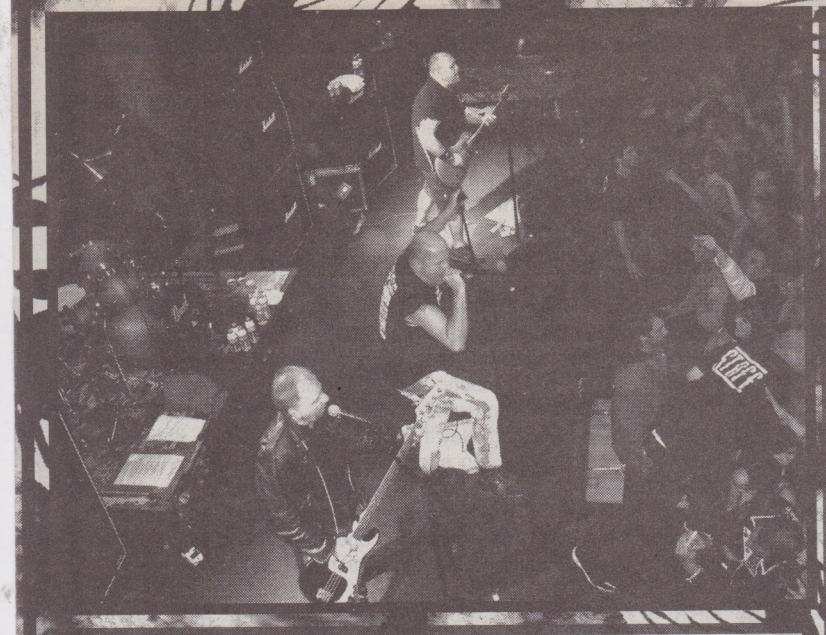
Mickey Beaufoy: So difficult to answer—there have been so many. There is also the opposing merits of big "professional" shows versus the boiling hot intimate gigs, so I really can't decide, but London

2010, San Francisco, Chicago and Berlin in 2009 and CBGBs in 2000 are amongst the contenders.
Daryl Smith: Astoria—London 1992, the entire 1994 tour and all the others.
Steve Burgess: You can't say any show is better than another. We want to give everybody that comes a good time. How can I discount a show that, maybe, someone travelled miles to get to and thought it was great? It's not about my favorites, it's about theirs.

MRR: What is the worst show you've played, and why?
Steve Bruce: The one that comes to mind was back in the '70s. Driving all the way to Liverpool in the snow, playing to about five people. Driving all the way back. We got paid £5.
Colin McFaull: There have been too many of these as well. [Laughter] It would have to be one of the early ones where we'd be supporting, with no one there and those that were there not interested in anything we had to say.
Mickey Beaufoy: Can't think of one that I haven't loved since we've been back on the road. However, when we played Vienna the first time in 1994, I had a temperature of 103—so it was tough to even get on stage—but the crowd pulled me through.
Daryl Smith: Can't think of a bad show. I enjoy them all. It would probably be one where the sound was bad on stage as that can be frustrating... But as hard as it is sometimes from a musician's point of view, you have to overcome your own frustrations as the most important people are the fans. We've done gigs, where on a personal note, individuals may feel they have had a nightmare, but the rest of the band will quickly put it in perspective by pointing out that the crowd had a great time. I don't think there's been a gig in my time, since 1992, where the response from the crowd has been anything other than fantastic. We're very fortunate and very appreciative—Cock SParrer has the best punters.

MRR: In regards to the recent shows in London, how come it had been so many years, eighteen I believe, since you had last played your "home town?" Was it a choice by the band for some reason? Or had there been some negative history there in London from the past that prevented it?
Colin McFaull: No, not really. I think we always knew that we'd play London again one day, we just never got round to organizing anything. When we were only doing one or two gigs a year, it was easier just to go and do the big Rebellion type festivals. It was only when we got to the stage where we were playing a lot more and people said to us "It's all very well playing New York, but what about London?" that we knew we had to do something about it.
Daryl Smith: Bit of both really. The band stopped gigging not long after trouble at the Fulham Greyhound in London back in 1983. The reunion gig nine years later at the Astoria went really well, but after we finished playing there was trouble. So it seemed that a decade hadn't changed the behavior of the London crowds. We then found out about our popularity abroad. These fans had bought the records, knew every word to every song and deserved to see the band. So we spent most of the 1990s playing in Germany and the rest of mainland Europe. Even the USA got to see us on both coasts before we would play England again. It was a choice to play in front of people who appreciated us, and also a choice to avoid crowds who wanted trouble. No one deserves to get hurt at a SParrer concert. We feel a sense of responsibility to the fans. Thankfully, the punk and skinhead scene in the UK is very healthy now and we felt it was time to play "back home" in London.

MRR: In relation to the reputation as "hooligans" in the early days, were you guys all actively supporting football clubs? If so, who supports which clubs? And have you been avid England supporters over the years?
Colin McFaull: I first went over The Boleyn ground when I was seven years old. You had to take a milk crate with you then to stand on to see the game! I've been a West Ham fan ever since. It's all about where you come from. I've made sure that my kids have also been introduced to the trials and tribulations of being a West Ham fan from an early age as well. You got to learn to take the rough with the smooth, the downs as well as the ups, there's just a load more downs being a Hammer. Me, Will and Burge have always been West Ham fans and still get over there. Steve is a Millwall fan, but we don't talk about him, Mickey's always supported Arsenal, glory hunter! Daryl supports Watford, who? Exactly! Of course I support England as well, but it has to be West Ham first and then England.
Mickey Beaufoy: I think it has escaped that I have supported Arsenal since I was six. They were the first team that I went to see and they won, so I had a tough upbringing in the East End of London, but I



do have a soft spot for West Ham, just because the rest of the band and my Dad supported them.
Daryl Smith: I support Watford. Made famous only by the two Johns... Elton John and the legendary Watford Jon of Argy Bargy, so famous that SParrer wrote a song named after his band! Not the biggest club and certainly not a hooligan club. Has always had a reputation for being family friendly. Watford is a tough town though with some top boys, but due to the proximity to London, most of them support a London club and run with those hooligans. We had our share of trouble though. Jon and I avoided arrest after one incident as I told the arresting officer that I played classical piano!

MRR: Today's times have changed, and people have grown up... to you, what is the role of today's hooligan / skinhead?
Steve Bruce: If you don't know your role as a hooligan or a skinhead, you shouldn't be a hooligan or a skinhead!
Colin McFaull: It's a culture that I wouldn't want to see lost, there's too much heritage in terms of music and fashion to lose should it disappear. So it's down to skins young and old to keep it going, that's their responsibility. But from what I'm seeing at gigs in terms of all the young skins turning up there's no fear of that happening.
Mickey Beaufoy: I don't see so many hooligans around these days, but maybe that's because I am older and not in the thick of it. Most of the role models on the scene now seem to me to be people with good common sense and more likely to break up a fight than start one.
Daryl Smith: You can be a skinhead without being a hooligan. You have to remember that hooligans were a product of a particular social era and point in time. Being a hooligan now and following that way of life is out of touch and dated. Skinheads are proud people and it was always about making something of yourself, bettering your position through hard work and taking no shit from anyone. You don't have to wear boots and braces for that either. It's a state of mind and it's in your heart.

MRR: How do you feel about people who attempt to rally behind your songs to support racism / fascism?
Steve Bruce: Get a life.
Mickey Beaufoy: The same way that I feel about left wing extremists doing the same thing—both extremes are as bad as the other. I prefer the sentiments of "Right Wing, Left Wing full of hate—we don't want to fight".
Daryl Smith: The same way as I'd feel if anyone tried to use our songs for any form of extremism, left or right—*you just don't get it.*

MRR: Citing the references you do, and coming from pre-punk musical influences, what does the word "punk" mean to you?
Steve Bruce: Not conforming, not being what people expect, being true to yourself.
Mickey Beaufoy: To me, punk has always meant being a bit rebellious—remaining true to your roots and having your say.
Colin McFaull: Punk just really shook things up for a while. The music industry and the music press in 1976 were run by big corporates pretending, in some cases, to be independent. They were focused on the bottom line in the same way that most businesses have been run since the advent of capitalism and still are today. Punk, very briefly, threw away the rulebook and tried to circumnavigate the norm. All of a sudden you had bands that couldn't play, playing to audiences that didn't care. People were writing fanzines and reviewing shows that were being printed in their front rooms. Independent record labels were sprouting up everywhere and we began to see a rise in the number of alternative comedians. For a short while it was exciting and fresh, but then it began to eat itself and implode. In just the same way that the previous, populous music scenes had relied upon a "safe" formula to succeed, so punk fell into the same pitfalls: less "street," more "Kings Road." The forming of Oi was probably the best thing to ever happen to Cock SParrer. We were never going to wear bondage trousers and go to art school.

MRR: Most fans are familiar with Cock SParrer the "punk" band. Can you tell us more about your favorite memories of the early years, working the pub circuit with the likes of the Small Faces, etc...
Colin McFaull: From '72 to '76 we just grabbed as many gigs as we could, tried not to be evicted from too many apartments, tried to eat something at least every other day and knew exactly how many shifts we would have to work to stay pissed for the whole weekend! Loads of bands that we played with were really great blokes and some were complete arseholes. It was all about learning for us. Watching all these great bands, listening to their songs, seeing how they interact with the audience and then nicking everything!
Mickey Beaufoy: Yeah, we played with loads of bands—mostly after horrendous trips cramped in the back of a GPO van with all our gear, but once in complete luxury when we supported the Small Faces for two whole weeks. Setting up your gear in the corner of a pub behind a post one night and then playing to a thousand on a proper stage supporting someone at the weekend—just for expenses and a few beers—we paid our dues.

MRR: In reading Steve's new book, *Best Seat In the House*, it was very interesting to see a lot of the old newspaper clippings, and it appears from those that you guys have had to shake a bit of a bad image as hooligans or right-winger/ nationalists from the get-go. Obviously that must have been frustrating, but was it ever enough to make you want to quit? Or did it make you more determined to persevere and prove yourselves to the press and the public?
Steve Bruce: I don't think I ever wanted to quit. But it got to a situation a couple of times that we couldn't progress and had to take an enforced break.
Colin McFaull: We had a few gigs that got wrecked back in the day and because it was a Cock SParrer show people either thought that it was our fault it happened or that we were complicit in it. It got to such a stage where we honestly thought that someone was going to get seriously hurt. We decided to knock it on the head for a while because we didn't want one of us, or a fan, getting killed.
Mickey Beaufoy: Personally, I think that the press coverage that we were receiving in the early '80s was pivotal in my deciding not to go on the road to promote *Shock Troops*, as it was like trying to swim upstream and I couldn't see us making a living out of music. I had already given up two years of my life trying to make it happen and I needed to make some money. As it turned out I only missed about four gigs and was back playing with the boys within a year of so.

MRR: What is the one decision being part of this band that you are most proud of? ...And what one decision are least proud of?
Steve Bruce: Most proud of never ceasing to believe in Cock SParrer, and making us play again... At the same time, risking losing my best mates by driving them mad, to make Cock SParrer play again.
Colin McFaull: I think I'm particularly proud of the way that we've never compromised on any decision we've ever taken. We have never consciously shortchanged anyone, either fan or promoter. We made a decision that if we were going to do this, we would do

it properly. The worst decision that we ever made was to leave Mickey's photo off the sleeve of *Shock Troops* when he played on every track.

MRR: Thirty or more years ago, did you think you would still be playing as CockSParrer in 2010 and beyond!?
Steve Burgess: Yes.
Steve Bruce: No, but I'll go on 'till I drop.
Colin McFaull: Definitely not. This is a young man's game ain't it?
Mickey Beaufoy: I could never imagine not playing music with the band—even in the quiet years, I regularly played with Steve and Steve in a covers band in Bethnal Green. What I didn't expect was to be playing shows all over the world to packed venues—it's unbelievably brilliant.

MRR: Now that we're closing in on 2011, and SParrer's 40th year together as a band, what do you hope Cock SParrer means to the world in another 40 years?
Steve Burgess: I think anyone who reads Steve's book would realize that the dream of forming a band at school and still being together forty years later can happen. It may be that you originally got into it to become mega-rich pop stars, but sometimes you get something just as good out of it without topping the charts, maybe something better.
Steve Bruce: I'm just glad we have left a mark, or more probably a scar, on the music business. I'm extremely proud of our achievements and I wouldn't change a thing. We exist outside the mainstream music industry and that's the way I like it.
Colin McFaull: I hope that our legacy is just that a couple of our songs are remembered and maybe covered by others so that people recognize that we could knock out a tune or two.

MRR: Mission accomplished already I think Col!
Mickey Beaufoy: Who knows... It always amazes me just how popular the band has become, so I would hope that people would continue to enjoy our anthemic music and that they recognize us as a group of loyal mates who found a way to share our passion with likeminded people.
Daryl Smith: Hopefully I'll be the only one left and I can cash in on all the secret recordings I've done that they know fuck all about...

MRR: You've been coined "the best punk band that you haven't heard of?" How do you feel about that?
Steve Bruce: I think it was me that said it. So I like it.
Colin McFaull: I really like that. I've spoken to so many people who think that they are members of some small, exclusive club 'cos they like Cock SParrer. We were in a bar at an airport the other day, no surprise there, and some bloke asked the name of the band. When we told him he just looked at us blankly and said "never heard of ya." He was more disappointed than we were.
Steve Burgess: To be honest, [that line] annoys me a bit. We play all over the world and we sell out venues and hopefully give everyone a good night out. And that's because they like the songs and we work hard to try to give a good show. The mainstream British press tend to ignore us, but I think Colin summed it up when we were headlining the Blackpool punk festival and he said we were at the most incredible private party there's ever been and if others don't want to know, then fuck 'em.
Mickey Beaufoy: I wouldn't change a thing. If we had made it big when we had the chance, would it have changed us? Would we still be mates? Would we all still be alive? Nope. Not willing to risk changing my life from where I am now.

MRR: What are you most looking forward to in the future of SParrer? What's left to cross of the list?
Steve Bruce: It's big world out there and people still want SParrer. We are always looking to play where we haven't been before. Personally, I just want to keep gigging.
Colin McFaull: False teeth and hip replacements.
Mickey Beaufoy: I would love to repeat the London experience again some time soon, but I would also like to do some gigs on the west side of the States and Canada as I love that area—maybe Seattle and Vancouver. I also have a yen (sic) to play in Japan as I hear we have a good fan-base over there.
Daryl Smith: Another album. Going to Japan, going to Australia. That's the real beauty of being in a band. Getting to see parts of the world that you'd never get to otherwise and meeting people from all backgrounds and all walks of life that have been brought together by music.

MRR: What is the song "Spirit of '76" about?
Steve Bruce: Drinking gin in 1976.
Colin McFaull: I'll let Burge answer that.
Mickey Beaufoy: I think I'll let Burge answer that one.
Steve Burgess: In England in 1976 we had a musical revolution, which gave rise to punk rock. Most Americans probably think that English punk started in 1977, but it was actually in late 1976 when the Sex Pistols released "Anarchy In The UK." From then on, as Steve Bruce writes in his book, we, and many like us who didn't fit into the prevailing musical genres of the day, became punk rockers. Nobody liked us, we didn't care. "Spirit of '76" is about those heady times. Technically, the song is written in the present tense to give it an urgency, a sense of being there as we were, instead of it being a trip down memory lane. It also needed someone to be a focal point, so it wasn't just a description of the scene, but made you understand what it was like the first time you saw a punk rock concert. I was hoping it would only emerge who that was after you'd listened to the song a few times.
It can probably be seen as a "prequel" to "Where are They Now." It hopefully evokes all that was best about those days before the disillusionment set in. After '76 / '77, we realized a lot of the bands who joined the punk bandwagon were only using it to get noticed and soon reverted to their true colors, soul, mainstream rock, etc... We took it all a bit more literally which was why in the eighties, when we were finally given free rein to record the music we wanted, we made a 1977 punk rock album called *Shock Troops*.

MRR: As all of his readers knew, Bruce (Roehrs) was heavily focused on lyrics when determining whether or not he liked a band. He *loved* SParrer; a true testament to your lyrics... but what is your favorite SParrer lyric?
Steve Bruce: The lyrics to "Because your Young." It still makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up sometimes when we play it.
Colin McFaull: "Things get worse with every hour. The future fades into the past. All they want is total power, climbing on the backs of the working class." [from "Riot Squad"]
Mickey Beaufoy: It's not my favorite SParrer song, but the line from "Secret Army," "when a mother cries for the son she had, that's when the world's gone mad" always makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. However, I like "Out on an Island" as a complete lyric and "Lies" is a typically clever lyric from Burge.

MRR: On that note, "What's it like to be old?"
Steve Burgess: Better than being dead.
Mickey Beaufoy: Ask me in twenty year's time. As long as I play music

I don't feel old—I'm still stage diving at 55.
Colin McFaull: I dunno, ask Steve Bruce.
Daryl Smith: You'd have to ask Mr. Bruce
Steve Bruce: It's OK as long as you have had and have a life.

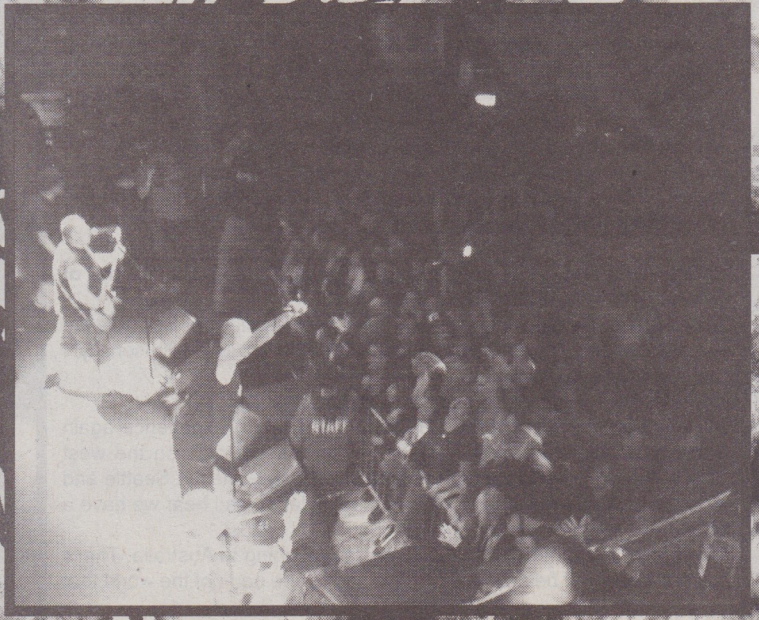
MRR: What are your comments on Steve's book...
Steve Bruce: It's the work of a genius.
Colin McFaull: It's full of lies and untruths, don't believe a word. Seriously, it's great that he's managed to capture all of the old memorabilia in one place and I'm really pleased it has been well received. I know Steve had a few sleepless nights over it. The best thing though is that it has reminded me of loads of stuff and stories that I'd forgotten. Must be an age thing!
Daryl Smith: Fantastic—to have all that memorabilia is a collector's and fan's dream. I've obviously heard the stories a thousand times, and that's no bad thing, so it really was the extra's that made it for me. Seeing all the original ticket stubs and flyers—great stuff. Just don't believe anything you read in there as far as facts go! As he says at the beginning, it's how he remembers it... and he is the oldest member of the band so we've let him off!
Mickey Beaufoy: I am glad that he wrote it—as it answers a lot of people's questions and is a great repository for all the cuttings and material that he has accumulated over the years. I just hope his old English teacher doesn't read it, he might cancel his English exam results.
Steve Burgess: I've always wanted to write a book, he actually did it.

MRR: Through the narratives in Steve's book, it's clear that CockSParrer is more than just a band, but truly a family more importantly. The way your wives, children and lifelong friends fill up your guest lists, and the massive parties that ensue after the gigs all across the world makes it very clear that you not only have a very strong family as a band, but a very strong extended road family as well. Ourselves, the Pirates Press Crew, Bruce Roehrs and many of our other friends have been welcomed by you all on many of these occasions, and while we hear (and participate in) lots of stories about partying all across the globe, perhaps one of the most vivid set of stories is about all the costume parties that the Bruce's have hosted over the years... what have been the best costumes at one of these legendary Bruce family gatherings...
Steve Bruce: I once dressed as a giant rabbit. Standing outside my house I almost caused a car crash. I bet the driver has never taken a drink since.
Colin McFaull: I'm convinced that he only has these parties now to wind me up, he knows how much I hate them. It must be worse for Daryl, you can only dress up as Homer Simpson so many times!
Daryl Smith: Yes, I've gone as Homer Simpson—just an excuse to stuff my face with donuts and drink beer all night. I won a trophy, second prize, for my Frankenstein outfit once. Didn't take a change of clothes and freaked out the staff in the gas station when I walked in at 2am on the way home. But it's got to be the Smurfs that wins the best idea ever!
Colin McFaull: Definitely, the best one was probably when all of us, wives, kids, about 20 of us in total, dressed up as Smurfs. Blue paint, little white hats the lot. Burge was Papa Smurf, well punk rock that night was. I'm still getting blue paint off the walls of my house.
Mickey Beaufoy: Every room you went into had at least four or five blue skinned people in it, talking to other outrageously dressed characters. The Bruces' know how to throw a party.

MRR: Who has been the most influential person in your life?
Steve Bruce: My father.
Colin McFaull: My mother followed closely by Wendy, my wife
Mickey Beaufoy: I would have to say my Granddad in my early life—he taught me to stand up for myself and also gave me my love of nature.
Daryl Smith: Musically, it would be Mike Barson the keyboard player from Madness, lyrically it would be Burge, attitude wise probably John Lydon from the early days, but my Granddad was probably the one who encouraged me to think for myself so he's to blame for me being an argumentative fucker who's always right!
Steve Burgess: Got to be more than one. Parents, obviously. This is gonna sound such a cliché, but I've been inspired by the rest of the band, then later my wife and kids and also the other band member's wives and kids.

MRR: Final question, for all the diehard *MRR* readers who remember your adorning the cover some ten years ago... Our close friend Bruce was meant to conduct this interview with you guys for *MRR*, however, as you and many of the readers know, he unfortunately passed away unexpectedly. Do you have any specific serious or funny memories of Bruce from his interview ten years ago or any subsequent meetings since that you'd like to share with his loyal readers and the *MRR* family?
Steve Bruce: I think Bruce was one of the nicest, thoughtful, intelligent men I have met. You knew there was no hidden agenda when he interviewed you and his questions were of genuine interest and from the heart. Not just to sell magazines. He was a good guy and I miss him.
Colin McFaull: I just knew within five minutes of sitting down to do that interview with Bruce for *MRR* in some diner in San Francisco that this guy was a serious player. He knew more about my band than I did, but still held no preconceptions about us that clouded his viewpoint. It was a very pleasant way to spend a couple of hours without being asked why the P in SParrer is in caps.

The next time I saw him was in San Antonio last year. Halfway through a song I turned to Daryl and shouted "that bloke down the front don't half look like Bruce Roehrs" Daryl replied "nothing like him." A few months later we caught up with Bruce backstage at the Pirates Press Anniversary gigs in San Francisco and told him that we'd seen his doppelganger in Texas, but knew it couldn't have been him because he never came back after the show and drank us dry. He just laughed and explained that it was him, but he didn't want to impose ... and then continued to drink us dry.
Mickey Beaufoy: I remember Bruce with great affection—not only was he one of the most knowledgeable people to talk to about music but he was also a keen Ornithologist, like me, and that is a rare person to meet on the punk scene... I never knew what we were going to cover when we started talking—but usually it was a bit of both. Bruce was a brilliant bloke...
Daryl Smith: I remember Bruce as a larger than life character and the outpourings of condolences after his passing certainly backed this up. His famous bear hug and insatiable appetite for music touched everyone. However, in San Francisco last November I sat on the edge of the stage after everyone had gone and the PA was being cleared away with the empty plastic glasses being swept up and had a long chat in a quiet moment with him. He was thoughtful, honest and really perceptive of the people we were chatting about. I feel privileged to have spent some quality time away from the craziness with him.



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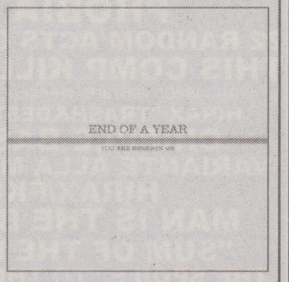

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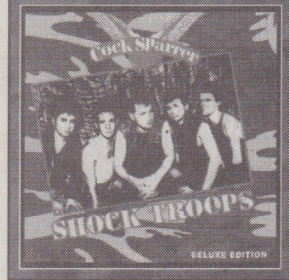

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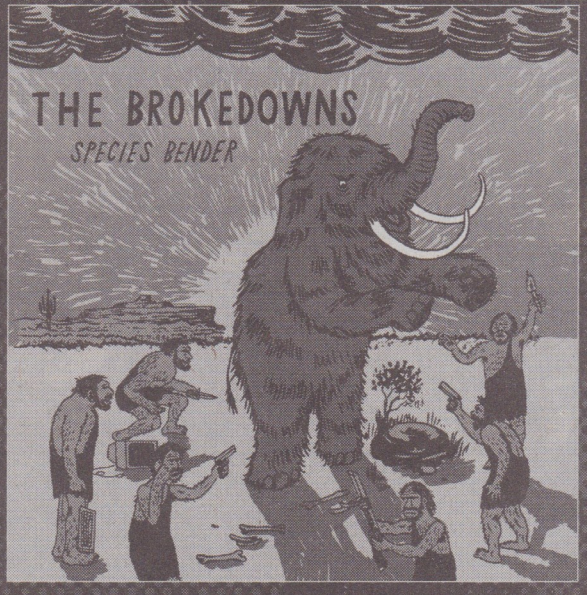

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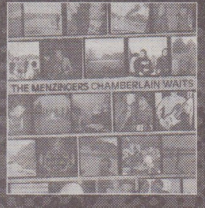

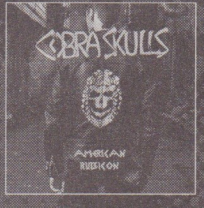

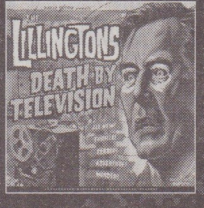

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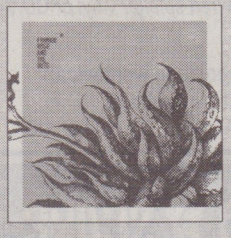

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"Living without a band feels like shit," Olivier Gasoil, ex-singer of the fabulous Hatepinks from Marseille, France, says, but faster then anybody is able to realize he's back with his new band featuring old friends from French bands the Aggravation and Holy Curse. The result is Punk Rock—of course—snotty, but less funny; nihilistic but tasteful. After putting out split 7"s, an awesome saw-blade split 10", plus a remarkable debut album and a European tour, they're ready to take the USA now.

Ulli from the German zine www.flying-revolver.net chatted with Olivier. Photos by Metalsickness.com, Ksiusha, Gue'ry and Emmy.

MRR: You're probably known by some people as the singer of the Hatepinks, which toured the US not long ago but split up about one year ago. You even had to cancel the European farewell tour then. How long was until you planned to form a new band with a couple of friends?

Yes, we had to cancel the whole final tour. Huggie, the guitarist, had health problems. I decided to call it quits when the rest of the band came to me and said we were going nowhere, all the things I proposed were nothing but bad ideas, and how they could not go on tour that much anymore. As soon as we talked about breaking up, we fixed a date, two months later. From there I looked for people around me to get a new band together. I immediately asked Rudy (bass) and Miguel (drums).

MRR: Was it because you were unsatisfied with your old band at this point? Did you need some new challenges then?

We were all kind of sick of each other. We wanted to release a last LP, but what's the point? Nobody was into it. We kind of lost the urge and envy to make new things. It was six years, and nobody thought it would last that long anyway.

MRR: Two of the other guys—Miguel and Rudy—are from Marseille's the Aggravation. Because their singer lives in Germany now they are a little bit condemned to dormancy. So they must have been eager for the new band, especially since you're longtime good friends, right?

That's right, they were waiting impatiently for this new band to start. We did several tours together, Hatepinks and Aggravation, and Rudy even played the bass on the whole west coast American tour we did last year with Les Hatepinks.

MRR: The man on the guitar is Polo from the Parisian combo Holy Curse, who brings in a noisier guitar sound than both Hatepinks and Aggravation ever had. How did he come into the band?

I was looking for a guitarist that knew how it works, to be on tour, to sleep on the floor, and sometimes to play in front of ten people. He always did that, he even put out a single with his first punk band, Savage Circle, in 1984, when it was not so usual to self-release something in the deep south of France. And it would have been really sad to do a new band but to sound exactly the same as Hatepinks or Aggravation. He had a great record store in Paris for ten years, and decided to re-locate in Marseille, and now he runs Lollipop record store here. The man uses too many shitty pedals, but hey, you can't hear it, so who cares?

MRR: What's in your opinion the new thing, the difference to the other bands?
Too much second degree and humor can kill the urgency, and...well, I don't know. It's still modern-retro-minimalistic-'76-punk. Without the funny factor, I hope. You think it's funny? Polo and me are old farts in fact, and the other young dudes, are not even punks, just some useless rockers. Actually I think we are useless. No style, wanky guitars, monotonous vocals...maybe a mohawk would increase the credibility.

MRR: Are the Irritones more than a side project? Are you ready for great things in the next years?
We are ready for nothing. All we want to do is to play, here, in Marseille, in the same old dirty venue, La Machine a' Coudre, over and over. And sometimes, to go on tour. How long do you think this can last? I would say yes, we are only a side project.

MRR: The speed and consistency with which you're putting out records speaks against that though. In less than a year you have a split 7" with the Rough Kids, a saw blade shaped 10" split with the Shoemakers, and a ten track album. Can you keep up such a pace?
No, we can't. We should have another split with some German band, Napoleon Dynamite, out soon. And the more I think about all these releases, the more I realise we should slow things down.

MRR: Recently you toured in Belgium and Germany. How did it work out and how did it feel to play with a pretty new band, so to speak, as "newcomers?"
It was great. It was the same. Old farts. The only difference is nobody knew us. So: less people, less money.

MRR: Soon you'll want to tour in the US too. What do you expect? Will there also be an American release?
Yeah, we should go on tour again in October, mainly the west coast. Gnat from Radiation Records/Puke n Vomit is taking care of that. It was so great the last time with the Hatepinks, really. Everybody was super nice and took good care of us in Seattle, Portland, Anaheim, San Diego. It was far from all the bad stories I've heard about touring in the US. I just hope it's going to be that cool again. Actually, I just hope I will find those little sausages I ate on Haight Street in San Francisco. No, I don't think there is going to be an American release. I tried but had no feedback.

MRR: On the split 10" you covered "Computerstaat" by German new wave band Abwaerts. What was the reason or the story behind it?
It's a great song and I thought we could play it properly. And we are trying to specialize in Neue Deutsche Welle covers.

MRR: You changed/reduced the lyrics. A lack of language skills couldn't have been the reason, as you're speaking German pretty well. What was the reason?
The original was too long for what we wanted to do. We had to reduce the lyrics, plus, I don't want to sing about historical facts that are not current. So I had to erase all the mentions of the KGB, Breshnev, and the German woods. It had to fit with our current life, and I did a transposition to the horrible state we're living now in France.

MRR: In the song "Frankreich Katastrophenstaat!!" and also in "Danse en France" you bash on your country a bit. Who do you want to blame? The people, the politics, the president?
Hating your own country is a civic duty, isn't it? I blame nobody. I just shout the facts. It's useless to cry about the really terrible president, to sing about the corrupt politics. And the saddest is the people here in France, French people, they are just pigs. Racist, ignorant, and happy with their lives. Things are getting worse. Sure, sometimes you can step into somebody who realises what's happening, who can

laugh about the chauvinistic and ego-centred point of view everybody seems to share today, but that's not so often.

MRR: While you're not an explicitly political band, how political are you in fact?
We are not a political band. We are not communist, not socialist, maybe anarchist, but it would be hard for me to argue, as I work as a librarian for the state. All I want to say is that we are doing things on our level. Booking shows, doing some cover art, internet shit for bands, even if MySpace and all that rubbish hijacked the bands from doing a personal website anymore. Miguel got a label and put out local bands, Polo runs an independent record shop, and Rudy, as a sound engineer, records a lot of bands here, the Cardiacs, The Dolipranes, Les Jolis, and more, I can't remember.

MRR: Sometimes the lyrics seem to be fragments with nihilistic attitude but without a real meaning. What do you say?
You are right. I don't want to sing about over-precise things, and I don't want to tell a story. "I'm a victim of your fucking gun / Rejection is all we got." I think this works better than a song with named politicians, or historical facts.

MRR: After listening to your demo, P-Trash Records wanted to put it out as an LP instantly. Is this the same recordings or did you go to a studio? (The record is great, in fact it's getting better and better with every spin. But couldn't the sound have been a little sharper?)
What we sent was just some really crappy recordings from the first rehearsals. Just one microphone plugged into a computer. The LP was recorded at the rehearsal place, on an analog 8 track tape, everything was played live together except the vocals, very usual thing. Then Rudy swung it to a computer to mix. Yeah maybe next time we'll try less distortion on guitars.

MRR: What about "negative dots, Arabs with knives?" Is it a provocation, a note about the cliche's about Marseilles or the bloody truth?
It's provocative, just to name and point out something that occidental morons are fearing. Something like a racist's deepest nightmare. We are negative dots, like Arabs with knives.

MRR: You also talk about Jesus Christ. Is his bad haircut the only thing you blame him for?
Oh, that's just something silly. I went for the easy option in lyrics again. Jesus did not exist anyway. I just wanted to make an anti-Christian song. First degree. Just like PiL's *Religion*, without humor, but I failed.

MRR: I know that "Pepsi Cola Freaks" is a cover of the Lost Kids' song from '79. But why did you add the word "Pepsi"? I never saw you drinking it? Do you really like it? Or do you want to play it in Spain? You know, it's not so good to say just "cola" there. (As you are half Spanish.)
Pepsi? Cola? I don't understand this question. What is Cola supposed to mean in Spanish? I just changed Cola to Pepsi because I wanted the song to be a little different from the original version, you know: "how smart!" Anyway, I can't understand a word from the Danish version, I looked around the internet, asked some punks over there, but I was not able to find the real lyrics to the song. I had to make my own words to it. "After all we're all Pepsi cola freaks, we're living blind in a Day-Glo misery." Not so bad, uh? But if someone can send me the real lyrics, that would be cool.

MRR: All your releases are vinyl only. It seems you're much more consistently disclaiming CDs than you did in the other bands before. What about that?
The CD format is dead anyway, and that's not a bad thing. The only good thing with CDs was that it was cheaper to send promos.

MRR: You also kept away from MySpace and all the other "social networks." What do you think sucks the most there?
I tried, we had a MySpace with the Hatepinks, but as soon as we saw the big shit it is, we erased our account. We all agreed about that in the band. It was just about getting spammed with shitty bands promoting a show 2,000 kilometers away, sluts wanting do be friends, and every dog had one, so it was cooler not to play the game. And the interface sucks so hard! And you heard about Rupert Murdoch? That is a big piece of shit of a man! And Facebook? No, count us out again. It's not so hard to spend a couple of hours trying to do a website. Bordel de merde de pute a' queue!

MRR: Are you in general a bit anti-modern or simply old-school? Is there a denial to modern life or modern madness? Is there something about that in "Modern Lights?"
Olivier: Old-school and anti-modern sound a little pejorative. I work a lot with computers, how modern is that? Maybe you're right, as I refuse to have a mobile phone. I said : "Just old farts". Who cares about all that shit?

Hey Ulli, where are all the clever questions about the scene here in France, or about our future projects with the Irritones? This interview was useless, and now it's time to stop.

KAKKA HÄTÄ 77

Violence. Destruction. Madness. Mania.
Altamont, 1969. Cincinnati, 1979. Woodstock, 1999.
Rock fans in America have had it safe, sound, and secure for too long. Kakka-Hätä 77's 2010 tour US tour promises to make up for the last eleven years of safety and sanity at American rock concerts. The twenty gigs planned for this fall will go down in history and perhaps usher in a new era of rock and roll hysteria not seen the like of which since the Beatles arrived on our shores. See you in the holding cell.
Interview by Mike Kenneally
Photos by Kimmo Kaukonen, Anttoni Alho and Jaakko Hyvarinen

MRR: Hi. Please tell us who is in the band and how you got started. Please tell us what do you do in your everyday lives.
Teemu: Hi! It's me on guitar, Janne on guitar, Juuso on bass, and Mirko on drums. We all sing, but mostly me. At the moment I'm doing pretty much nothing in my life except sleeping late, playing DJ gigs at local punk shows, playing in some bands, organizing gigs and such things where you really don't get paid, actually quite the opposite when you think of all the beer you drink, so I'm desperately thinking of some ways how to get some money to pay my plane tickets. Today I'm trying to sell some of my records. Earlier I was at the tax office so I could do some "real work" too, but after that visit I'm pretty sure I'm not gonna fucking do that, fuck 'em. I also drink fuck loads of beer, listen to records, go to bars and shows, and read books about punk rock...*No More Heroes* at the moment, great book about UK punk 1977-1980, highly recommended!
Mirko: I'm gonna get fired just before the tour starts. It's a good way to celebrate that! What I do? I run a record label called Airiston Punk-Levyt with my friend and also play in several bands here in Turku. I also organize some gigs.
Teemu: Yeah, Mirko has also put out our two split EPs himself...

MRR: How is Finland? You guys are pretty spread out across the country right?
Teemu: Finland is shitty. Yeah, we started as a "Turku band," but I moved to here where the action is [Helsinki] and Juuso to where it sure isn't. Pori... home of Appendix. There're some OK record stores, punk friendly venues and bars, but mostly, there's nothing.
Mirko: But this is still quite safe place to live. Helsinki is bit different, but otherwise towns are really small.
Teemu: Yeah, I didn't mean to say that it's all shitty, but if people want action, rock'n'roll, drugs, parties and luxury, then maybe go somewhere else. I think we have nicest, most down to earth kinda people here.

MRR: Where do you normally get together to do stuff like record and play shows?
Teemu: We don't really rehearse anymore 'cos it would be too hard and expensive and that's why we fucking suck. We have a gig next weekend here and after that we should record some songs for the *Tour EP*, but even though the songs are good, I'm sure that it is gonna fucking suck too, 'cos we haven't rehearsed at all as a band 'cos everybody's too busy sucking their girlfriend's titties or some stupid shit like that... too dumb to quit, as some New Hampshire band put it...
Mirko: There's nothing wrong with sucking... Last year me and Teemu went to the studio and we tried to rehearse before that, but ended up at the bar for three days. That was awesome!
Teemu: Were still working on mixing that material! Hope it will never comes out, it's probably horrible...but it was supposed to be a split 7" with this band Pertti Kurikan Nimipäivät who are, I mean members, all retarded! I don't know if that's the nice way to say it?! Maybe it should be "handicapped?" "Disabled." My friend Kalle works with them and taught them how to play, and now they have this awesome punk rock band! We were doing all covers on that record, we did a Finnish version of the Rats song "Nightmare," if you know that pre-Dead Moon band

and some stupid Finnish covers, like Sianiho...

MRR: How much effort goes into trying to make your songs have a classic Finnish sound? What rules are there about including English like "Yeah" or "Go" into songs that otherwise look and sound like gobbedlygook gibberish to a non-Finnish speaking audience?
Teemu: I don't think we have a classic Finnish sound. Old bands we are aping sounded amazing and played great, we sound like shit and we are shit. I learned your language when I was twelve, now it's your turn to learn mine.
Mirko: When you have no money for real studio session it sounds like this. Authentic shit.

MRR: Many of our readers are devout Christians. What are the four Gospels of Finnish Punk as told to Kakka-Hätä 77?
Teemu: 1) Listen to Sehr Schnell, Uutuus, Kaaos, Mellakka, Kollaa Kestaa, 013 and Kansan Uutiset every day. 2) Drink a lot of beer. 3) Be a fuckup and failure in all aspects of life and never go anywhere from Finland, bitch about everything but never do nothing, don't try 'cos you will fail, laugh at everybody who tries and fails, hate and talk shit of everyone who tries and succeeds. Then cry. 4) Stalin was not a Japanese band.
Mirko: Amen.

MRR: Who comes up with the ideas for your record covers?
Teemu: It's me I guess. The guy who does 'em though is a great comic book artist called Jyrki Nissinen, a friend of mine. He does comics called *BorgTron, Auttajahai* and plays in a punk band called Seksihullut, who we did a split 7" EP with. On that split we had our shittiest material ever, if you see it, don't buy it!

MRR: So you guys are touring the USA this fall. What are you most looking forward to?
Teemu: Getting there some how.
Mirko: Getting Teemu there somehow.

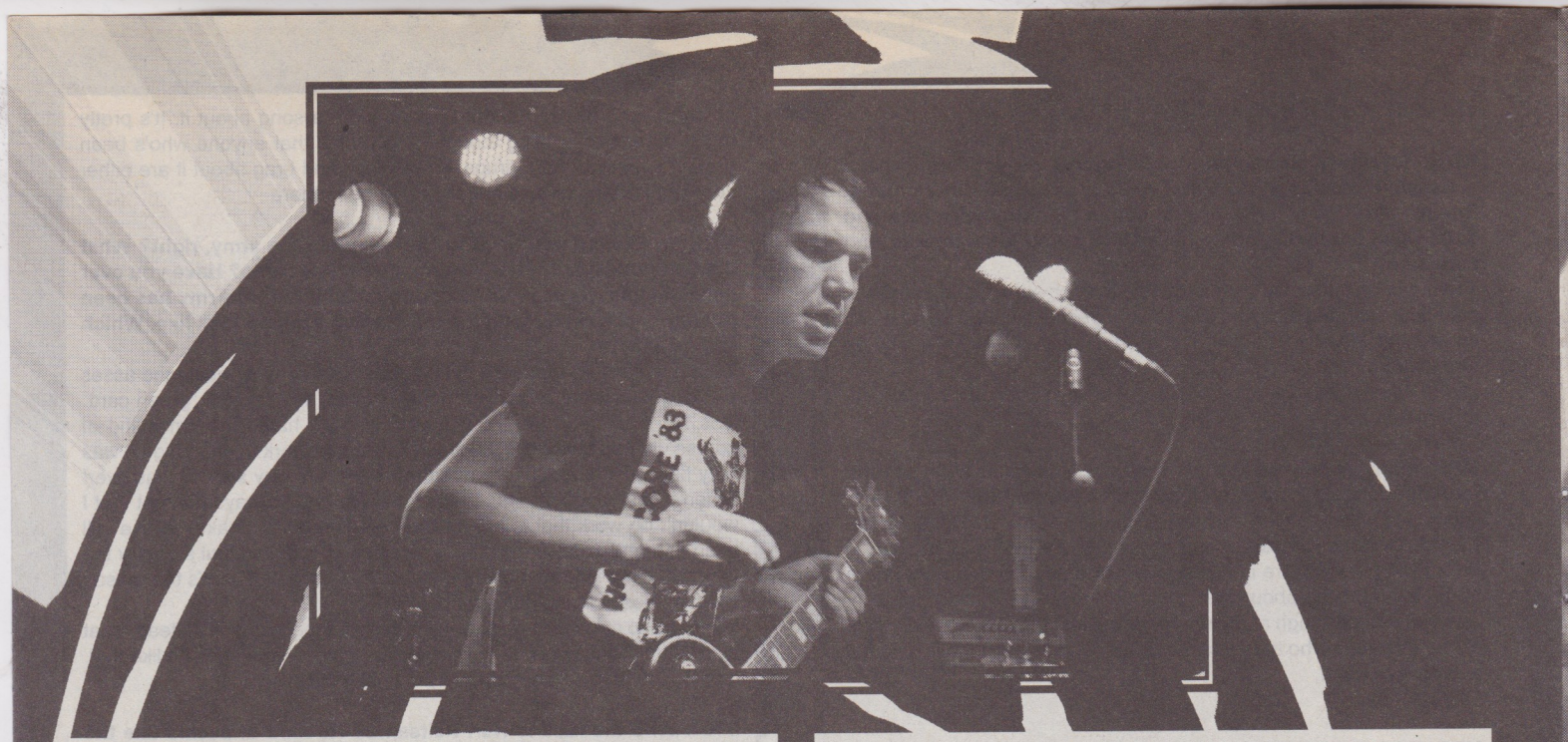
MRR: You guys have a couple of split records that came out before the EPs. Who were they splits with? Are those songs that ended up on the later EPs?
Teemu: They came out after the EPs actually. There's that shitty Seksihullut split, the other side's good though! Then there's an awesome split single with my friend's band Kivesveto GoGo, only 500 copies were made so maybe someone will repress that. Our song on that, "Kemiallinen Toppatakki" can be heard on our MySpace site, sorry to advertise Rupert who the fuck ever he is, in English it translates "Chemical Winter Jacket" or something and it's about my old junkie friends in Kouvola, South East of Finland. They went to those army camps during the winter and said that they're not cold there 'cos they had their chemical winter jacket on! I thought that was so stupid and awesome that I had to write a song about it. It's pretty much an anti-drug song though, and I think that anyone who's been around junkies or hard drugs in their lives and brag about it are either very stupid, lying or they haven't really been there.

MRR: In Finland you have to serve time in the army, right? What did you guys do or not do when you're time came? Have you ever seen the film *Stripes*? Considering the shit the US Army has been pulling, that's what I imagine the Finnish Army to look like. Which seems like fun.
Teemu: I didn't go to army. I did one-year civil service wiping the asses of old ladies at the retirement home. I could have gotten "green card" 'cos I'm a bit nuts, but I didn't want it 'cos I hated the army and of course wanted to show it. I actually loved that work even though it was very hard and they actually hired me there after my service was over! When I was younger I was pretty idealistic and I always thought that I wouldn't do work that is not for the common good...makes sense still even though I'm older and life has beaten all that youthful stupidity the fuck out of me looooooooooong time ago. And maybe that's the reason why I'm mostly doing nothing now.
Mirko: I also refused to go to army. I was working in prison instead. That was actually quite cool. I'm still strongly against army and shit like that. It takes too much money away from health care etc...

MRR: Who the fuck is Kari Peitsamo? He kind of seems like the poor man's, Finnish Neil Young.
Teemu: Kari is our idol. He has released more than 50 LPs and the first came out in 1977. He's not actually punk, but he's more punk than any of those fucking crusties out there following that beaten path. He has actually written a song about us after he heard we were big fans of his, it's called "Urgent Need To Poo-Poo in Nineteen-Seventy-Seven" 'cos that's our name translated in English, ha! Me and Mirko, by the way, formed Kakka-Hätä 77 after one of his gigs in Turku.
Mirko: Kari is a God.

MRR: Why are Finnish people so into Creedence Clearwater Revival? Are they more popular than Eppu Normaali?
Teemu: CCR is great, maybe that's why. Maybe Eput, Eppu Normaali's nickname, is even more popular. I have, by the way, dealt fuck loads of Eppu Normaali records to USA, and each time I have warned people about their later AOR stuff, 'cos that may not be that "KBD punk" record they want to own or hear... would serve those record wankers right, though!
Mirko: Eppu Normaali has lately played lots of songs from first albums. But it's not the same because next to the early material comes some shitty Dire Straits-guitar wankin'-song.

MRR: What do your guys' parents think about current Eppu Normaali?
Teemu: My father listens to jazz and my mother to the radio, but we



love many of those songs, actually last weekend when we were "touring" the Northern Finland, we played two gigs... we listened to that shit. But actually, I mostly listen to them when I'm drunk, depressed and lonely, crying in my beer, 'cos those songs are very beautiful, heartbreaking little stories about divorces, drugs, alcohol, suicide, unemployment, cold winters, depression etc... Things us small people in Finland can all relate to, and that's why I think they are so popular. They are normal guys in normal clothes, first ones to admit their old faults and weaknesses, and their success haven't changed them a bit it seems. It's a shame some rich yuppies listen to it too, and that's the people who can afford to go to those arena shows they sometimes do. But they play smaller, cheaper bar shows also 'cos they know that there their real fans are. I fucking love that band and I'm sure their music has helped many people in here carry through hardships in their lives more than punk rock ever fucking will... even though they have sure done a lot of shit songs too, especially latest years.

Mirko: My father mostly drinks beer and listens to radio. Mother is kinda workaholic and she doesn't have time for music. I think Eppu Normaali catches the real Finnish soul somehow. You hear a song about a guy who tries to do things better than his father, but after all follows his footsteps and drinks everything he owns. That's old school Finnish spirit.

Teemu: If you would write songs about how happy you are, how your life is great, how you are healthy, beautiful, famous, young and have a shitload of money and how everyone loves you, no one here would tolerate that shit. You would be in a next boat to Sweden with a one-way ticket in a minute—donated to where you belong...

MRR: How come every time I look at a picture of some old Finnish shit, like the back of that one Terveet Kadet LP, one guy is inevitably wearing *huge* nerd glasses? Did people in Finland stop wearing them for the six months the sun doesn't shine there?

Teemu: I think that when that Terveet Kadet LP came out, this country was very much under the power of the Soviet Union, and that part of the country where they came from was, and still is, very poor. So maybe he didn't have the money or the interest to buy the trendiest pair of Gucci glasses of the day. When I was a kid, I was the youngest in the family so I used a lot of my big brother's, or my cousin's, old clothes and got bullied because of that. We also had a Russian car that I was very ashamed of, 'cos my skateboard "buddies'" dads had BMWs or a fucking Mercedes. I also skated with our neighbor's old Santa Cruz Salba deck with no tail at all, trying to learn tricks with that piece of shit. So maybe they were his aunt's old glasses. Nowadays, people wear those 'cos they're hip, trendy and ironic. Most people should be killed.

Mirko: I lived in a big suburb and we all looked like that because every family was poor. Nowadays ten-year-old kids have 500-euro phones with mp3 player, camera, TV... What the fuck is wrong with everybody?

Teemu: And never say thank you, always bitch for more.

MRR: In America, we use the expression "Put it where the sun doesn't shine" to say "Stick it up your ass." Has the Finnish Tourism Council ever considered using the phrase "Put it where the sun doesn't shine" to try and attract vacationers to your country?

Teemu: Yeah, it's translated "Tunge se sinne mihin aurinko ei paista". So actually if someone says it to you here you can throw it almost anywhere, not only your ass!

Mirko: Actually, the sun never goes down in July. It's weird to drink beer when it's 4am and the sun is still up. No minute of darkness, it's called nightless night. Maybe that's why we are so fucked up here.

MRR: Thank you for answering my questions. If you feel that anything has been left out, now is your opportunity to speak about it.

Teemu: Thank you for the interview! I'm very excited that we got in *MRR* 'cos I still follow international punk rock scene mostly through your fanzine, not the fucking internet bullshit talk boards. Hope Combat Rock Shop, the local punk shop just next to where I live...and Finland's only one, will start carrying some other zines too, I would so much like to hold *Distort* zine in my hands some day! Hope to share a beer with all of you soon! Hope to see my friends Cesar, Kristy and Nate Fag Cop! And extra thanks to Felix Havoc for being so supportive to our band on your pages. I appreciate that.

Mirko: I hope we get there and have a change to play some gigs, drink beer and see Elvis.

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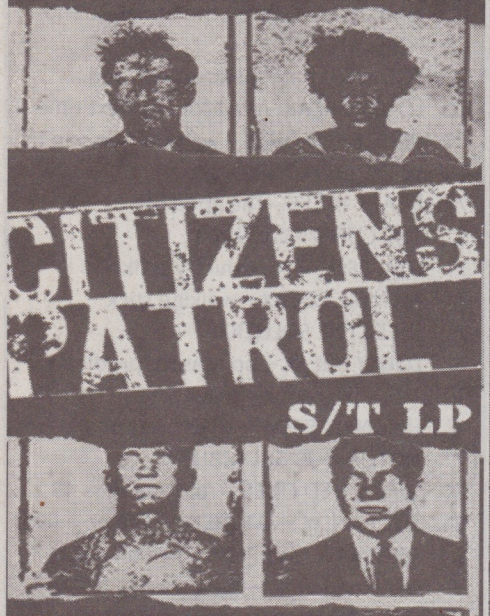

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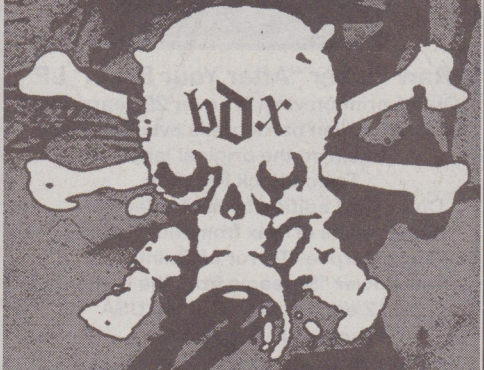

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CD	WRETCHED ONES – s/t
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Saint Vitus

For most of their career, St. Vitus were one of the most glaring anomalies in extreme music; a deeply unfashionable band that never fit neatly into a scene or genre. With an aggressive sound and attitude that had no place in the butt rock metal crowd, they found an unlikely and sometimes uncomfortable spot in LA's hardcore punk scene. But the Sabbath-inspired riffs and long hair kept them from ever being fully accepted in the wider punk world and ensured their place as a cult act. Now reformed, and with doom metal an established sub-genre, they're enjoying the popularity that eluded them since their start in the late '70s. I sat down with guitarist Dave Chandler before a raging set on their recent visit to San Francisco to hear the story.
Interview by Jason Halal

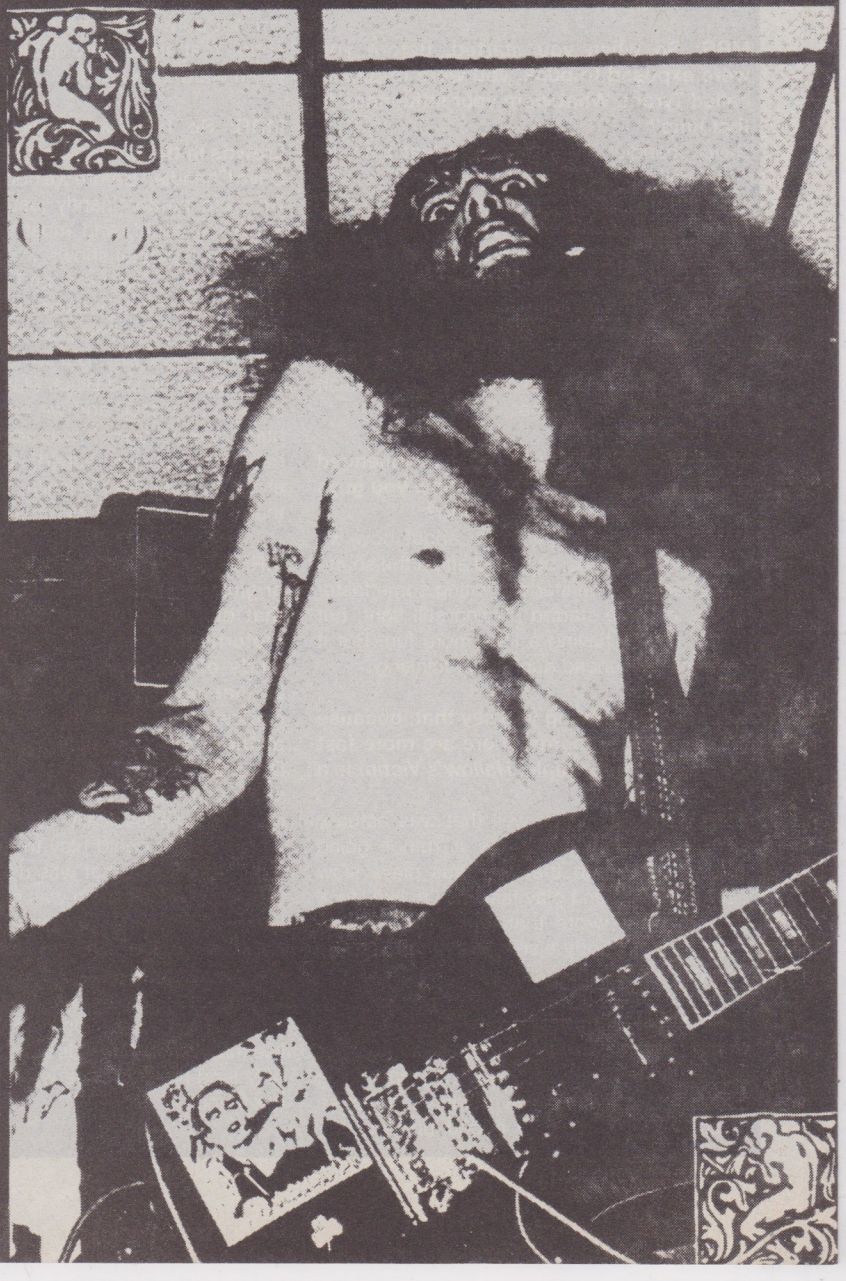

Photo by Valerie Rousset

MRR: So tell me about what kind of music you and your bandmates were into before St. Vitus.
Dave Chandler: Well we all had different musical interests, but Armando was into more progressive stuff, he was a little older and more into '60s type music, whereas myself and Mark and Scott all grew up together in high school and we were all into '70s metal like Blue Oyster Cult, Alice Cooper, Ted Nugent, Black Sabbath. And when punk hit, of course everybody wasn't sure what to make of it, and then as soon as we heard these songs we were like holy shit, this shit kicks ass! So that kind of opened our minds to listen to stuff other than what we were obviously influenced by.

MRR: So who were some of the punk bands that got you excited early on?
Dave Chandler: We were friends with Michel Corsio, who later was in Three O'Clock and Salvation Army. He was our original bass player. He was friends with Stan and Leonard from the Dickies. So the first punk rock show we went to was the Dickies and two support bands. One was the Bags and the other was like Max Laser and the Space Rats or something. And the emcee was Darby Crash, which we didn't know at the time, we found out later that was who it was. We were wondering who the guy was playing with his dick and it had to be fucking Darby! As soon as we saw the Dickies we were *hooked*, we were like this stuff is bad ass. And then a friend of Armando's played us the *Nervous Breakdown* single and that was it, it was all over.

MRR: What were you hearing with the punk bands that you hadn't heard before that?
Dave Chandler: Originality and trying to do something different and not giving a fuck if anybody liked it or not. They just said fuck you; this is what we're doing. Like the Dickies—they were nuts! They had weird props and would throw bananas at people, and we'd never seen anything like that. We were used to seeing people in a giant

photo: Naomi Petersen

Saint Vitus

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arena far from everyone, and punk rock was right in your face.

MRR: So when you started, before you were exposed to punk, you were originally called Tyrant. What were your influences at that time?
Dave Chandler: Pretty much at that time we were really influenced by Judas Priest.

MRR: So what was the effect that punk had on the direction or sound of St. Vitus?
Dave Chandler: Well it made us realize that we didn't have to be like our idols or something, we could be whatever we wanted. And what I liked about it was a lot of it was simple, yet aggressive and harsh and in your face, which is what we wanted to be.

MRR: So would you say punk influenced less your sound and more of how you guys identified yourselves as a band?
Dave Chandler: It was more about how we identified ourselves, but it did affect the sound in the fact that we started writing some faster songs, and we started playing still tight, but a little looser, having a little more fun. But it definitely influenced our way of thinking.

MRR: It's interesting you say that, because on the earlier records, there are more fast parts, like for example, *Hallow's Victim* is a total thrasher.
Dave Chandler: Yeah, well that was actually written because there was a rumor going around Hollywood that St. Vitus plays slow because they can't play fast. So I'm like "fuck you" and we wrote that, and it was faster than what anybody else was doing, with the exception of the punks.

MRR: Now were there any recordings from that early era before the first LP came out?
Dave Chandler: There was a four song demo that these people made in a house or something, and they ended up basically keeping it. There are copies floating around the underground on cassette, and I have one, I'm not sure who else has one. But it's not songs that are on any of the records, it's just when we were learning.

MRR: So how would you describe the crowds in the early days of Vitus?
Dave Chandler: Before we hooked up with SST, we were predominantly just doing whatever show we could, and most clubs would just book us on metal shows which were the hair bands and all that crap, and everybody hated us. And when we hooked up with Black Flag, it was the same, that people hated us, but in a more violent way. But we didn't back down from anybody, and Black Flag kept putting us back in their face and we eventually won the punk rockers over. It was really hostile in the beginning, we got trashed, spit on, everything else, but then after a while, the same people that were doing that were on our side.

MRR: I've read that a band like Venom originally attracted a crowd of people that didn't fit in anywhere, like skins and Motorhead types and rockers and just all kinds of weirdos. Would you saying that at that point you were playing for punks exclusively or something like a mixture of all these different elements?
Dave Chandler: Well when we started doing stuff with Black Flag it was predominantly punk. It was basically only two bands with long hair that could play the punk clubs with punk bands and that was us and Red Kross, because the hair thing was still a big deal. It's like, we couldn't even go to certain shows, like the Germs or the Dead Kennedys and we were never booked with them because of that fact. But we would book with Black Flag and all their friends and Code of Honor and people like that. But the crowds were all punk, like the only long hairs in there were our roadies and our friends.

MRR: So then how would you describe your friends or your crew?
Dave Chandler: Well they were pretty much exactly like us, cause we were the same age and we all grew up listening to the same stuff, and we turned a lot of our friends on to punk rock and they became fans of it too, but still, they couldn't go on their own to a show. If they wanted to see a punk rock show, it had to be one that we played.

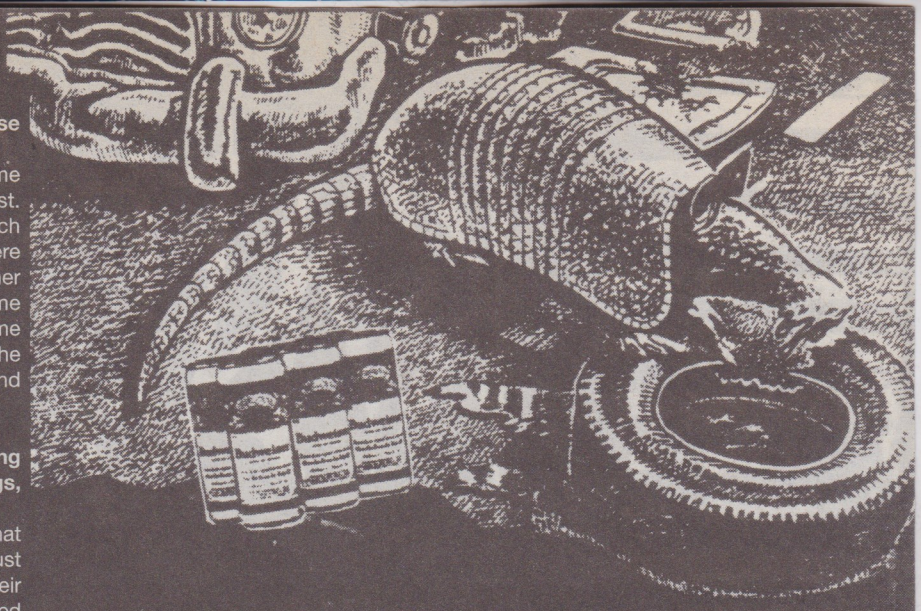
MRR: So would you say that there was a scene or a group that you identified with at that time?
Dave Chandler: No, not really. Because by then we basically just identified with the punks, even though we obviously weren't. We had our friends that we grew up with, but the friends in the music scene were all punk rock. Because the metal bands hated us, as well as the metal fans. It was like, "well who do you hang around with?" "Ya know, we hang around with like MDC and Code of Honor and the Necros" and shit like that.

MRR: So tell me about how your relationship with Black Flag came about.
Dave Chandler: Yeah well back then everybody passed out fliers for other people's shows and they had the band Overkill, which was probably the first crossover band ever. So they knew that we were playing anyplace we could and they were looking for metal bands to play with them because they were usually playing with punk bands. They went to one of our shows to pass out fliers, they liked us and asked if we wanted to open up and we said yeah. Then we found out they had a single on SST, so being fans, I said do you think you can get anyone from Black Flag to go to the show cause I'd just like to meet them, I bet they're gonna trip out. And they brought Henry, Greg, and Chuck and they liked it. And that very night, as soon as we were done, they said do you guys want to make a record and we're like hell yeah.

MRR: So was it important that you put it out on an independent label or would you have taken whatever deal came along?
Dave Chandler: Well we were young so we probably would have taken whatever came along, but I'm glad we did it the way that we did because SST exposed us to a lot of stuff we may not have been exposed to, like you had to do everything by yourself, you had to tour by yourself. So I think it built character in us, as opposed to if a major had picked us up and made us stars, we wouldn't have appreciated what you get.

MRR: So you toured with Black Flag right?
Dave Chandler: Yeah we did two full tours. December of '84 and the middle of summer of '85.

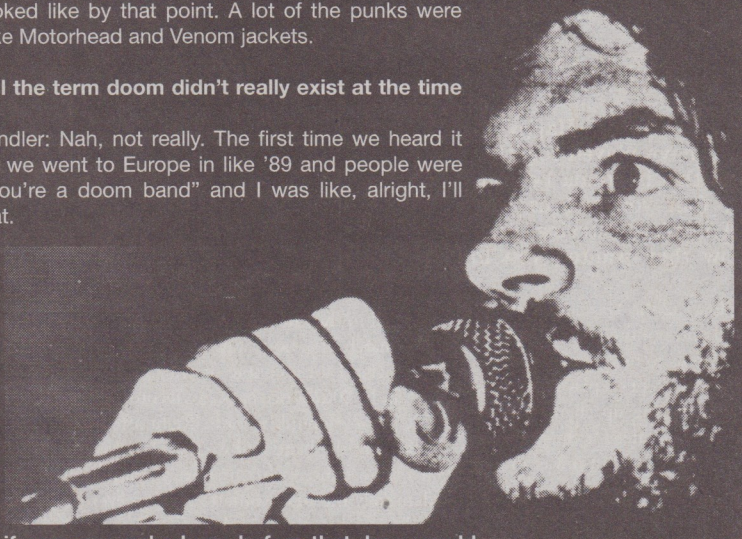
MRR: And that was after your first record had come out?
Dave Chandler: Yeah it had been out for a little while. It was recorded in '82, but then they went through that legal bullshit with Unicorn so nothing could come out. So it came out in '84 and *My War* was the tour. And the second tour was *Slip it In*.



MRR: So how would you describe the crowds on those tours and your reception?
Dave Chandler: Well the *My War* tour, that was the first time we were exposed to punk rockers outside the west coast. And it was *extremely* hostile, they hate us pretty much everywhere. They farther east we got, the more we were accepted. Places like New York really got into it, but other than that they really couldn't stand us. But when we came back in '85, because we had still been playing and our name was getting out a bit and we had another record by then, the same people who had hated us were there cheering us and we were like "hey they're not spitting on us anymore."

MRR: And by that point, punk and metal were coming closer together with bands like Overkill and the CroMags, stuff like that.
Dave Chandler: Yeah, it was starting in, also because by that time a lot of punk rockers were into Motorhead. And not just Black Flag, but a lot of other bands had started letting their hair grow. And that kinda made a difference. They wanted something thrashy and they really didn't give a shit what people looked like by that point. A lot of the punks were wearing like Motorhead and Venom jackets.

MRR: Well the term doom didn't really exist at the time did it?
Dave Chandler: Nah, not really. The first time we heard it was when we went to Europe in like '89 and people were saying, "you're a doom band" and I was like, alright, I'll accept that.



MRR: So if someone asked you before that, how would you have described yourselves?
Dave Chandler: We used to call ourselves hardcore heavy metal. Because at that time, heavy metal, if you used that term, people immediately thought of Motley Crue, Ratt, Poison, and we didn't want to be associated with that so we called ourselves hardcore metal.

MRR: Were there other bands around that time that you felt some kinship with or that were doing something similar, like Trouble or the Obsessed?
Dave Chandler: Well a lot of the bands, we didn't even know about that existed around the same time as us. There were smaller bands that we would play with all the time across the river, one of the bass players went into Kyuss. They were just hard rocking bands that were friends of ours. We did a lot of shows with Code of Honor, a lot of shows with MDC, did shit with like Celtic Frost and Voivod and people like that.

MRR: It's interesting that you hooked up with Wino [Obsessed singer who later became St.Vitus's second frontman], because they were one of the few metal bands, other than maybe Motorhead, that was acceptable within the DC punk scene. It's kind of wild that you guys hooked up with another guy on the other side of the country who had similar ties to punk.
Dave Chandler: Yeah, well there was a mutual friend of ours, he was a tape trader and he was the one who played the Obsessed for us. And Scott knew he was going to quit and so when we went to the east coast, we met Wino at the show and basically Scotty asked him to join. We didn't even know anything about him liking punk rock at the time cause we didn't know him but it turned out that he did, and we found out that the Obsessed was accepted by the DC punk scene, and then we realized that he's not gonna have any problems playing for punk rockers out here then.

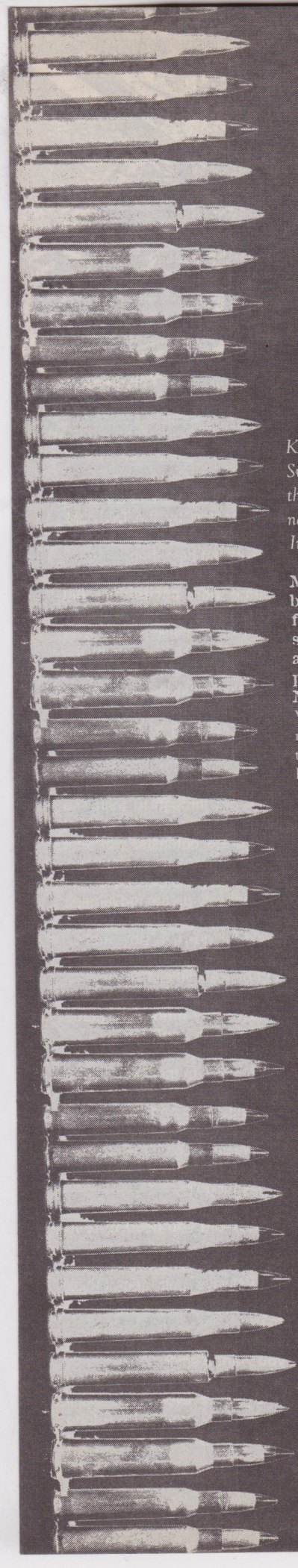
MRR: So as crossover became more acceptable, did you feel like that changed your reception in any way?
Dave Chandler: No, because I don't think people ever considered us crossover, but it did really help with the aesthetic of the crowd, because then metal people started going to see us because they were wondering what the hell this metal band was that played for punk rockers all the time. Cause now they were listening to people like Black Flag and Suicidal and whoever.

MRR: So did you feel a kinship with the punk scene?
Dave Chandler: Yeah, once we got through to them, so that they didn't just hate us on sight anymore, we felt a definite kinship, cause they were outcasts, we were outcasts, and as they got into it, they became our fanbase. They actually invented this thing at the Anti Club called the "slow slam" where they would actually do the movement, where it looks like the Circle Jerks logo guy in slow motion while we would play and they'd fall down in slow motion and pick each other up and stage dive in slow motion. It was really cool, it became sort of like a little clique.

MRR: Do you feel like you have any more of a place now than you did, say, 15 or 20 years ago?
Dave Chandler: Yeah, there's definitely a thing now cause the fans had kids and their kids grew up their whole lives listening to what Mom and Dad were playing and we'll have them bring their kids to the show and be like "ok honey, that's the guy who wrote Born Too Late," so it's definitely way more accepted. We've become the old men who supposedly started it and we're like "we didn't start it, Sabbath started it! We just kept it going."

MRR: OK so one last question—did you used to read *Maximum*?
Dave Chandler: Yeah, I used to read it all the time. Every time we'd come to Frisco we'd always grab them. I think there was actually a review somebody did one time that panned us really bad! (laughs)

MRR: OK any last things you wanna say?
Dave Chandler: Just want to say thanks, it's great to see *Maximum Rocknroll* still taking it to everybody, that's awesome. And I hope you guys stay around for a long ass time—you've been around a long time so you can't go away now!



KONTATTO

Kontatto play raw d-beat influenced by '80s Italian and Swedish HC. They toured the east coast last year and they're ready to tour the whole country with a brand new LP.
Interview by Will Kinser.

MRR: Hello dirty Italian bastards, Happy to be here? I know Kontatto have played together for many years now, and this is gonna be your second American tour. Can you tell us why another tour of the USA instead of trying other places like Asia. I know they wanted you in Malaysia.

Well, hello to you first and hello to all the *Maximum Rocknroll* readers and staff! We are proud and honored to be here and thank you for the chance you gave us to talk about Kontatto. Kontatto started back in 1998 and we kept on playing without any break since then although our line up changed many times. In Spring 2009 we toured the States for the first time and it was extremely funny and rewarding, but it was an East coast tour only so we decided to come back again as soon as possible. We wanted to visit the other coast instead of trying something new because some of us have already been there in 2008 with another band (Giuda) and it rocked! We've been asked to tour Malaysia and Indonesia and, honestly, it sounded super interesting, but the trip is very long and expensive, so we went for the States again. Then Matt Sachs (from Vex records) has been a fucking great driver and "tour manager" the last time that we decided to come back just to spend some time with him again, ha!

MRR: Can you make a brief history of the band through the years? I know you never split up but looking at your discography I see some quiet periods in the past while now you seem to be more active. What changed since the time you started?

Compared to the number of years we've been playing, our discography is miserable, heheh! We started back in 1998 but in the past we had so many problems with moving, money troubles and the long distances between us that it's just been in the last four years that we found the best formula to be active with the band. We were really young, we all live/lived in different cities and we were always broke so it was pretty hard to meet and practice. Back then it was more difficult to release a record, and being Italian didn't help in being promoted abroad as Italian bands were usually underrated. Now the Italian scene is great, but the '90s were terrible for our scene in every respect, and we still pay the price of it, with the underestimation of what comes from here. We were younger and inexperienced, and there were no computers at all. If you wanted to go on tour, you had to plan it through letters and it was really difficult. Promoting a band was for sure harder than it is now with MySpace and stuff.

Marione (voice) and Koppa (guitar) have been in the band since the very beginning, then Febo joined after a couple of years and that line up played together for four years. During these first years we recorded a split CD, three split 7"s (with Giftgas, Agathocles, Beyond Description) and a three way split tape. At that time Koppa was the drummer cause he had to stop playing guitar to keep the band alive when the first drummer left at the very beginning. In 2005 Marzia was asked to play drums and the band improved a lot both because of her drumming as well as for Koppa being back at the guitar. We were all in the same group of friends so was easy for us to mix and match in various way. In 2005 Marzia and Koppa moved to England for a couple of years and the band took a short break. In 2007, once back, we recorded *Disillusione* LP (August 2007) for Agipunk records. Right after the recording session Kotu quit the band and we found in Ago the new bass player. It's almost three years now we've played together and this is definitely the best Kontatto line up ever in terms of musical skills and for passion and friendship.

We are releasing a second LP straight after the other one which is good for us: now we all have some kind of jobs so we can use part of the money for the band and we also learnt how to sell merch to get money together for records and stuff. We all have more bands and projects so you can understand that we have to save energy and money for them as well as Kontatto.

MRR: Tell us something about your upcoming LP. There's a promo video on YouTube and it sounds pretty cool.

The new LP will be called *Mai Come Voi* (*Never Like You*). It's more or less the same style as the old one maybe with a little bit more melody in it. It's basically d-beat fuelled by some catchy guitar melodies, sang in a total Wretched style but influenced by Puke, Wolfbrigade and AntiCimex among others. We think on this second LP both the music and the lyrics have improved a bit and we hope you'll like it too. The other LP sold really well, so we started soon after working on the new one, which will be released by Agipunk before the US tour in September. We talk again about religion(s), war(s), government(s)—re-telling the same old shit after all. We write lyrics about every day reality in its darkest respects, just like almost every other punk band. The shit surrounding us is pretty much the same since forever. War, police oppression, environmental destruction... reality retells itself, and so we do too. The video is just a mix of shots Marzia did while recording, with twenty second samples for each song to help people figure out if they will like the LP or not!

MRR: Masons and conspiracies are one of the many themes you deal with on the record. Why are you so interested in it? Any particular reason?

This is the first time we've talked about this topic and we're probably the only ones in Italy who have for sure. Within the punk scene there are very few people aware of conspiracies and secret service misdeeds, so maybe this record will help them to get some knowledge about it.

We got into it years ago when two political scandals broke out in Italy, one involving politicians in a Masonic lodge called "P2;" the other was a conspiracy called "Gladio" against the communist party. We want to be informed about it because it's a sad chapter the State tries hard to hide. We can't do much to escape these "new world order" schemes and goals: September the 11th 2001 showed there's an established plan for everything. Lyrics are very important to us because some bands' lyrics were really meaningful in our lives and somehow changed them. Music is important too though. We always write and translate lyrics cause we want people to be aware about what we are talking about and we think punk is somehow losing depth in terms of political awareness. We still think some concepts are important and we don't like ambiguity, people must know the political orientation of the band, we don't like our records to be bought by random people just for the music.

Mario: I'm interested particularly in the Club Bilderberg.

MRR: Are you politically active? Do you have experiences of squats or collective situations?

We all used to be more active in the past. Some of us had squatting experiences: Marzia and Koppa were squatting in Brixton for few years, Mario was running a squat nearby Bologna and Febo along with Ago have always been involved in organizing DIY events. We all got deeply disillusioned. We realized things hardly ever change, and the faithful dreams of a better society we had in the past left space to bitter considerations over reality. Moreover, we are more cynical, we don't think we would "sacrifice" our lives anymore standing for something common people don't support or don't give a fuck about. We don't think we can change people's minds and we never thought to.

We just try to live the best we can and be coherent with our political beliefs. What we don't understand is young people being disillusioned: we are almost all thirty years old and we reached this point after at least ten years of activism. We often talk with young kids and find them resigned and not willing to fight for what they believe in. We tried and maybe failed but we were full of energy in the past, and sometimes we don't see this energy anymore in young people. We'd love to see more anger in these young punks' eyes and maybe less studs and patches. On the other side, if they don't give a fuck it's their business and we don't want to tell people how to behave. We only hope young punx will still keep their DIY attitude and energy alive.

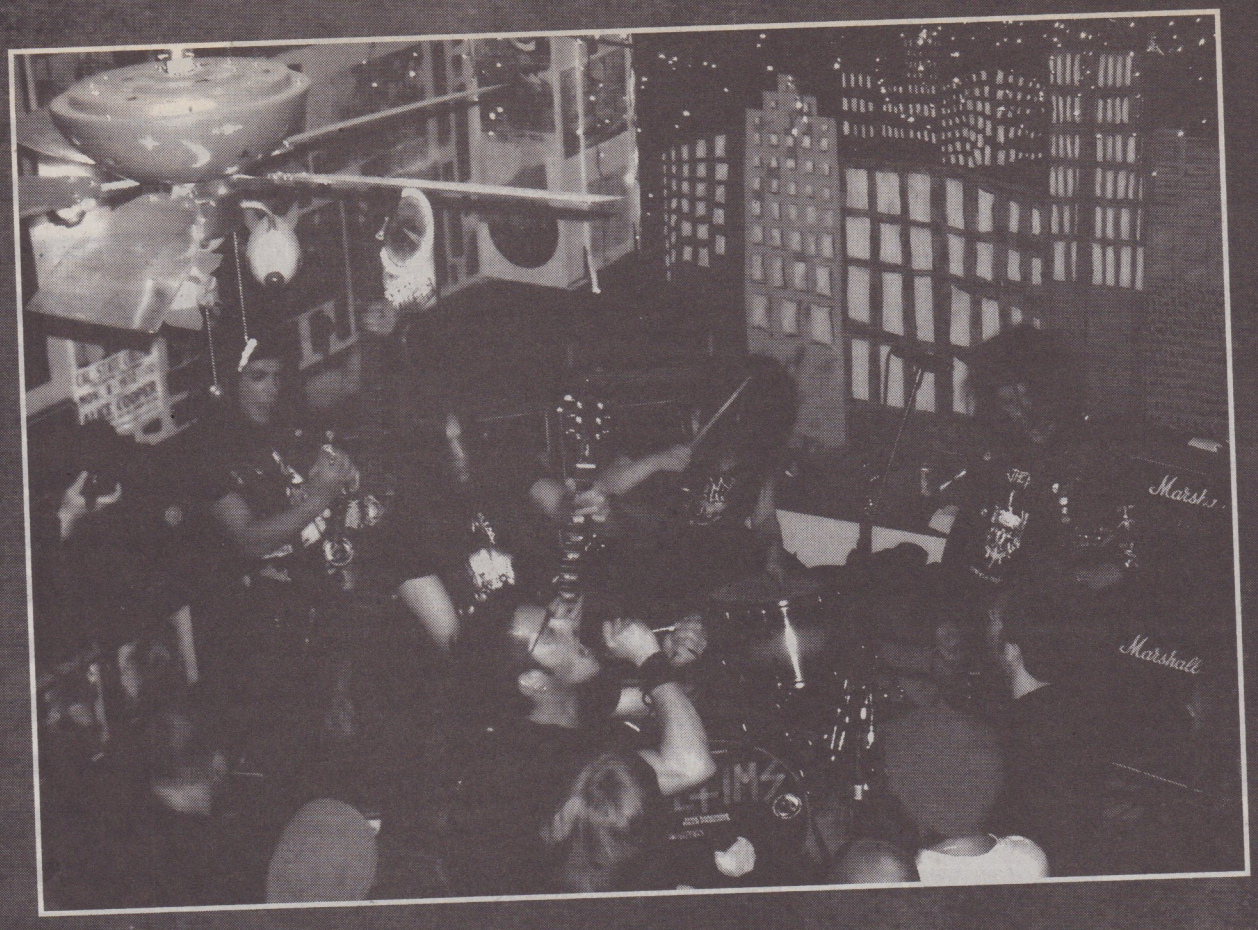
MRR: What's the political situation in Italy like now? We all know Berlusconi is still in power and seems to be stronger despite all the bad things he's doing to the country...

Berlusconi is the worst of the worst, no doubts, but nowadays in Italy politicians are all incredibly bad. We could talk for ages about why Italy is so fucked up, but the main reason is that it's a population of nice, friendly, happy but dishonest people. As soon as it's possible, corruption and power takeovers comes out. From the smallest mayor of a desolate town to the Government leader. Berlusconi, Mafia connected, owner of all the press and TV, stands for dishonest people. He subverted the State laws, he made "ad personam" laws to escape trials. Then he called his party "The Freedom Party." Sure, he's free to be a criminal with no punishment, what is freedom if not being out of jail? He allowed and committed any kind of shit, from Mafia connections within the State to sex adventures with underage girls to Constitutional violations. He cannot be prosecuted. Then, the main reason for his power is the control over TV. He's promoting a no-values-at-all model of society and he's succeeding in this. People are getting brainwashed and they deserve a criminal like him to control them. The sad thing is that besides all the bad things he's doing to the country, to the working class and to people in general, most of the Italians love him and trust everything he does and says, because they ignore all the scandals hidden behind him. And, even worse, there's no reliable party or charismatic leader enough to beat him at the elections.

Moreover, fake problems with immigration, blown up by media, gave Italy a bad push rightwards in the last few years, and Berlusconi's allies (the heirs of Mussolini's fascist party, and the racist party Lega Nord) can do the job of gaining approval in this context damn well.

MRR: How can you manage going on tour pretty often, do you work or do you have long holidays? What do you do in your life besides playing music?

We all have good jobs in terms of vacations and bad in terms of money, hah! Mario is usually pretending to be sick to get days off until he'll be fired ahah (he's a gardener), Koppa is in Agipunk and has a DIY booking agency/van rental so it's pretty much easy for him to organize time. Marziona works as a special education teacher with teenagers and with disabled people, it's linked to a school so there're a lot of holidays. Ago is studying Italian literature at the University so he can arrange exams and have a lot of free time. Febo just graduated in Italian literature as well and has short terms jobs that are easy to get and lose.



MRR: Which one has been the best tour for you so far? Any good highlights?
The USA east coast has been for sure the best. We are really easy going people so we have fun and satisfactions even in the smallest things like meeting people, eating junk food, buying records and saying bullshit in the van singing old glamrock ballads with Matt. Too many highlights but we remember a day when an old granny ran up to us at the gas station saying "Hey, are you in a band? Are you Motley Crue? Can you sign this paper for me?" so we signed Motley Crue and she was cheering us like "Bye Bye Motley Crue!" while Mario was cheering her with a banana peel over his head.

MRR: Which are the main differences between USA and Europe? What are your expectations for the upcoming second tour?
Europe and USA are simply different. Not better nor worse, different for show locations (squats vs. basements), for places to stay (free beers and food at every show vs. Taco bell or Waffle House, which is great to us, yeah!!!), for the audience (Euro gigs are usually a bit less energetic than the insane American basement shows, maybe because the average age of the punks is higher here). We enjoyed every single night. We actually had no expectation for the last tour because we were pretty unknown (and still are) and the tour turned out great. So we prefer coming with lower expectations and finding a good turnout than thinking this second tour will be better. Let's see. We are having some good feedback, but, being superstitious as hell, we'd rather say that we just hope that everything will be as good as the last time.

MRR: Which is the best European state to play in? Why?
Italy and the Czech Republic. In Italy the kids are still going mad at shows and there are some very good venues where shows are always great. If you get the right promoters, there's also the chance to make good money from the entrances and food is great. Czech Republic is great too, for the same reasons (ok, maybe moneywise it's not as good as Italy, but the shows are great over there). Germany is very well organized; you can always have the best food of the tour there and unlimited beers without worrying about driving after the shows because 90% of the time you sleep at the venue, but the participation is not as hot as in Czech and Italy. Greece is not as organized as Germany but the shows there are fucking awesome. Always big audiences down there.

MRR: Disillusione (the first LP) caught my attention first for the amazing artwork, which perfectly fits with the lyrical content. Who had the idea and who made it?
Koppa had the idea of the crucified punk with the bastards torturing him. Kotu wanted some punks fighting back and Stiv of War, the artist, had the idea of the pigs. We are surprised many people got it as a tattoo on their skin, great!!! He just sent us the new LP front sleeve drawing, it's great and it's meant to be a sort of second part of the first one—"punx vs. cops" never ending story.

MRR: You've been using the word attitude during the interview. What does attitude mean to you?
Attitude is the way you live everyday, from the moment you wake up until you go to bed. It's the way you experience things and react to what happens around you. Attitude is not something you can learn or make yours, it's something growing with you. It's strongly linked to experience in real life, eating shit everyday but never giving up even in the worst moments.

The most important thing we've learned in life is to stay coherent with ourselves. That's what we mean with "attitude". There's no attitude without a brain, just a studded jacket doesn't mean anything. We consider ourselves punk even if we have no mohawks now... Of course we've been inspired and changed by some experiences, but no one really changed and we've never sold our lives to a lifetime regular job or to religion or whatever. Of course, who knows what will happen tomorrow? Attitude is not words only, is the whole way you live your life. It's experience and passion.

MRR: Marzia you are a girl and you play drums. Even if there are more and more girls playing drums now, how was it when you started? When did you pick the sticks up? For any particular reasons? Single or double kick?
Marzia: Hopefully there's more and more girls drumming now, and some are great! Some people still get surprised but it's pretty normal to me. When I started I was one of the few girls on drums and that was really sad. I'm really pleased when some girls write me after a tour and say "hey, I saw you playing so I decided to learn drums myself!" That's my greatest satisfaction. I started playing drums by chance when I was fifteen but I had a long hiatus and I was playing bass or guitar. Then I picked the sticks up again and never left because I started doing d-beat, which is the perfect groove to me. I'd love to

get drum lessons and improve, but I have little time/money and I'm basically lazy. I "learnt" it DIY just watching bands live and then trying new thing while rehearsing. I changed a bit my drumming style in the last years, from more basic to a bit more complex and I'm really up to new influences. When I hear something I like I don't sleep till I can play it. I have four bands and I can play different grooves in all of them to keep me up to different beats. In two of them (Campus Sterminii and Axis of Desolation) I'm using Iron Cobra double kick now, it's funny but I still suck and I have to practice more, the same old story... I need it to give power to some parts of the songs. But Kontatto and Death From Above imposed me not to use it haha, and it's ok to me, these bands are more punk and I only use a single one as fast as I can. Drums is hellish expensive by the way, it's hard to get good stuff.

MRR: What's your relationship with technology and modern means of communication? What do you think about MySpace and mainstream systems applied to punk? A compromise in defense of the species and scene survival?

We've quite a good relationship with technology, even if we're not experts. The internet is a good way to find news, stuff in general and to keep in touch with friends. Technology is ok to us because we remember how difficult and slow was to keep in touch with people, trading music using shipping only or to find records. Some of us use computers to work, while others can barely send an email. The internet is extremely useful for Koppa in running the label and setting tours up while Mario has no connection at home (he doesn't even have a house by the way ahah!). Like everything in the world, we think people have to use technologies in the correct way not abusing it otherwise it's easy to alienate and forget what real life is. Friendship didn't move onto MySpace, we try to keep real life alive.

MRR: How's the scene in Italy? Any good bands to point out? I know booking and playing Italy is much better now than in the past ten years for instance, what contributed in creating a better scene?

We think the punk scene in Italy is great but very underrated. We're not saying this just because we come from there, but there are a lot of bands and venues that people don't care about. which are fucking nice. We'd recommend you to take a listen to Dirty Power Game, Post Fata Resurgo, Giuda, Campus Sterminii, Bhopal, Ed, Contrasto, Pioggia Nera, Cancer Spreading, Miseria, Haemophagus and many more... Ten years ago it was a shame. Not many bands playing, not many people at the shows, not many good promoters etc. Now it's different because the mentality has changed too. Setting up a DIY show in the past meant not paying the bands enough or treating them like shit (well, to us it never meant this, anyway...) but now it means giving the band good conditions and keeping it DIY, so without the help of laws, expensive entrance fees, security and shit like that. And we can say it works perfectly now, but it took years to get people reaching this level of awareness.

MRR: Clubs or squats? Big venues or small basements? Is the DIY spirit still alive in the band? What does DIY mean for you?

We have played to all of these venues. Squats are the best for us, DIY spaces and basements are our battlefield since the beginning. Usually the vibes there are more energetic and spontaneous, while bigger venues can be more detached. We are not so familiar with big clubs by the way but we played in many big festivals and it was really cool. We played clubs but they were always punx-run clubs, we don't like places with a general commercial attitude to music. To us music is a way of living so we'll never play places where we know we can expect to see nazis in the pit because the organizers don't stand for politics but for music only. We just try to play venues we feel comfortable with that are run by people dedicated to music and not money only.

MRR: Which is the show you remember with the greatest enthusiasm? Why?

Wilmington: amazing food and enthusiastic people who still write us! ABC no RIO (NY) and New Brunswick (NJ): two shows in one day, simply crazy! Charleston, the last show of our last tour, in New York. Rovina HC with Uncurbed and After The Bombs: lots of people and a great night! Play Fast Or Don't Festival '08. We personally enjoy a show when the audience seems to enjoy it too!

MRR: What are your interests besides music? And, do you listen to punk only or your tastes are wider?

We all love watching movies, reading, eating, cooking, drinking, travelling. Ago is also into playing poker, Marzia loves hiking and photography. Koppa and Mario love watching soccer and old wrestling series, Febo loves moto races, and martial arts. We mostly listen to punk but Marzia for example is really into metal and hard rock/rock 'n' roll. Ago is into rock 'n' roll/glam too, Koppa goes from Creedence Clearwater Revival to Gism, Marione is an old school d-beat punk listener and Febo too, keen on '77 stuff. Koppa, Marzia and Febo also like goth rock and some electronic stuff.

MRR: Five bands as soundtrack of your life:

Ago: Today is: G'n'R, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Wretched, Discharge and Beethoven.

Marziona: Guns n Roses, Metallica, Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin, The Doors.

Koppa: Wretched, Mai Arrendersi, Guns n' Roses, Nightrain, Dead Boys. All this and more; C.C.R. "Up Around the Bend," Depeche Mode, "Enjoy the Silence." But tomorrow it would be different...

Febo: 50 would be easier, but I'll try:

Stiff Little Fingers: *Suspect Device*, Blitz: *Criminal Damage*, Misfits, "Where Eagles Dare," Amebix, "Sunshine Ward" The Smiths, "You Just Haven't Earned Yet Baby."

Marione: I've got none. I can't make a chart. There are many, it depends upon mood and situation.

MRR: What is the most important band for you, the band that changed your life or the band that reminds you of the best memories of your life so far?

Ago: Wretched... they were my first step from teenage punk rock to political HC punk

Marziona: Queen changed my life when I still was in primary school and when I saw the Freddy Mercury tribute on TV I found out more bands that changed my life as well, like Metallica and G'n'R. Guns remains the strongest for me in terms of memories and feelings. It's also thanx to the *Spaghetti*

Incident and the great covers on it that I found out more and more (punk) bands when I was really young. And then came the rest.

Koppa: That's another difficult one... Nirvana changed my mind for sure. I was fourteen when *Nevermind* came out and the energy and rage from that record brought me to pick a guitar up and start playing. Then, after I discovered punk rock, I'd say Wretched, or maybe Discharge.

Febo: The Varukers is probably the most important to me, the Sex Pistols the one that brings the best memories to my mind.

Marione: Wretched for sure, it has been one between the first bands I've listened to, and I found in their lyrics what I think and want to say.

MRR: What is your dream, as a band? And your personal dream, as musicians?

Ago: As a band my dream is to keep on playing and touring... as a musician? Maybe is become a real musician... or at least learn to play some solos!

Marziona: My dream as a band is to play on cruise boats wearing a blond wig and become rich playing in front of grannies dancing. As a musician, I'd love to play drums for Slash (ahahaha) or Toxic Holocaust. It's not a dream but thinking about it is a way to oblige myself to apply more at the drums!!

Koppa: As a band I'd like to tour all around the world forever and to see always a lot of people at our shows enjoying themselves but, *always*, in the DIY scene. As a mus.cian??? I'm not a musician, sorry.

Febo: No dreams, I just wish we can keep going this way as long as possible. As a musician, learning to play guitar would be a start!

Marione: I'm not a musician, I've got no particular dreams or expectations. I just hope we can keep on touring and recording new stuff, and experience the most we can, but above all feel easy together and have fun as we always did.

MRR: If I'm not wrong some of you have other projects, right?

Yes, we all more or less have other projects/bands going on. Marzia and Koppa play together in Campus Sterminii (stenchcore stuff www.myspace.com/campussterminii) and Death from Above UK (total d-beat www.myspace.com/deathromaboveuk). Marzia plays also in a new band called Axis of Desolation and has a metal/punk photography book in progress called *Hiking Metal Punx* (www.myspace.com/hikingmetalpunx) out in 2011. Koppa plays in Giuda too (metallic crust www.myspace.com/giudaiscariota). Ago plays guitar and sings in Miseria (www.myspace.com/miseria) and Febo plays in Campus Sterminii too. Mario plays drums in a band called Total Hell.

MRR: Italy is always associated with good food and wine. Can you recommend us a nice, fast and cheap recipe?

This is the cheapest and the best when you come back drunk in the night. "Spaghetti aglio, olio e peperoncino" (garlic, oil and chili). For four hungry vegan punx: Boil water and put a packet (500 grams) of spaghetti when water is heavily boiling, not before otherwise they don't cook properly. Add salt (a handful of big salt) but add it three minutes after you put spaghetti into water. In the meantime fry four garlic cloves cut in very thin slices into extra virgin olive oil (a lot of oil...). When garlic is just "golden" (don't burn it!!!) add minced chili (not a lot, it depends on your taste) and cut sundried tomatoes. When pasta is ready, drain it and put it in the frying pan mixing with the rest for a minute. Add yeast in scales on the top and enjoy it!

Pasta or pizza?
Marziona: Pizza
Koppa: Pizza
Febo: Pasta
Ago: Pasta
Marione: Pasta

Sex Pistols or Ramones
Marziona: Ramones
Koppa: Sex Pistols
Febo: Sex Pistols
Ago: Sex Pistols
Marione: Sex Pistols

Sea or mountains
Marziona: Sea
Koppa: Sea
Febo: Sea
Ago: Mountains
Marione: Sea

Summer or winter
Marziona: Summer
Koppa: Summer
Febo: Both
Ago: Winter
Marione: Summer

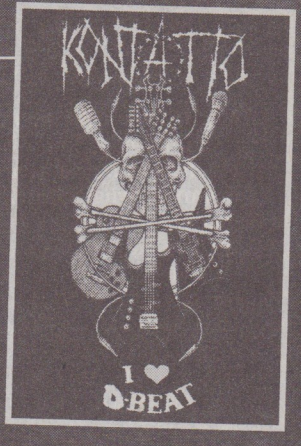
Chinese or Mexican food
Marziona: Mexican
Koppa: Mexican
Febo: Chinese
Ago: Mexican
Marione: Mexican

Cinema or DVD
Marziona: Cinema
Koppa: Cinema
Febo: Cinema
Ago: DVD
Marione: Cinema

Spikes or dreadlocks
Marziona: Dreadlocks
Koppa: Had both...
Febo: Dreadlocks
Ago: Dreadlocks
Marione: Dreadlocks

Wine or beer
Marziona: Wine
Koppa: Beer
Febo: Beer
Ago: Beer
Marione: Beer

Favorite sport
Marziona: Hiking
Koppa: Soccer
Febo: Karate
Ago: Soccer
Marione: Soccer



Crass or Exploited
Marziona: Exploited
Koppa: Musically Exploited, lyrically Crass
Febo: Exploited
Ago: Crass
Marione: Exploited

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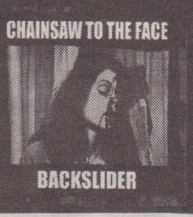

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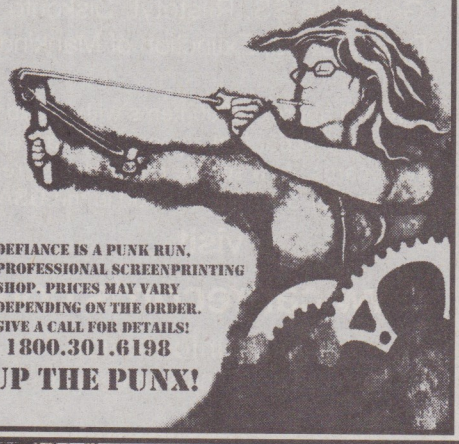

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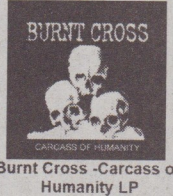

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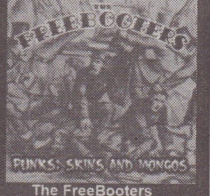

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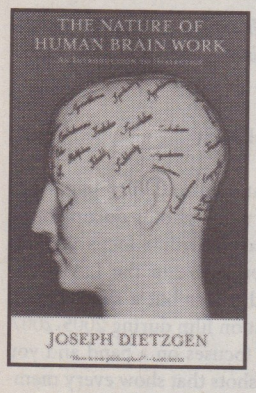


The Nature of Human Brain Work: An Introduction to Dialectics
Joseph Dietzgen
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623
142 pages • $20.00

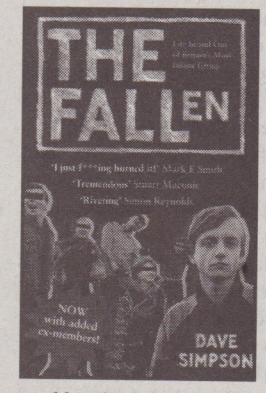
I know what you're thinking: a.) Is *MRR* reviewing a neuroscience book? and b.) Who the fuck is Joseph Dietzgen? Well, listen to the answers, punk, 'cos this concerns you: a.) No! and b.) in addition to receiving his training in nineteenth-century Germany as a tanner, Dietzgen wrote extensively on the philosophy of dialectical materialism. Incidentally, Dietzgen was something of the Leibniz to Marx and Engels' Isaac Newton—though on much more convivial terms—having developed his own version of dialectical materialism contemporaneously and yet independently. By way of thanks, he was unceremoniously overlooked in favor of his more famous friends by most histories of philosophy not currently hosted at marxists.org. This text from 1869 constitutes Dietzgen's attempt to wend his way between idealism and materialism: to discover the relationship between concepts and the material world without overly privileging either.

Suffice it to say that Dietzgen's philosophical motivations consist in an attempt to give a completely integrated account of how the human mind operates in both theoretical and practical spheres, or, more simply, to show that in questions of knowledge and of morality both, the mind abstracts from concrete particulars, and that understanding this truth allows us to kill dead any pretension to absolute epistemic or moral truth, known *a priori* or independent of experience. The takeaway is this: that we should cultivate subjective understandings of truth in both spheres that remain accountable to concrete circumstances, to understand that, as Dietzgen writes, "[i]n reality only individual, definite, concrete rights exist, and man simply comes along and abstracts from them the idea of justice, just as he abstracted from different kinds of wood the conception of wood in general, or from material things the conception of matter."

There are practical consequences for this line of thinking, which Dietzgen is more or less clear about. Look at the continuum Dietzgen creates in that quotation: adjudicating moral questions and abstractly discussing the essence of "matter" rely upon the exact same thought processes and mental structures that contribute to laboring with raw materials. That is, Dietzgen's own thinking reflects, but is ultimately not reducible to, his own status as an autodidact, and the stakes of illustrating the essence of human rationality and its elemental structures are always the democratization of knowledge and truth. It's a kind of Cartesian gesture, but without the knee-jerk fear of the rabble that characterizes most philosophical pandering to common sense. Indeed, while its subtitle is "An Introduction to Dialectics," such is Dietzgen's intuitive disdain for specialized jargon that I'm not sure the term itself appears at any point in the book. It makes its argument by *showing* the dialectical function of the mind in clear, sensible language, rather than by appeal to some pre-ordained body of theoretical knowledge.

I'll spare you my own inside-baseball nitpicks—but, the tweedy academic on my shoulder wants to scream, how successful in defeating *a priori* knowledge *is* he *really*?—and simply say that, as a contribution to our understanding of the intellectual history of German idealism and post-idealism, this volume is essential. It also seems to fit well with some of PM Press' recent output, as Dietzgen's strident anti-dogmatism found him sometimes allied more closely with anarchists than socialists. His ability to philosophically and politically navigate between the two positions seems to provide the selling point for returning to Dietzgen today; while this is most certainly true, for my money any attempt to reintroduce philosophical work into its worldly context deserves attention.

—Maxwell Tremblay



The Fallen: Life In And Out Of Britain's Most Insane Group
Dave Simpson
320 Pages • $14.95
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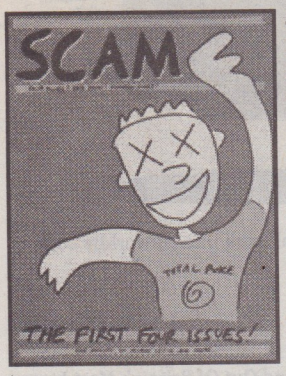
Scotland

I first heard the Fall in the mid '80s while listening to John Peel late at night under the covers waiting for the new Heresy or Napalm Death session. Anyone who listened to John Peel after 1979 up until his death in 2004 was more than familiar with the Fall as they were Peel's favorite band. They did more Peel sessions than any band and barely a show passed without him playing them. Back then I didn't totally "get" the Fall with their sharp choppy guitar sounds and Mark E Smith's tuneless droning atop the music. A few years ago I finally "got" them and still can't believe I passed them by for so long. Something of a British institution the Fall have released over thirty LPs and somehow have remained at the spearhead of independent music for more than thirty years; the band's new LP *Your Future, Our Clutter* is as vital as any band's record around today. The Fall are the cult band for all cult bands. The Fall *is* Mark E Smith, over the years the band have had over 50 members. Members have been fired, left, assaulted and even abandoned in faraway countries. Smith's hold over members has been referred as cult-like and his reasoning for the turnover is as much testament to his personality as to his insistence of always keeping the band fresh.

Dave Simpson's book takes on the tricky persona of Mark E Smith and tries to unravel what makes and made the Fall tick. He does this by trying to track down all the past members of The Fall. What follows is a wonderful trip through the characters who in some ways have made the Fall what they are. They run the gamut from young naïve punk rockers, girlfriends (ex and otherwise), classical musicians, flute players… there appears to be no method to Smith's madness. Somehow Simpson manages to weave the characters of the Fall's history together to form some kind of idea as to how the Fall tick. He cleverly manages to give insight into Smith's character as well giving a history of the Fall's last thirty years. The book is one part detective story, one part musical odyssey (Simpson's own wranglings with his Fall obsession) and one part psychological drama as Simpson tries to get to the root of what makes the *Wonderful and Frightening World* of the Fall tick.

Overwhelmingly Simpson is a fan, and obviously holds Smith in high regard, but what is interesting is that most of the ex-members do too. Even the ones unceremoniously sacked still talk of Smith's God-like genius. It is interesting to note that none of the previous fifty members have gone onto any real musical success (at least not in relation to Smith's). Somehow Simpson manages to make the unsettling world of the Fall into gripping and oft times amusing story, some feat when you take into account the leader's difficult personality. Smith comes off as a bully, a genius, a father figure and a leader. This book is a must read for any Fall fans, although Simpson's almost sycophantic obsession with the Fall could be a little hard to digest for those not already enamored with the *Wonderful and Frightening World* of Mark E smith and the Fall. For this reader, this book further cemented to near Godlike genius of Mr Mark E smith.

—Tim Brooks



Scam – The First Four Issues
288 pgs* $16
Microcosm
www.microcosmpublishing.com

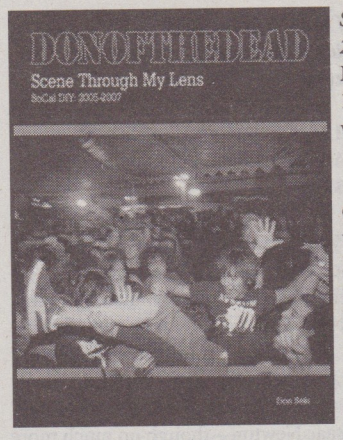
Scam zine holds a special place in my heart. This is the zine that got me travel on greyhound for free for years. This is the zine that let friends mail me dumpstered chocolate cross country using the Trader Joe's FedEx number. This is the zine that allowed me and my friends to practically bankrupt Tofutti with photocopied coupons. So, I was a little worried when I started reading the collected issues. What if all my fond memories of thumbing through Scam during the halcyon days of squatting and dumpstering were ruined through rereading? Luckily, that was not the case.

I'm a pretty big fan of Erick's writing style in general, and I was happily surprised that *Scam* has the same humor and thoughtfulness that his newer work has. (Also it has jokes about how joining a sXe band is the greatest scam ever, and a recipe for DIY orange juice wine – which is the grossest sounding thing ever; I will let you know how my batch turns out.)

I know that a lot of these scams are outdated, and that life as a punk is pretty different these days than it was when I was young…but I still think there's a lot you can take away from Scam even if you can't make long distance calls for free, or claim lost luggage to get a free trip to Europe any more. There are cool interviews with people like Ben Weasel and the folks who did the Mission Burrito Project, and stories about squatting in Miami, trainhopping, and trying to find as many different style crack bags as you can in 1 day in NYC. I guess what I really appreciate about Scam is that it makes it clear that anybody can find ways to operate outside the shitsystem. And really, what's more punk than that?

P.S. My friend and I were originally writing this review exquisite corpse style, but didn't finish. Here is his contribution: I was just reading a nicely complicated (but not so complicated that I couldn't follow it) recipe for drunken ramen noodles w/ convenience store spices. You just can't find wholesome meals like this on the punk rock message boards these days.
True. *Scam – The First Four Issues* = recipes and adventure.

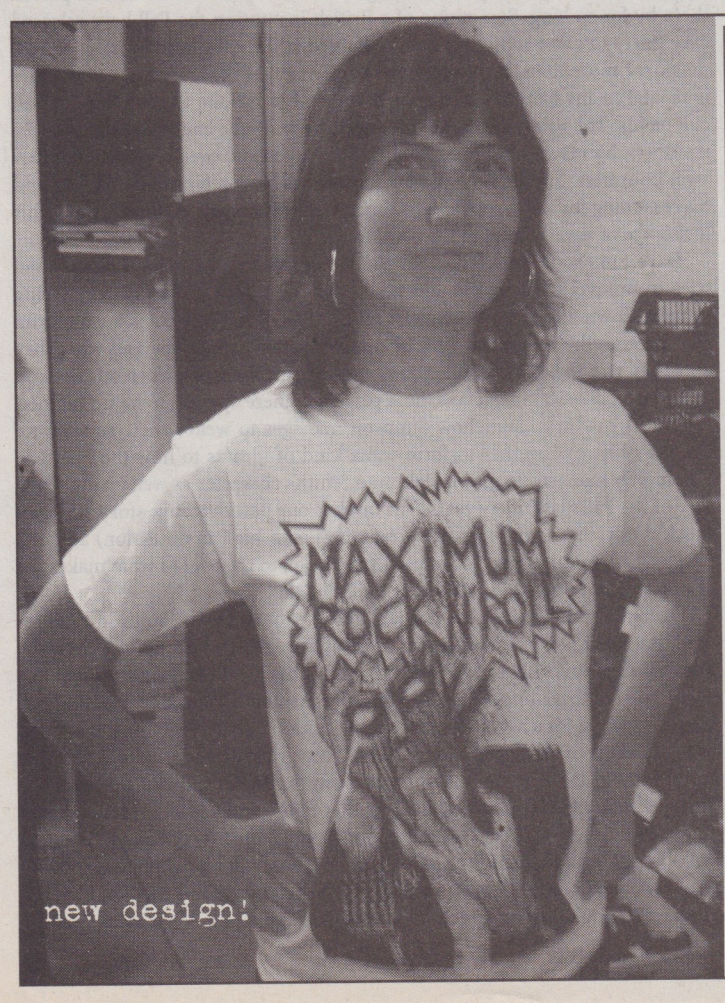
—Thera



Scene Through My Lens (SoCal DIY 2005-2007) Photobook
Don Seki
150 pgs
www.unibook.com

One hundred and fifty pages full of black and white photos documenting the So-Cal scene with a focus on L.A. Don has been active in the L.A. scene for years and this is but a slice of what he has caught on film during 2005-2007. Each spread focuses on a band and you get multiple shots that show every member who plays in the band, this is not so common in punk photo books. Don has a nice style of shooting and he manages to capture lots of emotion and energy in his shots. Most importantly, the coverage of a specific scene and time is what I found to be of most value; too many bands go unheard of or unrecognized these days. A book such as this one places folks and bands in a place where they can be remembered and that is great. This is a print on demand book so if you are interested get online and get a copy for yourself or a friend.

—Martin Sorrondeguy



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MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

The title of the documentary **I Need That Record!** is a bit deceiving. It is not about the unquenchable desire some people have to buy records. The discussion leans more toward the subtitle **The Death (Or Possible Survival) Of The Independent Record Store**. The film concentrates on what is happening within the record industry as seen through the eyes of record store owners, employees and musicians. The case the film makes seems very scattered though it is next to impossible to pinpoint that one cause. Too many things contribute. Plus sometimes musicians don't really have the best understanding of things. It is a combination of corporate greed, media consolidation, big box stores, illegal downloading and the consumer. Record stores are closing. Why is this happening? I'd like to know.

One of the two stores concentrated on in **I Need That Record!** is Trash American Style in Danbury, Connecticut. The store is shut down when their landlord of seventeen years decides not to renew their lease. He just signs a lease with a printer next door to take over the space. That situation is pretty clear cut. It is due to an asshole landlord. It is really unfortunate, but the industry has nothing really to do with it in this case.

The other store Record Express which has been in business ten years has a more traditional story. This one seems to be lack of business though **I Need That Record!** never actually states the specific cause. While Trash American Style's owner Malcolm is rightly pissed. Record Express's owner Ian seems just sad. When asked if he is ready to move on, he is left speechless. Later in the documentary he is working at Trade Joe's.

I Need That Record! digs up a lot of facts regarding the music business. Knowing that Wal-Mart sells one in every five albums sold in the US is just plain wrong. Ian MacKaye states that people who work at major labels don't even like music. Glenn Branca seems to lay it on the line. He hates major labels, but he also doesn't like to pay too much for things. He buys on the internet because it is cheaper. It is hard to compete with that. Paying less always seems to be the American way even if you end up paying more in the long run. Others interviewed lament the loss of a social place where you can go to find out and talk about music.

I love record stores as much as you do. You just need to look at my house. If I didn't have a record problem, my house would be empty. I just don't get this sense of community argument. I don't like to hang out at the record store. I usually know what I want or I spend a bit of time looking through the stacks to see if anything catches my interest. As a youngster I never had an experience where a record store employee was nice to me, never mind turned me on to something cool. I had radio for that. I could hear a band and make the decision whether I was willing to spend my limited income on that record.

That said when I do hear something I like; first I head out to the store to buy it. I prefer instant gratification. Hopefully, they have it. I am spoiled that we have Amoeba Records in the Bay Area. Most of the time I can find a record I want there, no matter how obscure. If not, there are other smaller record stores to check. The one topic **I Need That Record!** doesn't cover is used records. I have always been under the impression that used records are a vital part of a record store's income. I know the internet has cut into those sales. Any way, make sure you spend some money at your local record store.

Funniest part of **I Need That Record!** is Noam Chomsky stating he doesn't like rock music, but it was always a part of activist gatherings in the '60s. Also anything Glenn Branca says. He's hilarious. (www.ineedthatrecord.com)

Anything Boys Can Do is a 1996 documentary about women in music. It is an interesting artifact of a strange time musically for women. Riot Grrl was just past its peak so **Anything Boys Can Do** gets to look through the eyes of the burgeoning riot grrl back lash. Nothing really new is revealed. People treat female musicians differently than male ones. There is a wide selection of bands interviewed: Tribe 8, Voluptuous Horror Of Karen Black, Vitapup, The Wives, Thrust, Maul Girls and many more.

Although the focus of **Anything Boys Can Do** is on music, also included are interviews with a spoken word artist, a fanzine creator and some female skinheads.

Included on the DVD release of **Anything Boys Can Do** is **Mark Of The Ninja**. **Mark Of The Ninja** is the story of the Antagonist Art Movement in New York. Their logo is that of the face of a ninja. Although the word antagonist could have a very loaded meaning, the artists describe their movement as anything "that doesn't fit into mainstream society." This includes painting, photography, music, spoken word and marketing. The marketing aspect, which is mostly posting stickers around town, gets a lot of screen time.

Most of the art in **Mark Of The Ninja** comes across as not very exciting. Perhaps, this is because the movement is just starting out. One of the exhibitions is ordinary people as dictators. It is an interesting concept, but the result seems to lack that punch that was probably intended. Spoken word performer Brother Mike Cohen delivers a long rant against his adoptive parents, which seems rather adolescent for a grown man. It really sucks that these people adopted him and acted like most parents do. Then there is Crispy T who decorates dollar bills. Fortunately, he doesn't care if he ever sells any of his art.

The Antagonists did end **Mark Of The Ninja** on one inspiring note. They conducted a Street Gallery where they displayed the photos of Sean Smith on the streets of the Lower East Side. The photos exhibited were of the neighborhood ten years prior. The Antagonists mounted the photos to wood and then attached them to street parking signs. Although some of the photos were eventually tagged or torn down, the concept of the Street Gallery was a good one. More innovation like that could turn the Antagonists into a more powerful movement. (www.antagovision.com)

Finally, there is **Shonen Knife – Live At Mohawk Place 2009**. This DVD is a live show shot in Buffalo, NY on the last date of their US and Canada tour. The band is in top form. They are not as cutesy as I seem to remember from seeing them in the '90s. They play great, sound and look good and have fun with their set. There is even an appearance by former band member Atsuko who sings "Fruits and Vegetables." The DVD is professionally shot, but aside from a brief interview all you get is the live show. Fans take note. (www.mvdvisual.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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RECORDS

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(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(SS) Steve Spinali
(AU) Andrew Underwood
(XV) XYosefX

THE 20BELOWS – "For Better Days" CD

This Danish band has been around a while now. Although they may get lumped into the SCREECHING WEASEL/QUEERS genre, they actually are more pop than snotty. Hence, they remind me more of the MCRACKINS and CHIXDIGGIT. A far as this release goes this is another solid power-pop punker with hooks and guitar lines. A keeper. (RL)
(Monster Zero)

AC4 – LP

Fifteen tracks of stripped-down, old-school hardcore. Nothing out of the ordinary here, just your average, straightforward, shirtless-dude hardcore. So why the hype? Well, apparently the singer and bass playing were both former members of the classic Swedish band REFUSED. So that's where the added appeal stems from, yet it could be argued that the vocals on this record are the weakest part of this equation. Lyrics are kind of cliché and the delivery goes against the grain of the songs. There are some genuinely excellent guitar riffs sprinkled throughout this album, thought it just lacks the originality that made REFUSED so memorable. But if you loved that band and/or just looking for something fast, you should check this out. (FS)
(Deranged)

THE ACROBRATS – "Hair Trigger" EP

From the press sheet: "…we've had songs in *Guitar Hero* and *Rock Band* (how's *that* for street cred)"; hmm, let me ponder that for a while. *The Noise* is quoted as stating "This is nothing less than hard-hitting classic '70s punk rock at its best," but there's too much career rock style slickness evident for me to agree with that statement, especially the "classic" or "at its best." Sometimes you've just got to expect the expected. (DD)
(Susspool)

STEVE ADAMYK – "Better Off" EP

Catchy as fukk, guitar-driven riff punk/pop-punk from the land of Canadia. I imagine these guys listen to a lot of '70s/'80s UK punk 'n' power-pop, the kind that skirts the line between pop-punk and punky power-pop so well (AUTOMATICS, BOYS, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS), but they update things for 2010 with their guitar-heavy sound of equal parts jangle and slash. There are lots of bands doing this kinda stuff now; these guys seem particularly good at it. (GB)
(Red Lounge)

THE ADICTS – "Life Goes On" CD

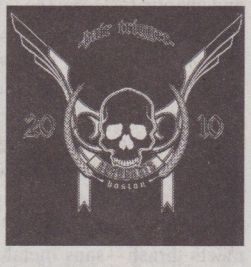
And so does this band. The ADICTS have been punting their pop-punk-with-Clockwork-Orange-garb-and-clown-makeup schtik since 1977 I believe, with pretty much the original lineup intact. This must be their tenth record at least, and it pretty much keeps the formula intact, with a bit of music hall thrown in to keep it interesting for the band, I'm guessing. I can't say I've ever been the biggest fan of their brand of kid-friendly pop, but every now and again a darker side shows through, including on this record, and 'tis all for the better I reckon. Plus (and I think it is a plus), they do continue to sound quintessentially British, which is as it should be, of course. (RK)
(People Like You)

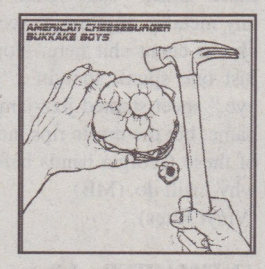
AGATHOCLES – "Cliché/Pressure" CD

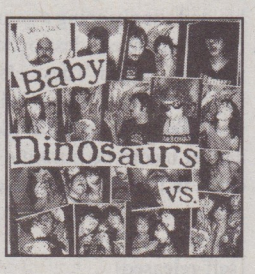
This disc marks the first time (from what I can find out online) these '90s paleo-grinding releases have appeared on CD. Belgium's notoriously prolific AGATHOCLES has a sound like early SODOM playing gnarly and straightforward grind/HC. From hearing the band I envision them as being fearsome in appearance. *Cliché* was recorded live and originally released in 1992. I couldn't tell it was a live release by playing it—in fact the performances are pretty sterile and there is a real lack of energy overall. The ugly side of caveman/Cookie Monster grind in general does not excite me and this LP reinforces that. *Pressure*, from 1998, is their side of their split LP with DEADMOCRACY. On this release, the band sounds like they're ready to kill and listening is more rewarding. Unfortunately, the snare and vocals overwhelm the guitar, so a total bloodbath (of meat-eaters) is not achieved. Lyrics to 11 of the 26 songs are provided. (JM)
(Haunted Hotel)

AGRIMONIA – "Host of the Winged" 2xLP

Woof. I have to admit, a double-LP's worth of crusty death/doom metal did not sound very appealing when I sat down and put this record on, but it's definitely growing on me. They take a while to get going, starting with an eminently forgettable piano-led "atmospheric" intro, but once the vocals kick in it's not half bad. You can tell this band is from Gothenburg as they've got the healthy dose of melody and dual guitar leads that define the "Gothenburg sound." The faster parts remind me of *Clandestine*-era ENTOMBED, especially the swarm-of-bees guitar sound, while the quieter (piano-less) parts recall the interludes on the SUICIDE NA-







TION LP and the keyboards lend the songs some unique character. Still, I'm really not sure that I can make it through all 72 minutes of this record. It's all a bit similar-sounding after a while. I wouldn't call this essential, but I know several people who would absolutely love this. If you're into bands like WAKE UP ON FIRE or FALL OF EFRAFA or even the whole Cascadian black metal scene, you'd probably really dig this album. (AU)
(Skuld Releases)

AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER / BUKKAKE BOYS – split EP

It is rare that each side of a split stands up to the other, but this is it. Both bands have a live feel, which I dig because it's hard to capture such a thing. The AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER side does remind me of NINE SHOCKS TERROR, but they aren't biting the style. The shit is messy and chaotic fastcore; the vocals are screamy, fuzzy and angry. I love the guitar sound on this and the style is all its own, with weird li'l fills. The guy is not afraid to fondle his guitar with reckless abandon. The BUKKAKE BOYS side comes out swinging with track after guitar-heavy, fast, pissed-off track, with blown-out vocals and punk riffs. I can see these greasy dudes flailing around some shitty basement. It's the purity of USHC meets thrash—sans metal. You aren't gonna find any metallic anything (except for all the cum) or chorus-chant shit here. Nope, it's HC, no-frills, just one spunk sprayin', "got that shit in your eye," sheet-stained jizz-jam, cum assault. Stupid name, but the music rips, no denyin'. I liked both of these Georgia bands before and this record is why I still do. (MB)
(Vinyl Rites)

ANTIMÄSTER – LP

Fuck!! This Mexican band sets the bar so fukkn high in the realm of modern crust, I can hardly imagine anyone doing this any better. This has the best elements of the NOW DENIAL, EKKAIA, FALL OF EFRAFA (but just the fast bits) and the like, but taken to a totally new level. There was a time when comparisons to Portland and Stockholm would suffice when discussing this genre, but the bands I just referenced set a standard far beyond simply aping a genre, and ANTIMÄSTER have completely destroyed the generic paradigm with this record. These eleven songs are so completely devastating, so brilliantly crafted and so well executed that I feel like it's cheap to call this a crust record because it's so far beyond most records in the genre. Complete and total perfection for the style; if there are studs on your jacket, then get this *now*. (WN)
(self-released)

APARTMENT 213 / NOTHING IS OVER – split EP

APARTMENT 213 is a name that might ring a few bells out there for some folks. Between 1994 and 1998 these Cleveland natives released splits with DAHMER, FORCED EXPRESSION, BENUMB, THUG and the infamous GEHENNA, an EP on Dwid's Dark Empire Records and another on Desperate Attempt, as well as tracks on a handful of comps. After eight years of silence they reemerged with a new album in 2006 and a split LP with AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED in 2007. This is their first release since, and the four tracks here are maybe the best I've heard from them, period. It veers from the standard powerviolence style on their earlier releases, with more emphasis on the menacing sludgy parts and a more traditional hardcore style evident in much of the songwriting. Good shit, definitely recommended. Philadelphians NOTHING IS OVER appear on the flipside, and they play a good mix of stop/start grinding powerviolence (think LACK OF INTEREST and PLUTOCRACY) and straightforward late-'80s-style hardcore like STRAIGHT AHEAD. I'd never heard of these guys before that I can remember, but I'm definitely walking away impressed. It's nice to get a split where both sides are worth listening to for a change. (VX)
(Give Praise / Sit & Spin)

ARCHAGATHUS – "Mincecore Fever: 7" Anthology 2005-2010" CD

When I first grabbed this CD to review I thought it was yet another AGATHOCLES release. The artwork is similar, the name looks very similar (with a hard-to-read logo) and of course the use of the word mincecore. I even started listening to this thinking it was AGATHOCLES but it didn't sound exactly like AGATHOCLES because of the vocals. Oops, wrong band. ARCHAGATHUS are from Manitoba, Canada and really are the Canadian AGATHOCLES. They play the same raw mincecore/grindcore with guttural vocals. They sound a bit more like a goregrind band, but aren't. As the title suggests this is a collection of a lot of their 7" releases, ten of them in all, including their tracks from splits with PUTRESCENCE, SAKATAT, DEATH TOLL 80K, EMBALMING THEATRE, AXED UP CONFORMISTS, BANGSAT, SMG, MESRINE, UNHOLY GRAVE and, yes, AGATHOCLES. This stuff's OK. (MH)
(Haunted Hotel)

BABY DINOSAURS VS THE EXTINCTION / BOBBY AND THE SOFTSPOTS – split EP

First up is BOBBY: two tracks of raw rock'n'roll with a nice hint of that Killed By Death vibe. It ain't gonna shake the foundations of your record collection but I can see this going down well at any punk rock DJ night mixed in with all those $100+ singles that you got ripped off for on eBay. Nice dirty cover of LINK WRAY "Rumble" to finish off side A. Two tracks next by girl-heavy BABY DINOSAURS coming off as one of those lost girl bands featured on the *Girls in the Garage* series. Lightly dusted in reverb with a clean, lo-fi feel and love for the RONETTES and the SHANGRI-LAS. Two winners. (SD)
(Die Slaughterhaus)

BAD AMERICAN – "Doozer" EP

Stupid fucking cover art, but totally rager ripping tunes. Super fast and super short hardcore (like four songs on each side at 45 on a fucking 7"). All the psychotic doom of SEX VID sped up to BLACK FLAG's faster moments. Really, really good. Started reading the lyrics and then decided against it. (MM)
(Discontent, no contact info)

BAD JESUS EXPERIENCE – "Demokratia" 10"

These nine tracks by Finland's BAD JESUS EXPERIENCE are a solid and great update of the raw, garage-ier edge of early Finnish hardcore punk combined with the current European tendency towards melody. Think GORILLA ANGREB, but with more of a reliance on the blunt slugfest nature of Finnish punk (e.g. IKBAL label, proto-hardcore-era). The female vocals teeter between melodic singing and outright screams, sung entirely in Finnish, with little clue or translation of the lyrics, captured in a relatively clean, but in no way "modern" recording that does not detracts from its impact. Not over-the-top thrash; more mid-tempo, rage tempered with hints of melody. Recommended and ace! (KS)
(Grey Inferno)

THE BITTERS – "Have a Nap Hotel" EP

Woah. This is kind of epic. It almost fits somewhere between that army of doped-up scuzz bands (shitgaze, if you will), and all the warbled-edge-of-twee-pop ditties that BLANK DOGS shits out. However, this sheds a couple layers of fuzz and leans a lot more towards SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES, JOSIE AND THE PUSSYCATS, ROMEO VOID and possibly BLONDIE. New wave ravers and epic goth soundtracks instead of garage pukers. Get it? Power-pop that is constantly on the edge of coming completely undone and floating through a haze of acid and montages from fantasy flicks. I almost hate the girl's voice because it travels pretty far into the weird torch pop drama of '80s keyboard ballads. It stands out in the sea. File next to GOLDEN TRIANGLE with the party turned down and the cinematic drama turned up. (MM)
(Sacred Bones)

BITS OF SHIT – "Dirty Bomb" EP

Anyone with a passing interest in rock music is undoubtedly familiar with the "good songs ruined by bad vocals" phenomenon. In the case of these Australian garage-punks, it's the actually the reverse. The demented and stupid vocals (generally a plus in my book) work really well. If they were coupled with some more catchy tunes, I could be pretty into this, but the songs are just kinda lifeless. (JH)
(Lexicon Devil)

BLACK FREIGHTER – "Graves and Monuments" LP

Huge-sounding, down-tuned, dark, modern hardcore from Leipzig, Germany. BLACK FREIGHTER continues a long line of German metalcore bands that are completely removed from popular metalcore. Think ZANN or BURI-

AL YEAR. BLACK FREIGHTER is a bit darker and you can even tell by the song titles, like "Reminiscence of a Failure," "Black Cold" and "The Procession." After a few listens, I was loving this release, reacting to it the same way I did to BURIAL YEAR. Pick this one up. (MH)
(Vendetta)

BLACK TIME – "More Songs About Motorcycles and Death" 12"

I love this band. This 12" has six songs of BLACK TIME's particular brand of noisy and catchy garage punk. It's fast, loud, messy and utterly entrancing. Lemmy Caution is a great singer, very charismatic with a distinct vocal style under all that fuzz. Their cover of SERGE GAINSBOURG's "Harley Davidson" slows things down a bit, but in a nice way to end the record. My complaint will be that they could have fit at least one more song in the run-off of each side of this record. I am a big fan of the 45 rpm 12" record, but why waste all that vinyl? Fill it in! Otherwise a fantastic record. (CK)
(Wrench)

BLOODY GEARS – "End of the Line" EP

If someone put this on and told me it was a long lost WIPERS demo, I'd have believed 'em. The singer is an absolute dead ringer for Greg Sage and the music has a similar dark, melodic energy. They play the style well, and the songs are well written and catchy. I just can't imagine wanting to sound this much like one particular band. *MRR*'s review of their demo referenced other bands, namely the OBSERVERS, ARTICLES OF FAITH, and HÜSKER DÜ, so maybe there's something here I'm just not hearing. Don't get me wrong—this is one of the best records I've heard in months. It just sounds *so much* like the WIPERS. (AM)
(Deranged)

BOMBENALARM – "Tape and Destination: Fucked Up" CDEP

These guys do brutal and crusty hardcore so well that my penchant for the genre just jumped up a couple of notches. This is usually not my thing, but holy shit does this CD smoke! If you're into flawlessly done Scandinavian-style hardcore, you undoubtedly must know this band by now, so what more must I say to encourage you to check this out? Evident from the title, this CD is a re-release of the hard-to-find demo and *Destination: Fucked Up* EP that both came out in 2004. The sound quality is excellent, too, so don't let the "demo tape" aspect throw you off. German hardcore at its finest. (BG)
(Shapeshifter)

BORED STRAIGHT – "Tinnitus" EP

I was only half into this band's first 7" (which I picked up based on cover art alone), but they've definitely gotten better with this one. BORED STRAIGHT starts things right with a thread of feedback that kicks into a speedy, semi-raw song with rapid stop-start parts and the record's best riffs. Everything after is good but not quite of the caliber of the first track, settling into a style that makes me think of the first CUT THE SHIT 7" in terms of the drumming, slightly cumbersome riffs that mostly work, and vocal tone, but substituting angst for snot. The final song is a slower number that doesn't quite live up to its potential. (DG)
(Urban Pirate)

LOS BRACKETS – "Bracketsmania" CD

Very smooth and well polished pop-punk from Spain. Total BLINK-182-core. Listening to this CD is like a trip through "pop-punk-cliché" land, even down to the lyric insert complete with high school lockers and classrooms used for the layout. You better believe they're making some funny faces! "Wow they're just like me. Wouldn't it be so cool if they were in Mr. Johnson's class with us? They'd like totally make fun of him, I bet." (FS)
(SP)

BRAIN CAR – "Rock'n'Roll Bologna" EP

BRAIN CAR hails from Rochester, NY, but unlike many of their fellow New Yorkers, to the best of my knowledge none of these fellas (or possibly lady fellas) are affiliated with DMS. Freddy Madball would for sure beat the piss outta these dudes. Could be wrong. "Rules and Regulations" is the standout track on this EP—super catchy punk anthem. Snotty as the day is long. Just how I like it. Tinny guitars, rudimentary drums. I get a big Dangerhouse kinda vibe. Maybe not the most accurate description, but if you wanna make a tape for a lady you might wanna put BLACK RANDY AND THE METRO SQUAD right after BRAIN CAR. In my mind, these guys are 17, but I have a feeling they are probably older. They could go either way honestly—BRAIN CAR could be playing *World of Warcraft* alone in a the basement of their parents' house surrounded by Mountain Dew, or be huffing glue with a bunch of derelicts in a park. All and all, this is really fucking good. If these mutants had a live record I bet it would sound just like the BOBBY SOXX AND THE TEENAGE QUEERS one. Which is a really good thing. (LW)
(Reel Time, no contact info)

BUNGALOW RANCHSTYLE – 10"

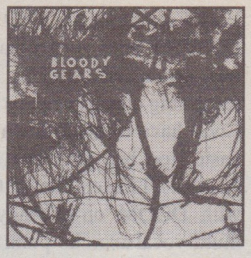
Pummeling, dynamic Norwegian post-hardcore that seems to exist in some sort of vacuum. Technical noise-rock riffs, complicated rhythms, simplistic keyboard accents and tape loops compete with the staccato vocals for attention. This band borrows from a lot of sources, but they don't sound like anyone else I can really compare them to. When they approach something resembling a recognizable, cohesive sound, there's an element of HOT SNAKES to the proceedings, but underscored with the unsettling feeling that each band member is hearing something different. (AM)
(Ragout!)

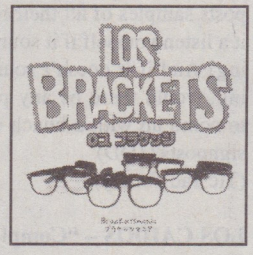
BURNING LOVE – "Songs for Burning Lovers" LP

Perfectly executed, wailing guitar leads, strong Jerry-A-style vocals delivered with nary a crack or gasp for air, well produced, fine musicianship, etc., etc… *This makes my dick limp!* Like a watered-down version of earlier FUCKED UP, which sounds like a watered down POISON IDEA/FIX with an overload of TURBONEGRO-style cock rock jams. It's like a tape getting dubbed over and over 'til the sound is thinned and all the punch and balls are gone. This lacks all the grit, grime or flaws that can make this style of punk interesting and it gets steadily more boring as the record progresses until there's even some lame-ass trippy piano crap. Actually, the last song, their theme song, is the best one. Dumb-ass record cover too. Sorry, guys. Get a drug habit or something. (RO)
(Deranged)

BURNT CROSS / CRESS – split EP

While I've heard the buzz about BURNT CROSS for quite a while, this is actually the first time I've heard them, and I'm damn impressed! It's just as angry and stripped-down as the Crass Records bands that they draw their influences from.





Very *Feeding of the 5000* meets the SYSTEM or LIBERTY with vocals that are just as pissed and well articulated as Colin Jerwood's. That was a refreshing change of pace from my usual fare and I will have to track down the back catalog post-haste (too bad all those singles are so damned limited!). I haven't heard CRESS since their split with DOOM oh-so-many years ago, but their multi-vocal anarcho-punk assault sounds virtually unchanged. Compared to BURNT CROSS, these tracks are a bit more metallic (except the spoken-word bit) and maybe drag a bit in spots. Still, it's a solid split and both sides are well worth hearing. Kudos to both bands for taking a well-worn style and making it sound fresh and vital again! (AU)
(Tadpole / Distro-y)

CABALO TRIPODE – "Horror Vacui" LP

Sounds like a one-person 3:00 AM four-track-in-the-bedroom project, though it's an uninteresting entry into that sweepstakes, mostly thanks to the pining but not too weedy vocals, and the well-placed bits of dissonance. Hell, the label's website posts samples of all their releases—why not give it a listen yourself if it sounds potentially interesting? And if it doesn't sound potentially interesting, would there be any point in my attempting to come up with a bunch of "kinda sounds like" signposts? (DD)
(Tic Tac Totally)

LOS CAIDOS – "Complete Demo Collection" EP

This definitely has a USHC influence but is distinctly its own (Argentinean?) style. There is a posi, melodic sound akin to Italian HC in the L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI vein with some skate punk sort of like AMDI PETERSEN'S ARMÉ and some screamier vocals like that of SIN ORDEN, although most of the lyrics are delivered in the HC style with a few chorus chants here and there. These tracks are short, fast, frantic and sweet. I wouldn't call it snotty exactly, but I am willing to bet these boys definitely get into some shit. This Argentinean skate punk is sung in Spanish and includes a lyrics sheet in Spanish, Portuguese and English. I really like the subject matter, which covers how lots of "punks" and "punk" bands have gone astray, are just concerned about making cash (especially reunion shows and touring bands) and have fallen into stifling trends. I agree with, CAIDOS—fuck that shit. The song "Dejaste el HC por tu Novia", which means "you left HC for your girlfriend" makes me laugh. Oh, hetero punk boys… Maybe *you* have shitty taste in women? Decent tunes, with views I share. Good stuff. Only 105 copies? What the fuck? (MB)
(Joven Hasta Morir / Lejos Del Cielo / Don't Need It / Pippol)

CAMBRIDGE – "This Is Not a Victory" CD

These chaps are Canadian. Which is not a bad start. They play a rough-and-ready mix of the more melodic end of hardcore, like a speeded up JAWBREAKER, or a furious HOT WATER MUSIC, or a slightly more demonic GOOD RIDDANCE. Save, instead of songs about angst and emo and whatnot, they're suitably indignant about covert torture programs and corporate malfeasance. As well one might. Don't have to be Canadian to pen such gloriously melodic defiance, but apparently it helps. Apparently this is their second full-length. Good family men all (wives and girlfriends are the first on the thanks list), which makes me want to check out their first (and hopefully third) record even more. Though, to be honest, I wouldn't expect anything less from the rather stupendous Rebel Time Records. (RK)
(Rebel Time)

THE CHALLENGED – "Loved Language" CD

These guys do the FACE TO FACE and early SAMIAM thing but are really bad at it. Not only is this bland and out of tune, but they also have some noticeably bad lyrics. For example: "I'm constipated with boredom / Spent Saturday night on a laxative." Painful. (RL)
(Rally)

CHESTBURSTER / STASI – split EP

What, are you retarded or something? How could you think this was good? Have you ever heard other bands besides your own? CHESTBURSTER sounds like shit, if we're gonna call a spade a spade—absolute complete total shit. It's like four guys who read about SLEEP or something started some garbage heavy metal band. Heavy metal is for losers; it's the worst type of music that I have to be exposed to here. STASI sounds like another kind of shit, like late RAMONES filtered through the OBSERVERS (I'd laugh if I hadn't choked and died swallowing my own tongue listening to these losers try and play). Oh, figures that this is from Europe, where everything sucks fucking dick (just like the HELLACOPTERS). (BB)
(Grey Inferno / Mosh Part / Saiman Silakat)

CLUSTERFUX – "Problem, Reaction, Solution" CD

I remember CLUSTERFUX, local lords of crust punk, from growing up in Denver. I never listened to them on record so it's cool to get this for review. The recording is what I expected: pretty straightforward, old school, no punches pulled, crusty crossover. Their influences are very audible: the ACCÜSED, ENGLISH DOGS, fellow locals DEAD SILENCE (whom they cover) and a bevy of other metal/punk hybrids (DRI especially in the vocal department). Another US band that rules and who I'm really reminded of listening to CLUSTERFUX is FEARLESS IRANIANS FROM HELL, both in terms of the vibe and the style of crossover. While not groundbreaking (and admittedly not trying to be), this CD is a collection of good, classic sounding crust-punk. I'm inclined to refer to this as "old school" but I wouldn't want to give the impression that it's retro somehow. CLUSTERFUX *are* old school! Fifteen years strong! I can't tell if the lyrics are all included, but each song is given a brief explanation (not unlike DEAD SILENCE used to in their records!). Some of the lyrical content is self-consciously standard fare ("a basic punk rock rant" in one case). Other songs involve more self-reflection ("Needlessly You Suffer") and end up carrying honest, important, and atypical messages to typical punks. Cool to hear the DEAD SILENCE cover. DEAD SILENCE was one the first punk bands I ever saw! Next time I visit Colorado I'm gonna have to try to catch a CLUSTERFUX show! Good stuff! (DB)
(Less Art)

CONGA FURY / SHITSTORM – split EP

Fuck yeah, CONGA FURY. Classic fuzzed-out thrash with some of the most raging vocals out there. They have so many releases you've probably heard them by now, but if not, imagine fast, melodic thrash punk à la LIFE'S HALT with a thick layer of distortion and chaotic production. A+ material. These tracks were recorded in '06 when Oden was still singing, and I really hope she comes back because I can't imagine this band without her. SHITSTORM is serious grindcore—super metallic with some noise bits and a bellowing singer. It's fast, it's heavy and it's over in a flash. I don't go in for this kind of stuff much these days but I really quite enjoyed this. They sound like the kind of band that would slay in a dark, crowed basement. (AU)
(To Live a Lie)

THE CRAW / DEATH GRENADE – "Primitive Thrash" split EP

Truth in advertising is a beautiful thing. The high-end guitars dished out by the CRAW are brutalizing my ears and "S.21" is like pure torture (if you'll pardon the horribly inappropriate pun) while I wait for it to break out of its noise-laden, mid-tempo, plodding verse. Total distort-o-rama, and I am for enjoy! DEATH GRENADE crams seven tunes on their side of this split—more straightforward, thrashing hardcore punk than the CRAW, but equally pleasant to my twisted and ill performing ears. Both bands hail from Perth, Western Australia. Fast, noisy hardcore…yes, please. (WN)
(Nuclfear / Live Fast Die Drunk)

THE CREEPS – "Follow You Home" EP

Four tracks of anthemic punk rock crammed silly with those so important "woah woah woahs" and pit-hugging, beer-chugging moments. Like the GRABASS CHARLSTONS if they spent more time listening to NAKED RAYGUN rather than HÜSKER DÜ. It's sweet but still got a certain roughness, almost coming off as the LIILINGTONS if they listened to INTERPOL as much they listened to SCREECHING WEASEL. I'm digging, and I can just see their home pit crammed full of dancing women accompanied by fat guys with bad tattoos, bad beer, tops off and sweaty non-macho hugs. Wish I were there. Great. (SD)
(It's Alive)

CRIMEWAVE – "Rampage" EP

This record comes together pretty great. The

three-piece has a distinctive, wild and intricate bass-driven sound. Verses and choruses, while they use 'em, aren't their strengths. They rule at instrumental parts, getting totally fast and intense as they squeeze savage, flailing jams into little pockets of their songs. This record is strong and cathartic, a total keeper, and I bet their next one will be better. (JM)
(N/A)

DAMAGE – "Energy" EP

This EP contains six songs of fast, angry hardcore that deals with topics like punk, growing up, burning out, capitalism and DIY. The lyrics read like a *Start Today*-era GORILLA BISCUITS, but the delivery is more angry and urgent. The GERMS cover is not too bad, either. The kids at Gilman would love this shit. My only problem is the line, "Imagine how the world would be if everybody had a heart like me." Someone needs an ego check. (GH)
(self-released)

DAN WEBB AND THE SPIDERS – "Oh Sure" LP

I'd heard someone portray this band as indie rock, which I'm not too big on, but this is much cooler than that depiction so I'll try to set the record straight. Yes, there is a disposition toward lo-fi, distorted rock that brings to mind a band like DINOSAUR JR, but the tunes are also upbeat and catchy in a way JAY REATARD (R.I.P.) was or the (YOUNG) PIONEERS and THERMALS were. The zone that exists between melodic punk and moody, heartfelt rock'n'roll is a good place to be, and that's where DAN WEBB AND THE SPIDERS reside. This album is quickly becoming one of my favorites of the month, and if you at all dig the style of the bands aforementioned, you should do yourself a favor and seek this out yourself. Fantastic. (BG)
(self-released)

THE DEAD CLASS – "Stick" CD

'90s-sounding punk rock from 2010 England, mixing some driving punk with some of JELLO BIAFRA's latter endeavors with some NOMEANSNO and VICTIMS FAMILY. The problem is I'm not ready for the '90s as they pretty much sucked. (SD)
(Antipop)

DEATHSKIN RAZORS – "Who Can Belong" CD

Rather than the faux-arty metallic crust suggested by the cover art, Detroit's DEATHSKIN RAZORS deliver crushing hardcore on the eleven-track *Who Can Belong*. Needless to say, this was a pleasant surprise for your CD-wary reviewer. I'm not really up on the latest bands from this end of the HC spectrum so I can't offer any contemporary comparisons, but DEATHSKIN RAZORS play a modern-sounding style that draws from elements of the CRO-MAGS, INTEGRITY and even INFEST at times. In other words, heavy and brutal—but *without* a tough-guy macho element. (I'm not saying the songs are about flowers and holding hands, but they're not about beating down backstabbing ex-friends, either.) Breakdowns abound. (CS)
(Splattercat)

DEATHWISH / EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING – split 45

Brand new vinyl issue of yer fave obsessed collectro zine *Distort*! In usual fashion melding the old with the new, this time in split single format, both bands doing, er "cover" versions of Aussie KBD faves CHOSEN FEW songs. Well, actually *song*. And cover is in quotes because DEATHWISH is actually a pre-CHOSEN FEW combo who recorded demos circa 1976, so it's like *their* song. Your task as listener is to guess which side is DEATHWISH and which side is ECSR. I have my suspicions, but honestly it's kinda hard to tell. Both are shitty demo quality recordings (in the good way!). I guess you'll have to decide which side is *from* the '70s, and which one is *trying* to be from the '70s. Good shit! (GB)
(Distort)

DE-CULTURES / THURNEMAN – split EP

THURNEMAN's side of the split is decent, but I don't like it as much as their last 7". It has a similar desperate melodic thing going on, and is a bit faster, darker and slightly better produced, but doesn't stand out quite as much musically. DE-CULTURES are the winner of this split, playing seriously awesome hardcore with energetic riffs, gang choruses, note-bending wah-wah action and an overall fun and cathartic feeling that gets goofy at times but doesn't lose sight of the raging. Whether you love DEATHSIDE, TURNING POINT, or both, give this a listen. (DG)
(Too Circle)

DEEP THROAT / DEHUMANIZERS – split CD

DEHUMANIZERS have been doing this for a long time now. Originally getting together in like 1984 or something. I don't know how "punk" that stuff was, but this is definitely not "punk." There is some slow and sludgy metal happening here. Sounds like a tame SYSTEM OF A DOWN. Pretty boring stuff. They do a NAKED RAYGUN cover. DEEP THROAT's logo features a cartoon lady in the "O" of their name, so I'm assuming the band name is in reference to the sex act rather than Watergate informant or the *X-Files* character. They hail from Italy and are at least "punk," most of the time. They play a combination of DISCHARGE and RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS. Yikes. (FS)
(Portnow International Group)

DEFIANCE, OHIO – "Midwestern Minutes" LP

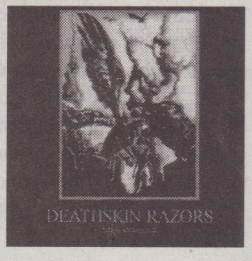
If this band is still as rabidly popular as they have been over the last few years, the kids will love this. Other than maybe an EP or two that I had reviewed the past, it's been several years since I listened to D, OH. There were a couple songs on their first LP that I kinda liked, but other than that, I never really "got" this band. Musically, this doesn't stray one bit from the folk punk they played on that first LP. (BD)
(No Idea)

DE-ROTXE / LA BRIGADA DEL VIZIO – split EP

Two punk bands, DE-ROTXE from Zaragoza and LA BRIGADA DEL VIZIO from Madrid, both delivering a rough edge and sound on this record. Attention all skins/punks and street-punk freaks: each band has two songs of no-nonsense, sneering punk rock with loads of bite. There is a huge foldout poster with a collage of the punks 'n' skins—no future, motherfuckers! Cool. (MS)
(Working Class)

THE DESECRATORS – "Speed Up the Death Process" LP

This is definitely the surprise of the issue for me. Judging by the terrible cartoon-zombie cover art I was expecting some mediocre modern hardcore, but I was all too pleased to be wrong. The DESECRATORS formed in the UK in the 1980s with members of ENGLISH DOGS, recorded these never-before-released demo tracks in 1986, and then faded into oblivion. I want to describe this as crossover, but really



it's just chaotic and ultra-primitive thrash metal with hardcore/punk vocals and ripping heavy metal guitar solos. The mix is honestly pretty terrible, with the guitars just about drowning everything else out during the solos, but that can be overlooked when you're dealing with 20-plus-year-old demo recordings. It's a shame these guys never got a chance to record an album or anything other than the tracks on this record, because this shit is great. This LP should definitely appeal to anyone who's into the currently-on-the-rise worldwide metal-punk scene or older bands mixing the two genres like CARNIVORE, SLAUGHTER, etc. Recommended. (VX)
(Pro-Anti)

DESPUES DEL ODIO – "Entre la Nostalgia y la Esperanza" CD

I really didn't know what to expect looking at this rather pretty watercolor CD sleeve, but it was definitely not classic '90s-style melodic mosh-metal. Sounds like UNDYING or early SHADOWS FALL with the obligatory nods to AT THE GATES. I *really* don't like this style of hardcore, but I have to say they do it damn well. No histrionic singing or lame acoustic parts, just ripping leads, tons of double-kicks and neck-snapping mosh riffs. I'm almost tempted to throw a nostalgic spin-kick or pick up some change. Not my cup of tea, but if you or someone you know digs this style this is definitely top-notch. (AU)
(self-released)

DISARM / SOUND YOUR ALARM – "Realidade Har Ingen Grenser" split CD

I know it's hopeless expecting originality from a DIS-band, but was Brazil's DISARM not aware of the classic Swedish band of the same name? C'mon! Anyway, these folks have a workman-like D-beat style, distinguished by the slow and heavy approach on many of their tracks. When they speed up to a faster tempo, their shortcomings are more apparent. Overall, pretty decent but not exceptional. SOUND YOUR ALARM, from Sweden, has a similar but more lively attack; they incorporate hallmarks of the "epic" TRAGEDY sound, however, which both helps (in that it's catchy) and hinders (in that it's clichéd at this point). Regardless, I preferred their half of the split, but it's pretty evenly matched altogether. Both bands have low, grunting vocals and almost exclusively sing in their respective native tongues; the CD booklet has lyrics, and SOUND YOUR ALARM included brief explanations in English. They also do a pretty ripping WARCOLLAPSE cover. Finally, both bands' material was recorded in late 2007, so I have a feeling this is an old release... (CS)
(Terrötten / Cauterized / Inget Jävla Chafs)

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST – "Demo" EP

The power of this small record cannot be confined to its actual size. The impact is immense and the quality and authenticity lingers. From the ambiance of the first track—a primal introduction to this DC band—to the face-peeling punk-charged songs that wrap it up, DISCIPLES OF CHRIST scrap your expectations and bring the reality of grind to a superior level. By taking cues from the early masters, their form is identifiable and exciting, though this demo reeks of contemporary genius. The totally destroyed vocals are shared and the heavy, anxious songs seem to burst into action only after cathartic squirms of melody and aggression. There are tense breaks (never a calm) that produce distractions, enough so that you're completely blindsided by the next onslaught of intensity and rhythm. I'm becoming more and more impressed with each listen; this was certainly a vinyl-worthy demo. A high caliber release with much anticipation to follow considering the pedigree from which members hail (COKE BUST, JUICE TYME, SICK FIX, MAGRUDERGRIND). Limited to 300, so find it and buy it, now. (RM)
(To Live a Lie)

DISCO VIETNAM – "Dong Xuan" EP

A bunch of reviews of this German band's first EP make references to both Reagan-era hardcore and lyrics that are goofy and flippant, but I don't necessarily see either. Yes, DISCO VIETNAM (a great name, by the way) play straight up, traditional hardcore, but the tunes are so heavy and snotty that it seems unfair to categorize them as a revival act. If you can imagine adding a dose of crust and Swedish hardcore to an early-'80s band like BAD POSTURE that fits right between punk and hardcore, you'll get a better idea of the sound here. And the so-called inane lyrics? I see them as poignant statements of an absurd society. And they're really not that strange at all, but if anything, just more creative ways of expressing hopelessness and futility. Or maybe I'm reading into them too deeply? Either way, this five-track EP rips. (BG)
(Search for Fame)

THE DISSUADERS – "Minutes to Go" LP

This record sounds like an orgy of which nightmares are made: BILLY IDOL rogering HEWHOCANNOTBENAMED whilst bad DICTATORS-tinged bar-rock watches from the sidelines, stroking, in the vain search of a boner, his limp and weathered cock. Maybe this gives you a stirring in your nether regions, but unfortunately it leaves me somewhat...flaccid. (GG)
(Hate)

DIVISIONS RUIN / EASPA MEASA – split LP

Both bands here are from Ireland. They play this kind of emotive D-beat that sounds like WOLFBRIGADE crossed with HEROIN or something. Some of these songs have good riffs and hooks. I like the production. Unlike other similar bands, DIVISIONS RUIN has a warmer guitar tone and drums that sound pretty live, making things more raw. Overall, the feeling is a bit too melodic and epic for me. EASPA MEASA shares the same bleak, melancholic feeling as DIVISIONS RUIN, and they also sometimes come off as saccharine. I was excited to see a screaming woman as one of the pictures but when I heard the voice it doesn't sound like a scream. It's more of a raspy yell—a well-done raspy yell, I might add. The song I like the most of the four is the third one, where they break from the redundant, emo D-beat and sound more '90s metallic emo (à la EMPATHY or FALLING FORWARD) gone crust. Some of the lyrics for both bands are cool. Both are socio-politically focused but pretty introspective at the same time. With a lot of these bands it's like the brutality and the really raw range of emotions are subdued by the focus on melody. Suppose I prefer brutality to melody. (DB)
(Contraszti / Suburban Mayhem / Holy Shit UK / Medistro)

DORRTERROR / GLÖM DÄ – split EP

Here we have a pretty cool split from two Swedish hardcore bands. Both play in a pretty classic Swedish-sounding HC style, invoking the usual suspects MOB 47, PROTES BENGT and maybe USHC in the vein of POISON IDEA. The production for both bands is good. DORRTERROR especially have rad production. The drums are pretty punishing. Their side of the split wins out for me. They have this wild vibe that sometimes brings the STUPIDS, sometimes PAINTBOX to mind. GLÖM DÄ reminds me of something more like WARCRY (PDX) or MEANWHILE. Both really solid offerings. Fuck yeah! (DB)
(self-released)

DRESDEN – "Final Hour" LP

The promo sheet provided by Profane Existence describes this as "a powerful mixture of D-beat hardcore and powerful punk," but this is really just mid-paced modern crust. Every song feels like it's building up to something, but then, instead of exploding, it just stops, and it's time for the next one. DRESDEN may use the trappings of D-beat, but they ain't fast, they ain't furious, and they ain't no DISCHARGE or TOTALITÄR. I've liked a lot of what Profane Existence put out in years past, but like most of what they've put out recently this does nothing for me. It feels like all of these bands are just desperately rehashing what's been done a million times before, making it more and more tepid each go 'round. The lyrics are a bit better than the rest, though, showing a spark of individuality and focusing more on the personal-as-political than the usual series of single-issue screeds in song form. This band features members of WARTORN, DESPITE and REMISSION, and maybe fans of those bands, and followers of the current Profane Existence scene in general, will get more out of this than I did. (VX)
(Crimes Against Humanity / Deskontento / Hell on Earth / Profane Existence / Shaman)

DRI – "Dealing With It" LP

High school. Teen angst. Alienation. Mad at the world. This was the soundtrack. You know it. Raging and silly fast at the time. I recall a lot of punks screaming "sell-out" when this was released, as some of the songs are redone from the *Dirty Rotten* EP with metallic guitar licks added. Ridiculous when I think some of the members were homeless and eating at soup kitchens. Not

sure if this is the first time this has been reissued since it came out on Death Records, but if it gets some kid to slam his door and refuse to clean his or her room, it's all worth it. (RO)
(Beer City)

DIRTY ROTTEN IMBECILES – "Dirty Rotten" LP

One of the earliest of bands that mastered playing ferociously fast tunes without falling to pieces. Live, they could pull this shit off, which drove most observers completely nuts. One of the most violent and insane pits I have ever witnessed at any Chicago show. This slab is a reissue of the 22-song LP, with classics such as "I Don't Need Society," "Who Am I," "War Crimes," "Money Stinks" and nineteen other rippers. Get this if you never had the chance to buy it some time ago. This record is great! (MS)
(Beer City)

DRI – "Violent Pacification" EP

Wow, what a cream dream. DRI relocated to San Francisco from Houston, thus spitting in the face of all the Texas punks…regardless, *Violent Pacification* is the second actual release from them. This is the kinda music that makes me proud to come from where I came from. There's something about growing up in such a miserable place chock full of hatred and loathing for your environment. Just raw fucking aggression. Five songs of dick-kicking anger; none of that crossover bullshit that ended up making these guys a household name. Granted, this record was recorded after the band had moved to San Fran, but like the old saying goes, you can take the boy out the country, but you can't take the country out the boy. *Violent masturbation!* (LW)
(Beer City)

DRUGS DRAGONS – "Cold Controls/I Hate Rat People"

A one-sided vengeful, sprawling attack that falls somewhere between HOME BLITZ and the HOMOSTUPIDS. The songs are registered with ASCAP per the back of the glued-together-by-hand, badly xeroxed artwork; clearly these boys are on the road to rock'n'roll victory, my friends! (LG)
(Dusty Medical)

EGGHEAD – "Would Like a Few Words With You" CD

After a decade, EGGHEAD is back. Yup, the NYC band that features *Go Metric*'s Mike Faloon on drums (that fact that I mention a zine when describing a band just tells you how much I love that zine/website) might as well have kicked-started the whole Tri-state pop-punk revival. You know, that great scene that has given us the ERGS!, UNLOVEABLES, LOST LOCKER COMBO and more. I hate using the term pop-punk when describing EGGHEAD, even though it is pure pop-punk as pop-punk is. Unfortunately, pop-punk to many readers of this magazine means Warped Tour, not TOYS DOLLS, BUZZCOCKS and the DICKIES—to whom EGGHEAD is more closely associated sound-wise. This CD is full of poppy, upbeat, short danceball, but still edgy songs that have a humorous and often irrelevant lyrical bent à la NERF HERDER. Really this is good stuff, so if you are one of those punks who dismisses pop-punk but sings along whenever "Nellie the Elephant" comes on, please check this out. (JF)
(Knock Knock)

EVACUATE – "Endless War" EP

Featuring Mike from the VIRUS, this apple doesn't fall too far from the tree. Classic studs 'n' spikes sing-along punk. It's definitely right in there with the UK82 stuff like ONE WAY SYSTEM, but also is fast as shit and has huge gang backups like the FIRST STEP or some shit! I have always had a soft spot for the VIRUS and I dig this shit too. Spiky tops, get on it. (TB)
(Voltage)

THE EX-BOYFRIENDS – "To the Lowest Bidder" CD

Upbeat, glammy punk rock'n'roll that borrows heavily from the NY DOLLS and RICHARD HELL. Nothing wrong with that. Multi-layered production augments the basic songwriting with harmonized backups, handclap rhythms and stabs of sax for that authentic '70s high-energy sound. On vinyl, this is a double-LP, and there are sixteen tracks on this CD. That might be a *tad* ambitious; although they make an effort to vary the pace and sound of the songs, I could probably have done without a couple of the numbers, particularly the ballad or the country-tinged "Red Cadillac and a Black Moustache." On the whole though, not bad at all, although the singer's voice might be a love-it-or-hate-it proposition for most. (AM)
(Cash-Fork, no address)

EXPENDABLE YOUTH – "The Exposing of the Immortal Person" LP

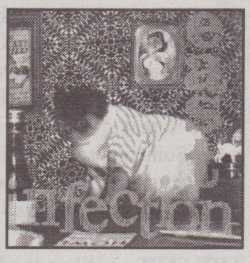
Unabashedly vocal in the pursuit of equality and justice, EXPENDABLE YOUTH treads on a well-worn path of political punks using the music as a platform for the message. Musically, this is killer melodic crust…maybe a little too melodic at times for my taste, but to say they are proficient would be a gross understatement; there are moments (like the middle "Hands of the Few") that come out of nowhere and you think you are listening to a much more mainstream animal until you get blasted again by ferocious Euro-crust. Politically, EXPENDABLE YOUTH assails the prison system, racism under the guise of political activism, the ever-widening rich/poor gap and the simple and brutal power of words, and they do it all thoughtfully and intelligently. Read the lyrics and yeah, you're getting preached to, but think about those lyrics and then wonder why you do this punk shit at all. These Chicago kids are clearly well adept at producing great moody hardcore/crust, but they just as clearly want our community (punk and otherwise) to realize it's full potential, and cheers to them for both the music *and* the message. (WN)
(Shaman / Sysdumb / Distro-Y)

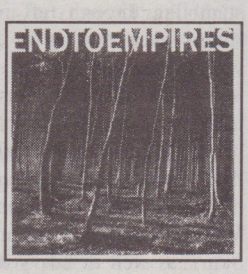
EXTINCTION OF MANKIND / PHOBIA – "Fearing the Dissolve of Humanity" split LP

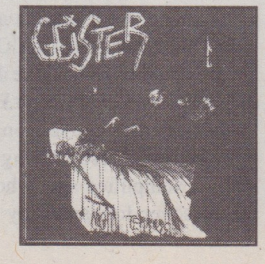
The opening track on the EXTINCTION OF MANKIND side blew me away. What a way to start a release. A medium-paced, grinding crusty hardcore riff that rips, followed by a great breakdown into a more metallic riff with samples dealing with violence. EXTINCTION OF MANKIND then gives you a slow crusty track, a fast crust-punk track and a classic crusty hardcore track to finish. PHOBIA has reached a point where they can do no wrong. They have brutal, fast grindcore down. Their eight tracks sound a lot like their last two full-lengths and crush. An excellent release. (MH)
(Agipunk)

FAINTEST IDEA – "Ignorance Is This" CD

Did the MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES go hardcore? Ska-punk on the hardcore side from the UK. Maybe OP IVY with horns, also sensible lyrics with titles like "Bully Boy" and "Fight for Progress." A bit on the rough side due to the raspy vocals, this is a decent full-length. (RL)
(TNS)







FAST FOOD – "Party of Three" CD

These Spanish dudes play nearly 100% RAMONES worship, but not like they're style is copped purely off the RAMONES. No, it's got a general '90s pop-punk vibe to it. But with song titles that translate to "I Am a Ramone" or "When Everything Was Ramones," it's impossible to not equate it to that band. They do, however, win some points with a pretty good cover of SCREECHING WEASEL's "Supermarket Fantasy." (BD)
(SP)

FINNISTERRE – "Bitter Songs" LP

This record feels more like an emo-crust soundtrack than a full-length. Something about this subgenre of music (I've here dubbed "emo-crust") is very cinematic, which is cool. For a large portion of each song, FINNISTERRE employs a D-beat of sorts, but they drown the terror and brutality of that style with saccharine melody and emo soft/loud dynamics. I can get into some of the melancholic vibe, but this style in general is pretty lost on me these days. I used to like it, though. Just today I was thinking 'bout that band YAGE. Used to like them. Can't really dig the style these days, but this is sort of like YAGE crossed with REMAINS OF THE DAY Portland emo-crust. If that's your thing, this record probably rules. Someone recently told me this band makes killer crust and that they're awesome live. (DB)
(Halo of Flies / Contraszt! / Ribderherz)

THE FITT – "When the Fitt Hits the Shan" LP

Stylistically, this album is all over the place, stumbling through tuff rock riffs, sappy punk songs, even tossing in a pseudo-garage tune with the cornball tribute, "Kate." The distortion and energy this Pittsburg trio has lends itself to the idea of punk but ultimately the fuzz and riff-based songs, vocal presentation and instrumental freak-outs showcase this unit as a certified grunge band. The obvious influence is mid-career NIRVANA, as perfectly exemplified in the song "Dry Skin," as well as heavy doses of MELVINS records, MUDHONEY and even the less present, but equally cringe-worthy (not to mention eerily relevant) SOUNDGARDEN. That description may be a bit too heavy on the grunge element, but gives a superficial insight into the approach these rockers have taken. If you're interested in a solid contemporary rock record, I'd check this out. This may be just what someone who's stuck on the early-'90s rock sound needs to break out into the further reaches of the musical spectrum. (RM)
(Deadfinger Music)

FRATRICIDE – "Blind Faith" 12"

Seven tracks recorded in 1986 that were originally intended for release as part of a split 12" with Dutch band NEUROOT on Pushead's legendary Pusmort label (the NEUROOT side was their classic *Might Is Right* EP with two additional tracks from the same session)—but the record never made it past test pressing stage. FRATRICIDE really exemplified the whole "speedcore" idea of crossover forwarded by Pushead at the time, where the riffing is metallic, but the emphasis is on hardcore speed so it's not quite thrash metal, but not quite straight hardcore. The tracks on here are considerably more raging than the band's 1987 split EP with MISSION OF CHRIST—the vocals are less *Cause for Alarm*-era AGNOSTIC FRONT cartoonish and more scathing, and there's slightly more heft and quick power. Great to see this material finally see the light of day, and there's a short interview with the vocalist about the band history as well as vintage flyers. (KS)
(Schizophrenic)

GADGET / PHOBIA – split CD

The first seven tracks are from GADGET, a solo-laden Swedish grindcore outfit that sorta sounds like NAPALM DEATH with more thrash and TERRORIZER with less thrash in a blender, but not as epic as either. Lots of good guitar parts that veer into the technical side, and tempo changes to push the grind envelope. The vocals are throaty yet high, and the lyrics are dark, just like their winters. These tracks sound very polished—whether that is good or bad, you decide. The next nine tracks: this is PHOBIA, and while most have heard of them or at least seen some dirty kid wearing their shirt, let me refresh your memory… This is a brutal grind band that deals with the no-frills classic style of grind for power, speed and brutality for maximum whiplash, with minimal wanking or over-the-top technical solos. The lyrics are pretty accusatory towards the human race and its flaws—hopefully they live and die by the sword (scrutiny). Their tracks on here are good, driving and what you have come to expect from these guys—more of the same, which could be good or bad depending on what you are looking for. (MB)
(Haunted Hotel)

THE GAGGERS – "You Ain't No Fun" EP

If it was 2001 I'd be kind of excited about this 7". Imagine the CLOROX GIRLS or the BRIEFS, fuzzed up to the point where I was actually wondering if the needle had amassed a giant fluff ball, and you'll be able to know perfectly how this London-based trio sounds. Team their musical offerings with their imagery: from the coiffed hair, polka dot shirts and silly sunglasses, to the brightly colored, cut-and-paste-style artwork and I think it'd be an assumption as safe as houses that these guys love both of the aforementioned bands. Not too original, but fun if you like this sort of thing. (GG)
(Pure Punk / No Front Teeth)

GEISTER – "Night Terrors" EP

Bratty, bored and screechy, this fidgets around a whole smorgasbord of punk styles. There's definitely an X vibe here but with all the weird rockabilly moments totally dropped out. Some songs veer more towards sludged-out doom, some more towards straight-up hardcore and then some towards sweaty basement sing-along anthems. Definitely warrants multiple listens. Like, I mean it's good. (MM)
(Moloch, no contact info)

GIT SOME – "Loose Control" CD

The second full-length from this Denver-based band that includes ex-members of PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS—though I'm not sure that's a good jumping-off point. It's a noisy, brash, non-stop barrage that can be a little tiring on the ears over thirteen songs. I'd like a little more variety. Something the vocals help by switching between straight screaming and a singing wail. The guitars are loud and the music certainly rocks—at times a little too much for my taste, especially my not being a big fan of guitar solos. But rock it does. (MD)
(Alternative Tentacles)

GIUDA – "Senza Paura, Senza Domani" LP

GIUDA are another in that long list of bands that I've always meant to check out, but somehow never got around to. This is their third LP, and from what people tell me their sound has changed quite a bit since the first one. Well, I can't vouch for anything else they've put out, but this LP is a monster. Combining elements of thrash, death metal (think BOLT THROWER), crust, doom and '80s Italian hardcore, GIUDA have managed to write some powerful songs here. The four on the A-side are all excellent, but the standout track for me is the single song on the B-side, the epic "Siamo Demoni"—with its melodic leads and churning bass, it's the epitome of heaviness. This is definitely going to get a lot of spins. Another fine release from Agipunk; that label is having quite a year between this, the SLAUGHTER reissue and CHILDREN OF TECHNOLOGY. (VX)
(Agipunk)

GLÖM DÄ – "Crisigast I Ostergotland" EP

With the track "MP3 Är Fan Inte Punk," this Swedish band proposes the idea that MP3s—since the consumer often isn't paying for the band's or label's recording or expenses—aren't "punk." While they acknowledge the low cost and ease of MP3s (and while doing my own label I've often exploded on bloggers who see fit to post my brand new, DIY-made records for free a week or two after they come out), there are so many facets of MP3s that *are* completely punk. Freeing music from a lot of aspects of commerce, sales, bullshit record collecting, the difficulty of shipping, the logistics of international distribution—it's just that MP3s require shifts in thinking that most people in the punk community aren't willing to adjust to in exchange for having all music available, for free, at all times. You can't have $3 low cost 7"s and $5 shows and $7 t-shirts if you're only going to sell 300 records and 1500 other people are basically going to mooch your tracks online. The "Pay No More" and anti-business, anti-profit, anti-logic of perceived punk ethos largely seem to result in just lowering the bar that people have to operate under, until people can shake the idea that they're no longer living in 2005, or 1995, or 1985… But it's an interesting idea to throw back a question to people on what they're taking and what they're giving, and how punk bands can embrace a completely free format and make what they're doing work. Anyway, this is a solid seven tracks of

chaotic and noisy riff-led Swedish hardcore with raw, harsh screaming against Nazis, MP3s, work and more. Cool! (KS)
(Fight Back)

GRAVE BABIES – "Gouge Your Eyes Out" EP

GRAVE BABIES serve up a spoonful of black-hearted sorrow. It is hard for me to know if this 7" should be on 33 RPM or 45 RPM, because 45 still sounds too slow, and both sound so good. Could this be some vinyl-geekery? Yes, perhaps. Or GRAVE BABIES have tapped into a tempo that you can't control with the mere pressing of a silver button with the numbers four and five on them. The title track sounds like an impenetrably slowed-down SISTERS OF MERCY song ("Temple of Love"?). The demanding suicidal lyrics are more than suitable for this decidedly deep reference to a deeper cut. And fuck! That fucking guitar! (HD)
(Skrot Up)

GUNS AND ROSA PARKS – "Antifreeze" EP

Some angry old-school hardcore from Colorado. Actually much better than their name would lead you to believe. They play blistering fast HC, guaranteed to make a bunch of dudes take their shirts off and run around in a circle pit. It's fast, raw and unrelenting. Even has some good hooks. Not really my scene but I can recognize this is good modern HC. Comes with a huge insert, which is more like a zine than a lyric sheet. (FS)
(Give Praise)

HAIRDOS ON FIRE / HOTDOG – split EP

We got some sloppy, fuzzed-out pop-punk madness going on here. Two bands from the Southwestern United States, united by their goofy nature, their robust admiration for FYP (I can only assume), and this 7" record. Let's start with HOTDOG from the beautiful, sunny Tempe, AZ. First song is real herky-jerky, so you can't quite catch the hook they're trying to feed ya. Guitars are real crunchy; actually everything is real distorted except the vocals, which are surprisingly clear. Second and third songs are smoother, musically, but it's even more apparent how cleaner the vocals are than everything else. Especially when he goes into those soaring '90s emo choruses. Not calling these guys "emo" by any means—they are clearly more bratty-pop-punk than anything. And not even that bad when taken as a whole. Just not wild about the production. HAIRDOS ON FIRE complete the second side with some landlocked garage-pop-punk out of Las Cruces, NM. First two songs are fast, dirty and blown out, like a really good boombox recording. Third song slows it down and gets real catchy, but is unfortunately named "Vindictive Pussy." I think it's about a girl. Mostly good stuff, but come on, half the songs about food? Ma, what are they givin' me? (FS)
(Dirtcult)

HAZARDOUS WASTE – "Destroy" EP

HAZARDOUS WASTE's other EP, *Pay*, was fucking awesome so I was stoked to get this in my review box. These Canadian reprobates play pure and totally raw early-'80s-sounding hardcore that would please any fan of URBAN WASTE (and who isn't one?) or VIOLENT CHILDREN. Although that sound is a huge influence, it really is only that—an influence—the songs totally stand on their own, leaving HAZARDOUS WASTE to sound mostly like HAZARDOUS WASTE. And that is the secret to playing traditional hardcore the right way, I suppose, because you can't really add too much without fucking it up. Ah...just right... and making the top ten list for the month. (BG)
(Schizophrenic)

HEAVY TIMES – "Dead" LP

A limited LP on orange vinyl with nice silk-screened covers; otherwise the packaging is quite minimal. This three-piece from Chicago plays a nice brand of low-fi garage rock with fuzzed vocals buried in the mix. One major complaint is that on a few songs the lead guitar is so loud, it not only distracts from the music, but it gave me a slight headache. When the mix is right, which is most of the time, and the tempo is upbeat, also most of the time, this is sure to get your toe tappin'. (MD)
(Rotted Tooth)

HERÄTYS – LP

Hey! Stop reading this magazine and buy this damn record. On this LP, HERÄTYS treads a similar path as SKITKIDS, bringing a large dose of rock'n'roll to the burly Swedish D-beat sound (though the vocals are sung in English and Finnish). Total fucking fists-in-the-air, beer-spilling, *snotty* D-beat punk rock. The later session on the B-side is even more frantic and rough than the A-side! Fast, loose and fun as hell. This is the best thing I've gotten to review in a while. (AU)
(Not Enough)

HI-FI SPITFIRES – "England Screaming" CD

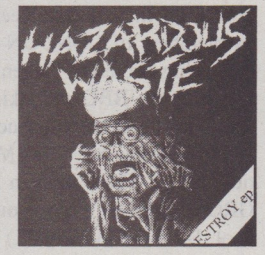
A UK trio whose members have done time in the LURKERS and RED LONDON. But this is no slow, old-school reunion punk. Energetic, punchy Brit punk that could be on Hellcat or Captain Oi. Nothing groundbreaking but still a good listen. Also the bass player looks just like Sid Vicious, which should account for something. (RL)
(Bullet Teeth)

JEFF HILL BAND – "Something's Wrong With My Baby" EP

Sing Sing is back with another one of their patented "punky power-pop" 45 reissues, this time 1979's notoriously rare first 45 from later Stiff Records artist JEFF HILL. I've had to endure homeboys on *Terminal Boredom* ranting incessantly of the greatness of this 45 for months now, so it's good to finally hear it. All things considered, this is pretty wuss. Hi-energy A-side has a real Americana power-pop feel, strange coming from a Brit, tho it's no surprise certain folks love this; B-side wimps it up a notch with a mid-tempo jangler. If wimpy '70s American power-pop is your thing, here's another one to add to your stamp collection. (GB)
(Sing Sing)

HIPSTER PISS PARTY – LP

I seriously hope this band is living up to their name. This shit is trashy and obnoxious with guitar usually in tune and slurred/shouted vocals—just the thing to put on at that next horrible party to bum out all the people you don't like. Each side is (I think) one of their two demos: side A's lethargic dirge is expanded on with side B's aggressive, primitive HC stylings, and the final song listening like some sort of cold comfort resolution. What made a lot of early Northwest hardcore/punk records great is that they were the brainchildren of weirdos who didn't know or care about musical/stylistic codifications and who didn't try to keep the rock, metal or (in some cases) pop influence out of their music. Listening to HPP alongside other contemporary HC records with a more generic approach emphasizes the much-appreciated unique weirdness of this (with the insert's photo collage serving as further proof of this), and as someone who lived in their city for considerably longer than I wanted to, I can say that this record sounds like what Olympia feels like a lot of the time. (DG)
(Perennial)



HITLERSS – "Skate Like Elvis" CD

When a compilation like this comes out, I am still amazed that every last relic related to any classic punk band has not yet been unearthed. HITLER SS released one split 7" with TAMPAX back in 1978. All three songs are included here, but the band seemed to be incredibly prolific in their brief years from 1977-79. As they write in their strangely rambling liner notes "...trying very hard to convey all the exploding inner rage into music but without succeeding in converting anything into a song... this was probably the reason why we wrote dozens of songs each day." That and the fact that they were fourteen and fifteen years old and what else did they have to do all day? HITLER SS wrote and recorded some wildly primitive and exciting punk that only kids who had no idea what they were doing could do. Most of this will be too rough for many punks' ears, but if you can get past some of the noise, sudden stops and low production values, there are some great songs to be discovered. The band seems to be obsessed with English punk, jokingly noting on their single sleeve that the band had ex-members of LONDON SS and the 101ERS. They sing about the Queen, playing at the Roxy, watching the BBC and taking the tube as well as other profound subjects such as "Jumpin' High," "I'm So Modern," "Too Much TV" and "Spastic Dance." There is even a VELVET UNDERGROUND cover to close out the CD. This is very cool. 1-2-3-4-5-6-77! (CK)
(Hate)

DE HØJE HÆLE – "Skal Vi Aldrig Videre?" LP

I loved this band's 7" from a while back (some of the songs from that are on this) and this follow-up LP does not disappoint. Taking cues from K-town bands of a few years back like NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS and YOUNG WASTENERS but then spreading out, drawing influence from new wave, power-pop and even bands like the STATUES and TRANZMITORS. The guitars are clean and crisp, vocals (in Danish) to the fore...each and every track sticks to the meat like glue. It appears this version is super limited, but the regular release will be out soon... Fabulous stuff. Get. This. (TB)
(Hjernespind)

HOLY COBRAS – "Feed Yr Head/May You Be Free to Roam"

A post-BLANK DOGS mournful attempt at garage, with a song named after the line howled by Grace Slick in JEFFERSON AIRPLANE's classic-rock-radio-endorsed LSD screed. This song has a more digging-behind-the-sofa-for-change-to-make-bus-fare feel than mining the dimensions of the brain with the help of psychedelic substances. Side B is an epic dirge that has a dense, foggy feel with samples and Moe Tucker drums. I am sure they are aiming for CHROME or SUICIDE, but the lack of paranoia and tension sorta takes too much edge off to meet those aims. (LG)
(Telephone Explosion)

HOLY SHIT! – "Had a Couple Good Songs" CD

Put on your patience caps and make sure that there is a case of shitty beer nearby, now snort some pills and press play. HOLY SHIT! is about to boggle yer pathetic little mind with 55 songs in three-quarters of an hour—think you can handle it? If not, just try more pills (you can swallow them if you're a pussy, but I wouldn't recommend it) and move the knob labeled "volume" a few notches clockwise. Milwaukee's HOLY SHIT! was a confusing animal the first time I saw them—start/stop song structures with a shirtless teenage Gregg Ginn look- (and sound-) alike wailing the fucking daylights out of his poor guitar, and a singer with a bowl cut flailing around like Sam McPheeters trying out for *America's Got Talent*. The drum kit came from Wal-Mart (seriously, it was $99 including hardware and cymbals), Tony just looked like a fukkn creep and I was mystified; what the fuck kind of town was I living in?!? This could be BL'AST played at three times the proper speed, and it could just as easily be DIE KREUZEN on an ill-advised cocktail of hallucinogens and amphetamines, but mostly HOLY SHIT! is just high-energy, maximum-speed bizarro punk hell-bent to blow minds. They might get drunk and do something stupid, but sometimes one needs to let the immaturity flag fly at full mast in the name of sanity. HOLY SHIT! knows this to be true, and they would like to help you learn with songs from their LP, both EPs, the *Public Safety* comp (Hey dick bags, that song was supposed to be exclusive to *MRR*, way to betray our clearly ill-advised trust in you), a few splits and their demo tape that dates back to 2002. This was released for their 2009 Japanese tour—yeah, these fiends went to Japan and you probably didn't, so I guess it's time to take more pills and feel sorry for yourself. (WN)
(Snuffy Smiles)

HOT GUTS / POP. 1280 – split 45

Lotsa reverb, spooky guitars, shitty organs. HOT GUTS sounds like SISTERS OF MERCY derivative bullshit. POP. 1280 sound like a sad rip-off of JOY DIVISION. Art school shmucks that want so badly to be deep dudes but really it's just bland times. (MM)
(Badmaster)

INNOXIA CORPORA – "Je Stále Têzsí Otocit Prst Proti Sobê" LP

The third LP from these Czech masters of simplicity... Once again, INNOXIA CORPORA manages to take relatively basic song structures and riffs and turns it into something transcendent. Upon first listen, this record didn't really grab me, but I put it on again just to check (I'm a huge fan of their other releases, and had a hard time believing that they had let me down), and the second time through the record started to take hold, and now my personal copy hasn't left the turntable for days. In a word, this record is *solid*, but thankfully I'm a man of more than one word (well, thankfully for me, not so much for those around me) and I can delve deeper into the ways that this LP rules. Dual clean guitars are at the forefront, even shining above the gruff but always lilting Czech-language vocals, but while the guitars are the focus, they never overpower the songs themselves, which are total fukkn classics—yes, all eleven of them. Add a flawless rhythm section and every necessary element is in place... Nothing on the record is overplayed, and nothing is understated. Perhaps upon first listen it won't blow your mind, but these songs will certainly stand the test of time. (WN)
(self-released / PHR)

KEBAB – "We Live in a System" LP

Holy shit, this is so good! Belgian punks inspired by CRASS making sparse, aggro, bass-driven post-(anarcho)punk with tough-times female vocals... The music is much more arty, like a less "funky" DELTA 5 or something—that weird, danceable, propulsive strain of punk. This is not shambolic; it's focused and necessary. Reminds me of some weird mix of the RONDOS and BUSH TETRAS. The lyrics are great, political and incisive, not dealing in the general or the dreamy, rather addressing the female (and human) experience in the cold anti-feminist reality that is modern life. This has their demo and 7" and the packaging is really cool—it's a poster with an envelope with the 7" lyric sheet tucked inside, and an interview with the band... The picture with the girl with the huge mohawk and the old KILLING JOKE poster also adds to the radness. You need this! (LG)
(Soft Spot)

KERMIT'S FINGER – "Grudge" LP

Woah, KERMIT'S FINGER! This brings me back to Saturday afternoons at the Rat...weren't these guys on one of those Fan Attic Records comps? Anyway, the FINGER has stuck to their guns throughout the years, a truth attested to by *Grudge*—sixteen songs of exceedingly simple, unpretentious punk rock, nothing more and certainly nothing less. I love the trashy guitar sound on this platter—puts every wannabe "Killed By Death" garage hipster group from the last ten years to shame. You think no band in 2010 could record a song called "I Want Destruction" and not have it come off like a pose? You're wrong. Includes covers of three Massachusetts acts from days gone by: DMZ, J. GILES BAND and the MEDVEDS. (CS)
(Poorest Quality)

THE KIRKZ – "AgroCulture" CD

Never heard of these Brits before, though they do thank everyone that's helped 'em over the last twelve years, so I guess they've been ploughing some furrow for over a decade now. The pictures of the lads "down on the farm" are suitably, er, earthy. Musically, they play speedy, melodic, slightly off-kilter hardcore, with lots of chops and changes. Brings to mind the FREEZE a fair bit, with less of the Biafra obsessions. For these ears, they're a bit too much all over the proverbial map to get a good grip on 'em, but there's some good riffage in there, the lead guitarist is pretty nifty and the singer manages to even sing, rather than scream. I suspect I could probably handle another twelve years of this stuff. (RK)
(TNS)

LOKUM – LP

After an eight-year wait, these recordings have appeared on vinyl. LOKUM takes an early California hardcore sound and marries it with surf guitar. I would be surprised to hear they spent much time working on these songs. This should have been a tape, and even then it would fall on the "least essential" side of this millenium's Copenhagen releases. There are no lyrics included, but the band does look cool on the cover. (JM)
(Hjernespind)

LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER – "Biocidio" LP

These tracks were originally released a while back on a split CD with KONTRAATTAQUE, and are receiving a limited vinyl re-release thanks to the incredibly prolific Agipunk Records. LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER plays punky grindcore that's very much in the early Earache style. High/low vocals, simple riffs and fast (drum machine) blasts abound. The added attraction here is the unreleased "Biocidio," a long, slow-to-mid-tempo dirge that occupies the entire B-side. It's OK, but definitely not worth re-buying this material for. (AU)
(Agipunk)

LUSH VEGETATION – "Not in My Backyard" EP

Generic fast hardcore with the occasional mosh part. Not too into this, but I like the record title. In fact, I wish I had thought of it myself. (JH)
(TFD, no contact info)

LOVE DIMENSION – "Love Dimension" 45

Two tracks of unspecified title (based on the lyrics, I'll guess that one is named "Time to Go Home") plus a four-song CD of competent lightweight psych flavored pop/rock that sounds half Paisley Underground (egad) and half Tower Records soundtrack LP band (better). Weakest link are the half-hearted vocals: if you're going to dish up self-help platitudes along the lines of, "Look beyond your sense of self / Discover the infinite within," you'd better sound as though you mean them. (DD)
(self-released)

MAD CADDIES – "Consensual Selections" CD

Between '97 and '07, these SoCal chappies managed to shake off that relaxed torpor and brought to the world six studio full-lengths (plus a live one). The 23 tracks here are the finest of those efforts (supposedly voted on by their fans—though I'm a fan, and I never got to vote—democracy, huh!?), plus a track from their forthcoming record. Like SUBLIME before them, the CADDIES patented that laidback reggae/dub sound. Unlike the aforementioned stoners, they have been unafraid to mix it up with lots of punkerness and a fair helping of Dixieland, ragtime and big band swing. Actually, this makes them sound pretty dreadful, but they're anything but. They always get lumped into the dreaded ska genre 'cos of the horns, but they're so much more gifted and musically diverse that to write them off thusly is a huge disservice…mainly to one's ears. A somewhat rare entry in the "greatest hits" category in that all of the hits contained herein are all pretty much great. The band's liner notes are fairly useless, but that hardly detracts from the musical heights attained here. (RK)
(Fat Wreck)

MAD SIN – "Burn and Rise" CD

Psychobilly that sounds like a pisstake of psychobilly, and psychobilly already sounds like a massive pisstake. (SD)
(People Like You)

MALE NURSES – "Religious Hypnotist" EP

Debut EP from this Boston group delivers five tracks of relentless and catchy HC punk. Employing a style of hardcore that originated in the early '80s, but not sounding "retro," MALE NURSES reminds me a lot of CAREER SUICIDE—maybe with the melodic (though not pop) flourishes of a band like SOCIAL CIRCKLE or REGULATIONS. Great vocals, solid songwriting, lot of energy… It doesn't rewrite the book, but makes for a good chapter. Worth checking out for fans of the aforementioned, No Way Records, and the like. (CS)
(Deranged)

MAMMOTH TORTA – "Torta Recall" EP

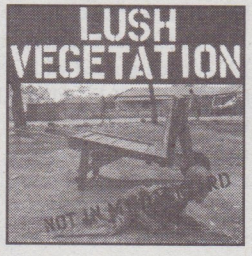
MAMMOTH TORTA plays totally boss surf instrumentals with a touch of aggression and a wallop of melody guaranteed to make instant fans upon first listen. If you're not careful, you'll get totally thrown off by the cover with the imagery and lettering style of the SoCal skatecore scene. I seriously had to closely scrutinize the record to see if someone didn't accidentally mix up the sleeves at the *MRR* stronghold. But to tell you the truth, I was more stoked to hear this than yet another band singing about brews and pools (not that there's anything wrong with that!). And don't mistake these dudes for a retro surf band like one of those that flooded the record bins in the mid-'90s, 'cause there's something special about the otherwise traditional-sounding tunes. These four numbers of haunting guitar twang and drum tappin' are just as inspired by AGENT ORANGE as they are the FENDERMEN. Killer. (BG)
(Frankenjew)

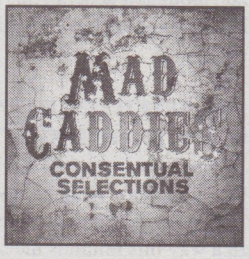
MATURE SITUATIONS – "Old Hands" EP

Ex-LEFT FOR DEAD members turn in some thick, POISON IDEA-meets-4-SKINS punk. The best track is "Scooters on the Streets" which sounds like it was lifted off the *Carry on Oi* LP! Then the next track is straight-up hardcore ripper… Odd listen but I'm digging. Sweet DKs *Plastic Surgery* cover rip-off. (TB)
(Deranged)

MENTORS – "Oblivion Train/Cornshucker"

Someone's finally opened those boxes stashed in the basement and uncovered this one. I can't believe it took this long. Two tracks from the pre-"rape-rock" MENTORS recorded in the basement of Steve Broy's mother's house in 1977. According to one of the pictures on the back, they were then known as the ELDON HOKE BAND though the label obviously has to call them the MENTORS 'cos who even knows who Eldon Hoke is? He is the man more widely known as El Duce. Steve Broy is Dr. Heathen Scum. Rounding off the trio is Eric Carlson AKA Sickie Wifebeater. Here they are at 19 years of age and looking like average '70s teenagers. In fact, when I first turned this 7" over and saw the pictures of these youngsters I thought this might be some kids doing a Mentors "tribute." They look kind of innocent, non-hooded and using their real names. The music is very primitive rock. No metal guitar solos or any other off-the-top musical flourishes. Hoke's vocals sound the same as they would later on; sort of spoken, flat, off-key, but in that way that MENTORS fans enjoy. The A-side, "Oblivion Train," doesn't mention anything related to sex. It's about drinking, another of Hoke's favorite pastimes. But to quell any worries that they may have started off as just a "regular" band, "Cornshucker" on side B is about anal sex. This record won't blow any minds, but it is better musically than what they would become. (CK)
(Stool Sample)





MENTORS – "You Axed for It!" LP+7"

A reissue of the 1985 MENTORS debut album features some of their most notorious "rape-rock" misogynistic anthems—"FFFF Club" ("Find her, Feel her, Fuck her, Forget her"), "Golden Showers" (these song lyrics were read at the '80s PRMC congressional hearings), "Sleep Bandits." This music is mostly terrible mid-tempo metal propped up by the outrageousness of the schtick, so you're basically left with an offensive comedy album about raping, using and shitting on people and hoping you don't get genital warts. There are always 13-year-old boys and dudes in their late 20s with absolutely no hopes of ever getting laid, so I guess the demographic for this is somehow timeless. Even 25 years after it was released and with porn's broader, ahem, penetration into mainstream culture since the '80s, someone thought this was enough of a cultural artifact that it warranted a re-press on limited colored vinyl with a bonus 7" of unreleased lo-fi tracks. Yeesh. (KS)
(Stool Sample)

MICKEY – "Electric Dreams" 12"

This six-track release from Chicago's MICKEY is underpinned with crunching yet less-gutsy STIFF LITTLE FINGERS-like guitar tone, backed occasionally by a synthetic, spacey, whirring BIS-like feel. There are heavy nudges to the crisp melody of the UNDERTONES and the TRANZMITORS (who, for the record, do this kind of thing way better). The final track is by far the strongest. If, in the future, they pick up from where they left it here, they could be onto a winner, though in general, this is a bit airy and lacking in any real punch for my liking. (GG)
(FDH)

MOLESTED YOUTH – "We're Always Going to Have Breakfast Alone" EP

As far as I can tell, this is the first release from this Canadian band. They play balls-out, dirty, fast, no-frills hardcore with intense dual vocals. In a way this reminds me somewhat of SEX VID, just as dirty sounding but not quite as heavy, and maybe a bit faster. Highly recommended! (BD)
(Deranged)

MOONHEARTS – LP

They dropped the "CHARLIE AND THE..." but they have kept their sound. Really noisy, dreamy pop songs. How do they manage that? They seem to have picked up the pace, too. Each song passes by in a blur. Well, sort of. It's fast for garage rock. But garagesters always need their asses kicked once in a while. Distorted tunes that remain kind of pretty underneath all that fuzz. Plus anyone who records a rockin' tribute to Bart Simpson called "Eat My Shorts" (apparently originally done by EL BARTO AND THE KRUSTY-O'S) is cool with me. (CK)
(Tic Tac Totally)

MOTHER'S CHILDREN – "...That's Who" LP

This band sounds and looks like they shoulda been on the cover of some teenage girl's back-to-school folder circa '76. Total Rodney's English Disco Bomp! rock, with the Rod Stewart mullets to go with the chooglin' guitars and handclaps. Sounds like a band from the Valley attempting to be T. REX in the hopes that they'll get to hang out at the Rainbow Room and possibly meet one of BOWIE's groupies... This should have been the soundtrack to that movie *Foxes* with Cherie Currie and Jodie Foster rather than whatever shitty proto-hair metal nitemare that was featured instead. You know this sorta band—all the relentlessly catchy, hook-laden songs are about goin' downtown, their girls, good times. I prefer music that doesn't sound like it should be blaring from some jock's TransAm in '76, and this is too much of a perfect time capsule for me. I am going to listen to *Cows and Beer* and cleanse my palate... (LG)
(Deranged)

MURDERESS – "The Last Thing You Will Ever See..." LP

Metallic apocalypse crust of the very finest variety. The guitars on this record are beyond fucking insane; sweeping leads and soaring melodic overdubs accent the ballistic approach that the rhythm section takes. But don't let the occasional Swedish axe lick fool you into thinking that MURDERESS are anything approaching a by-the-numbers ensemble; these songs are superbly crafted and played so well that all that's left for you to do is sit back and listen. The guitars (yeah, back to the guitars again, but the shit is pretty crazy) permeate every aspect of the recording, and the vocals have the harsh and bleak quality often associated with black metal, but even amidst the solos, this never seems cheesy or calculated in the least...MURDERESS just slays. (WN)
(Aborted Society)

MY DOG'S A CAT – "Hope and Despair" CD

Sometimes meaning gets lost in translation. This band shouldda spent a little longer picking out a band name...'cos MY DOG'S A CAT? Really? OK. This shit is way more West Coast than Eastern Bloc, hitting up the ANGRY SAMOANS/CIRCLE JERKS school of punk. There's a touch of PENNYWISE with the snot-punk, and I dig. It's not like I'll be digging this out, but if that kinda sound is your bag you could do a whole helluva lot worse. (TB)
(self-released)

THE NAPPIES – "Next Stop Styx" CD

Just imagine if GROOVIE GHOULIES were playing Warped Tour in 1998. Ta-da! (MM)
(Cheapskate)

THE NEEDY VISIONS – LP

I will hand it to any band that records a song about being from Weymouth, MA and manages to make it really catchy. I'm from Quincy so I know it probably wasn't easy. That song starts off this LP humorously (for me at least). The record develops into what seems like one of those big sing-along jams where everyone just plays whatever instrument they happen to have brought. Everyone is kind of playing and it sounds nice. There isn't much group participation vocally. It seems to be one main guy with some help from another guy. He sings sincerely and interestingly. The NEEDY VISIONS show a lot of influence from the KINKS mid-period stuff—*The Village Green Preservation Society*, *Arthur* and my personal favorite *Muswell Hillbillies*. Dramatic and sometimes over the top, but they do seem like they may be having a really good time. (CK)
(Motorcycle Face)

N.E.K. – "Gerações Condenadas" LP

If I were to tell you that Naito (Japan's FLASH GORDON, C.F.D.L., OUT OF TOUCH) was sitting on the drum throne for N.E.K. then you would know that you were in store for some mind-numbing thrash, right? What if I told you that half of N.E.K. were Brazilian dudes weaned on classic South American hardcore and thrash? Yeah, that's what N.E.K. sounds like: mind-melting Japanese fastcore mixed with face-ripping Brasilian thrash. There is an endearing element of slop that keeps these songs grounded, but once you wind Naito up, there's no fucking stopping him, and this thrash attack is total action to the most extreme degree. Vocals in Portuguese and music in the international language of fastcore...a 22-song assault. (WN)
(Too Circle / Karasu Killer)

NEON CHRIST – "Parental Suppression" EP

The NEON CHRIST EP (originally released in '84) is now one of those super rare and expensive early HC 7"s—I'm guessing due partly to its scarcity and partly to the awesome artwork, 'cause the record itself isn't that great. Mainly sloppy, thrash-speed hardcore backed by rather wimpy vocals, with some mid-tempo parts and a couple "atmospheric" moments to mix things up. The thin production doesn't help matters, though the guitar sound *is* kinda unique and cool. These guys deserve props for being punk in the Deep South back in the day and I bet they were good live, but for ultra-fast thrash in '84, DRI (and others) did it way better. This particular repress is technically a bootleg, but I think it was either released or sanctioned by one or more members of the band. NEON CHRIST trivia fun-fact: the guitar player is the new frontman for ALICE IN CHAINS. No shit! (CS)
(bootleg, no address)

NICE SMILE – "Building/Man to Short"

Debut release from this garage rockin' duo featuring the infamous Rob Vasquez of NIGHTKINGS, NIGHTS AND DAYS, RIGHT ON, plus many more, and Donnie Hillstad of the STATICS. Finally! I saw these guys at the 2007 Budget Rock fest and they were one of my favorites that year. Simplistic melodies with a very cool, striking guitar sounds and pounding drums. Vasquez's voice drawls like a Southerner, mixing JEFFREY EVANS with touches of DANZIG. The record it-

self is a mystery. No cover, plain white sleeve with "NICE" stamped on one side and "SMILE" stamped on the other. No information, but, hey, the enigmatic is always more interesting. (CK)
(South Director Street, no contact info)

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS / NO FRIENDS – split 6"

Hmmm…not sure how I feel about this record. It features two bands I really enjoy, San Diego's OFF WITH THEIR HEADS and VA/FL-based NO FRIENDS, covering PEGBOY and DAG NASTY respectively. It's not that OFF WITH THEIR HEADS' straight-up cover of "Field of Darkness" is bad per say, nor is NO FRIENDS' slightly more original version of "Another Wrong," it just kind of seems like a waste. If you are gonna ask kids to put money out for something, at least give them an original or completely off the wall version. When you do one that is too close to the original, I wonder if anyone would play this more than once. Go buy the originals of these songs instead, and pick up OFF WITH THEIR HEADS' or NO FRIENDS' own material instead if you want a dollar well spent. (JF)
(No Idea)

OI POLLOI – "Ar Ceol, Ar Canan, Ar-A-Mach" LP

This long-running Scottish band has a new record to add to the lot. It continues in the same anarcho-punk style that contains heavy doses of melodic Oi and occasional metallic flair. Upon reviewing the OI POLLOI catalog, one will see the crustier, more metallic hardcore aggression (viz. the *Outrage* EP from '87 or '88) get subsumed into an emphasis on melody and anthemic choruses. My tastes lean toward the former, since their rendition of the latter, combined with modern-sounding production, isn't similarly crushing. All of the songs here are catchy, no doubt—just not sure I'd like to sing along. Nothing's wrong with the message itself. Just too sing-songy for me. I'd imagine though, a good portion of OI POLLOI fans, while attempting to sing along in Gaelic, have no clue what they're singing. It's just fun to sing drunk! Some of the songs here have really cool melodic riffs that share similar characteristics to modern crust but don't resort to tired formulas. This record is punk through and through—unlike other OI POLLOI records there are very few metallic moments. Interesting, thought provoking, pretty enjoyable listen overall. OI POLLOI fans shan't be disappointed. (DB)
(Campary / Not Enough)

OKKULTOKRATI – "Koarkrog" EP

Over the past five years of my life, Norwegian hardcore has been shoved down my throat via a bandmate and longtime friend of mine. The only thing that we could ever really agree on is that when Norwegian hardcore is good, there really ain't a whole lot that can fuck with it—and believe it or not, Norway's OKKULTOKRATI is pretty much unfuckwithable. As soon as the needle drops, the first thought that comes to mind is, "Holy shit, this is a Norwegian TOTALITÄR"; however, that is a short-lived feeling, but it doesn't take away from how punishing the record is. Honestly, this slab of wax is kinda all over the place. Nasty as fuck, melodic in all that right places, and I know, I know, call it a mosh part, call it a breakdown, whatever, I don't really care, but once "Dying Mongrel" kicks in, you're beating the shit out of somebody, or making love to somebody, whatever. This EP is a must for fans of music that sounds like BANNLYST threw up on FLIPPER and used the puke as lube to fuck SVART FRAMTID while DEATHEAT watched from a chair in the corner. Artwork has a heavy crusty, metal vibe, so if I fucked up the spelling of the band's name, it's their own fucking fault. (LW)
(Ormeyngel / Lilla Himmel)

OKKULTOKRATI – "No Light for Mass" LP

Churning over and returning with each track to lumbering doom, this Norwegian band largely rests on bullish, mid-tempo pounding between more upbeat, quick punk bashings—not quite at a hardcore velocity but fast rushes to the next titanic, slow-riffed drop off. While the depth and volume of the heaviness are the primary factor, it's not really metal—there's a loose delivery or precision more akin to punk, reminiscent of the pre-grunge Alchemy Records (MELVINS, VIRULENCE) blurred line between punk and metal, though without that style's genre-bending newness on its side, or the later inventiveness of, say, HEAD OF DAVID. Despite being considerably harsher, it's relatively simple and straightforward. Hauntingly growled and screamed, echoey vocals spit stream-of-consciousness lyrics about the gods, the great white throne of judgment, Ragnarok, etc. over the crunch. (KS)
(Orymeyngel)

PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS – "Raw Pie" LP

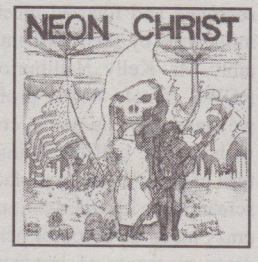
At their early shows, this group of *supposed* NJ-to-Bay-Area transplants bought pizza for the crowd, to bribe them to stick around. Unfortunately, they bought pizza from San Francisco instead of from NYC or Jersey, so while it was consumed I am not sure it was actually enjoyed. That being said, eventually that practice stopped and PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS had to rely on their musical abilities to get by. Luckily for us, the band has enough sense to stick to their basic RAMONES-influenced chops and don't feel the need to expand beyond it. Like any good RAMONES songs, "I Don't Wanna Be No Personal Pizza" and "I Can Reed" will have you humming along about 20 seconds in. While over a full album this can run a little thin, there are definitely tracks on this LP that will get continued plays, hence saving it from the "file and forget about" bin. (JF)
(1234 Go!)

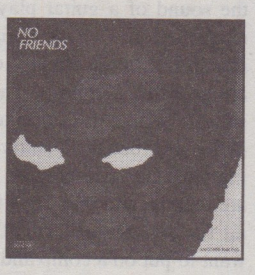
THE PLEASURE KILLS – "Bring Me a Match" LP

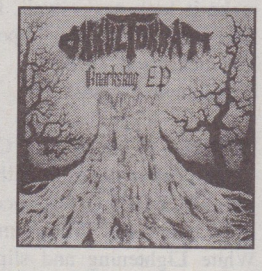
This San Francisco five-piece's debut album delivers some tidy little keyboard-driven pop hooks. Think of the GO-GO'S after a good spit and polish, or a hosed-down, bubblegummed-up, more guitar-lead EPOXIES, and you'll be nearing what this record evokes for me. Aside from the healthy portions of keyboard, what also stands out on this album is the strong, very poppy leading female vocals akin to a softer Debbie Harry. Personally, I prefer quite a bit more grit in my punk rock than this release provides, but this is a good pop record and they do what they do well. If the super poppy end of the power-pop spectrum is your jam, you'll be into this. (GG)
(Polypore)

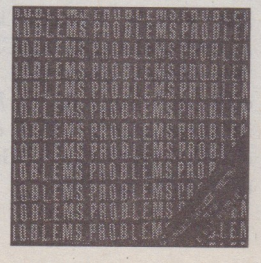
POTBELLY – "Sterilize the Stupid" CD

Hardcore with enough metal elements (double bass drum, shredding guitar interludes) that I can close my eyes and feel like I'm back at the On Broadway in the mid-'80s. S.O.D. and (to a lesser degree) the MISFITS are obvious reference points, so consider them referred to. My guess would be that it's some approaching-middle-aged hobbyists, except that the reference to their legal representation on the sleeve indicates a Serious Band. Whichever, they seem to be having fun and more power to them. (DD)
(P.I.G.)









PRISONERS – "Back in the USSA" LP

My heart leapt when I saw the PRISONERS in my review pile. My favorite Medway band from the '80s...and an LP I don't recognize. Sweet! Oh wait....not the PRISONERS from back in the day, but a new band from Cleveland. Guys, you can't call yourselves the PRISONERS. Anyway, onto the disc... it's all very introspective and alt-rock. I'm hearing the BEATLES and KINKS influences, but really I'm hearing the REPLACEMENTS. I mean I dig all kindsa "non punk" shit. Trust me, I rock CROSBY STILLS AND NASH, but this is way too alt-rock for me. I can see the kids being all over this, but it's just way too self-conscious and whiny for me—kinda gave me the shivers actually. (TB)
(Smog Veil)

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. – "Sweet Little Thing/I Got Nothin'"

I try not to take into account the previous projects of the members of a newer band, but there is no denying that these two songs are the work of seasoned and focused musicians that have been influenced by their past musical lives (most notably Mr. Kelly Halliburton of PIERCED ARROWS fame). Whoa, profound. Anyway, what we have here is some crazy good rock'n'roll without the bullshit attitude that made us all turn to punk in the first place. The guitar work is screaming with the right amount of abrasion (no crazy metal dive-bombs here) and while there are some moments of impressive "shredding" and "fingering," nothing here is overdone. It is truly the sound of a guitar player whose guitar is an extension of his body. This is some punk-tinged rock'n'roll in the Bruce Roehrs vein. The vocals are gravelly, tough and have a swagger, and the songs are urgent, catchy and rocking but with a deliberate, but not contrived feel; they are feeling what they are playing and playing what they are feeling, and they have the skills to translate it all for us. "Sweet Little Thing" is the song you want to put on a comp and listen to driving down the highway into oblivion at 100 MPH. It rules. You know people are good at what they do if they make it look easy—well, folks this is it. They have achieved the near-impossible (again)—timeless rock'n'roll. (MB)
(Doomtown Sounds)

PUDGE – "Chippy Tea" CD

This debut album from the Sheffield, England-based PUDGE is a fast-paced, "Best of the '90s" Epi-Fat lust fest. Makes me wanna drink some White Lightening and slip on my old NOFX shorts (yep, had a pair of them). I bet these guys have boners for SNUFF and GOOBER PATROL, and I can also hear clear influences from PROPAGANDHI and SUPERCHUNK. The last track "Sweetheart" stands well out. I wish this had come out when I was 16; I'd have been all over it like stink on shit. Well done, guys (and girl), cheers for the nostalgia! (GG)
(Not Shy of the DIY)

QUEST FOR FIRE – LP

This record will blow yer fukkn mind, punk. This is what happens when kids who are way smarter than you (trust me, they are) get way drunker than you (trust me, they do) and fucking shred the shit out of whatever piece of shit instrument they can find. QUEST FOR FIRE can play circles around 97% of the bands reviewed in this month's rag, but not fukkn once will you think they are showing off; instead you will realize that they simply had no choice but to use those otherworldly chops to convey the most intense, acid-drenched musical message in the goddamned universe. Never in my adult life have I so enthusiastically welcomed the gratuitous use of a wah-wah pedal, and seldom have seemingly incongruous song structures so seamlessly switched from Adderall-laced stoner grooves to face-melting land speed hardcore and then melted my furry face with solo-laden breakdowns. In the most simple terms, this is the best hardcore record featured in this issue of *MRR*, but delving deeper, QUEST FOR FIRE made something truly original, which is a serious feat in the narrow confines of this punk crap to which we all sold our souls. This LP will fly over the heads and under the radar of the foolish punks, but those who learn...soon they will *know*. Complete fukkn brilliance. (WN)
(HS!BF)

RANGER SOUND – "I Ragazzi Dai Capelli Verdi" LP

A- and B-sides of the three singles these guys put out (first as RANGER SOUND, then as I RAGAZZI DAI CAPELLI VERDI, "The Green-Haired Boys"). Includes the monstrous "Ricordarmi" (featured on the *Trans World Punk* comp and the template of the MUMMIES' "Die"), the ballad "Noi Siamo Felici," "Ragazza Notte" (a close cousin of the STANDELLS' "Why Pick on Me"), "Un Tipo Per Ti' (another great nugget, it appeared on the great *Beat Italiano* comp), the solid folk-rocker "Una Citta in Fondo Al Mare," and a nice cover of the KINKS' "It's Too Late" (sung in Italian). A must for garage punkers. (DD)
(Hate)

RAW NERVES— LP

Decent record from this Portland band (not to be confused with RAW NERVE from Chicago), which straddles a variety of subgenres including mid-paced punk, crust, and epic/downbeat hardcore. Nothing game-changing here, but it's well played and blends together just fine. (JH)
(Inimical)

THE REACTION – "We Have Nothing to Lose But Boredom" 10"

I'll have to go ahead and admit that I'm biased about the REACTION because Wade Driver (guitar/vocals/etc.) is one of my all-time favorite songwriters. The REACTION takes pieces of his old bands (50 MILLION and CORDUROY) and mixes it with elements of pop, '60s mod, punk, experimentation and instrumentals. The result is cohesive, rockin' and excellent. I always have a hard time comparing the REACTION to any other bands because I feel that they have their own sound, their own vision and their own way of getting shit done. Get your copy quick because 300 copies of this already got destroyed in the mail! (GH)
(Let's Pretend)

RED DONS – "Fake Meets Failure" LP

The second LP from one of my current fave bands—now that's a great start to a bad Monday. Forget the OBSERVERS, this is THE RED DONS—listen to it with fresh new ears and stop harkening back to the past. Less dramatic and herky-jerky than their last LP, more to-the-point, driving a stomping beat that's cloaked in darkness whilst soaking up the dense gloom of the Pacific Northwest. Take the epic heaviness of FROM ASHES RISE, dilute it to a more punk rock formula, throw in the density of the WIPERS and add some early-'80s LA hardcore melody, and that's the winning concoction of the RED DONS. The first LP is great; this is amazing, less complicated, more rock with a straightforward approach that doesn't come off as simple. Tune after tune after tune, a Scandinavian feel shines through the more I listen, with a hint of early UK82 Riot-City-type punk rock. This might be my record of the year. (SD)
(Deranged)

REHASHER – LP

Even if BLINK 182 or SAVES THE DAY are guilty pleasures of yours, REHASHER (ex-LESS THAN JAKE) would probably still leave a bad taste in your mouth (specifically that of high fructose corn syrup gone putrid), and their corporate pop-punk take on "Hanging on the Telephone" would probably get them sued for defamation of character by the NERVES estate if they ever heard it. (DG)
(Paper and Plastick)

THE REVELEVENS – "Welcome to Baltimore" CD

Fifteen boring bar-punk songs about Tupperware parties, movies, porn, zombies, vampires, *Girls Gone Wild* and cops. The song "Vampire Love Song" isn't half bad and should have just been released as an EP. This is for you if you like going to dollar beer night and hoisting your plastic cup full of Miller when the band is playing songs that remind you of the MISFITS. (GH)
(self-released)

REVERSE – "Complete Sideways (The Complete Reverse)" CD

My only previous exposure with REVERSE was on Snuffy Smiles' *Best Punk Rock In England, Son* compilation that came out in the mid-'90s and featured such bands as TRAVIS CUT, COWBOY KILLERS, SCARFO and such. Since all the groups on that compilation basically had the melodic punk sound of the time and place (i.e. SNUFF/LEATHERFACE mixed with early Lookout sound), REVERSE blended in nicely.

What you get on this discography is basically 23 tracks of the same. While I enjoy it in bits, I find listening to the whole CD a little much. Probably would have enjoyed them broken down in 7" pieces instead. Guess that is the punishment when you arrive at the party fifteen years late. (JF)
(Damaged Goods / SP)

RIVERDALES – "Tarantula" LP

Yep, you read it right; the RIVERDALES have released a new album. All new shit, but shit none the less. RIVERDALES formed in 1994 as project of pure, unadulterated RAMONES worship, and was comprised of members of SCREECHING WEASEL, most notably Ben Weasel and Dan Vapid. This is now the RIVERDALES' fifth studio album and feels about the same as a RAMONES album sixteen years into their career. Think "Pet Semetary" or "Somebody Put Something in My Drink." The snottiness is gone, the attitude is gone and it just falls flat. The album plays like a bar rock band. But it does have its moments and will surely warm the hearts of diehard Ben Weasel fanboys. (FS)
(Recess)

FRANKIE ROSE AND THE OUTS – CD

FRANKIE ROSE has played in a lot of bands that I do not care about, but other people obsess on (VIVIAN GIRLS, CRYSTAL STILTS, DUM DUM GIRLS and one with Hannah from GRASS WIDOW called SHITSTORM). Whatever your perspectives on such acts, you have to admit that they make for a pretty impressive band history. I was not prepared to love her debut 7" as much as I did, but the A-side became a mix-tape staple and sorta ended up consuming my spring soundtrack... I was given this CD and told I was about to hear the record of the year, and I guess I was expecting to be struck dumb by a musical wave of total awesomeness. This did not happen, but I listened to it a lot and went from only liking three songs on it to appreciating it more as a whole. Those three songs are still my favorites though: an amazing, hypnotic cover of ARTHUR RUSSELL's "You Can Make Me Feel Bad," then "Don't Tred" (which sounds like it should be the soundtrack to some movie where a '60s mod girl finds herself—it's a foot stomper), and finally "Save Me" (which is dreamy, like a more languid SHOP ASSISTANTS number). The vocal harmonies of this all-girl combo are phenomenal, and when they play more rambunctious songs like "Must Be Nice," I am hooked... I love music that makes me imagine *Girls in the Garage* updated rather than replicated, with all the wannabe Kim Fowleys wiped out... If you wanna hear a Brooklyn girl gang making cinematic, impossibly catchy sounds that make good on all the promises unfulfilled by the girl-group revival... And you know you do! FRANKIE writes incredible hooks, and now that she has found her voice, I am excited to witness what is to come! I actually like how this sounds on my walkman rather than on the CD player here—it's grittier and more personal. So make a tape of this, OK? (LG)
(Slumberland)

RUINERS – "Happy Birthday Bitch" CD

Holy shit. After listening to one of the best reissues of the year, I am confronted with this shitty waste of plastic. If there was any justice, it would've gone directly to the nearest landfill. After listening to this CD it's clear music can be summed up by the picture of the guy in leather pants (that are on fire, perhaps because of the total atrocity of this music) with bad frost-tipped rocker hair holding a glass of wine and wearing some classy snowboarder-bro-dawg-circa-'98 shades. This band should be doomed to a life of supporting VELVET REVOLVER. Except that's probably their life dream. Bad, corny, pelvis-thrustin' bar rock with cheesy guitar lixx and AutoTuned bubbledumb vocals. Please kill me. (LG)
(Pravda)

SCREAMIN' STEVIE'S AUSTRALIA – "Just Want to Be Friends" CD

More well known for his time in the Oz garage band the HEKAWIS, SCREAMIN' STEVIE has been treading the boards for near two decades. This LP is a slice of organ-driven '60s gear. When it lets loose, shit is great...up-front organ and screaming vocals. Unfortunately more than half of this is straight-up lounge music, which is yaaaaawnsville. (TB)
(Turkeyneck)

SEASICK – "Imago/Gestalt" CD

Pressed in advance of their Japanese tour (with a proper release in Germany and Japan apparently on the way), this is a collection of all of SEASICK's material to date. The newer stuff that starts out the disc is pretty all over the place, mixing fast thrash with noodly breaks and emo freakouts. The earlier stuff is a bit more straightforward in the chaotic emo/hardcore vein. I can't say I cared for this much, but then they got to tour Japan so what the hell do I know? (AU)
(Crew for Life)

SEASICK – "Eschaton" LP

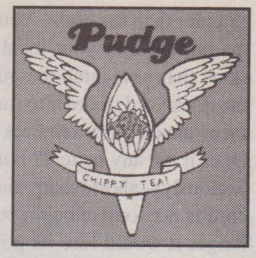
I reviewed SEASICK's last record about a year ago, and I wasn't impressed at all. This time around I'm definitely more into what they're doing. While *Ennui* came across as mediocre generic hardcore, *Eschaton* is a powerful beast of a record, heavy as hell with a perfectly fitting production, and while the metal flourishes on their 7" struck me as lame, the solos here are well-placed and sound pretty convincing. Stylistically, SEASICK is now playing a much crustier and more venomous breed of hardcore than they did in the past, driving and bass-heavy and verging on the hypnotic in its intensity. It's not often that a band I've written off comes back to actually impress me, but this is definitely one of those rare cases, and this is an excellent LP. This version is limited to 100 and probably won't be around too long, but there should be a regular version available soon. (VX)
(Ground Up)

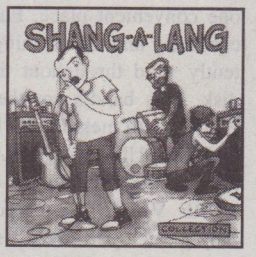
THE SEDIMENT CLUB – "Sediment Club" EP

At first I was hoping that this was going to be a group of kids from the depths of some former Soviet Bloc backwater that had somehow discovered some older relative's DAWSON records and formed this band as the only natural response; no such luck, they are Brooklynites armed with a bootleg of *No New York* and that book that Thurston Moore put out. They archly manage to recreate something of the abrasiveness of no wave, although the first song is indeed a dead ringer for DAWSON and they also sound a lot like BOGSHED or the POP GROUP in places. To be fair, it sounds good... It's derivative, but it's not like a thousand bands are running around trying to cop this style; when someone tries it and comes this close to getting it right, it's refreshing. (AM)
(Soft Spot)

LAS SEÑORAS – "Digitación" EP

Imagine the CIRCLE JERKS playing a LOST SOUNDS song—but this is an all-girl punk band from Spain. The dueling female vocals are so incendiary, the music so snotty,





catchier than the crabs. You will have to smash all the windows at your local police station and go skate that new ditch the punks just discovered in the dock yard in order to quell the itch. Your basement dance party requires this 45 or it'll expire. Does it get any better?? For this punk, it does not. Seriously—short, sharp and to the point. This record is not long enough, but maybe if it were any longer it would lose its power and frenzy. I have been watching this YouTube video of the DELINQUENTS playing the last punk show at Raul's, some time in the early '80s. They play this song called something like "Food Free Food." Listening to LAS SEÑORAS gives me the same feeling, but maybe with a little added "Amoeba" by the ADOLESCENTS. This makes me want to start a band pronto, which is the purpose of DIY punk rock, right?? (LG)
(Sólo Para Punks)

SHANG-A-LANG – "Collection" CD

This CD is a good opportunity to get the veritable onslaught of SHANG-A-LANG's 7"s all in one convenient place. Full of heart, these lo-fi, charming and unassuming tunes remain consistently solid throughout the entire length of the disk. This band's got the guts of DILLINGER FOUR, with melody that brings to mind the UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND, and just the right amount of folk—think, the FUTURE VIRGINS—mixed with hooks so tasty they'd catch you a whole school of fish. There's a nice BANANAS-like juxtaposition of screamed-to-fuck/tunefully executed vocals. Favorite release of the month—good job, dudes. (GG)
(Silver Sprocket Bicycle Club)

SHANNON AND THE CLAMS – "Paddy's Birthday" EP

I can only describe SHANNON AND THE CLAMS as intentionally immature and fuzzed-out romantic girl-group garage. Is that clear enough for you? There is so much reverb on every track of this recording that I feel like I'm going to fall into it. The recording is an appropriate presentation of the tracks and I really wouldn't mind at all if someone who was trying to impress me put a track from this EP on a mix tape for me. (HD)
(Southpaw)

JACKIE SHARK AND THE BEACH BUTCHERS – "2nd Generation Rising/Mary Lou"

Listen, I'm trying really hard to give a shit about this, I really am, but I can't find it in my bones to even listen to the B-side all the way through. A two-and-a-half-rate Killed By Deth shit-out 45 that claims the distinction of being the first punk band from Riverside. Who's the second then, D.I. (a band even worse than this)? This is pretty forgettable and I'm sure JACKIE SHARK spends all of his time Googling himself and now I'm gonna commit suicide because I just wrote "Googling" in a record review. The future sucks (but not as much as Artifix's reissue cover art—*yech*). (BB)
(Artifix)

JACKIE SHARK AND THE BEACH BUTCHERS – "2nd Generation Rising/Mary Lou"

Riverside's first punk band, fronted by enemy of TermBros everywhere, JACKIE SHARK. The music is fuzzed-out punk, like a band influenced by the NEW YORK DOLLS who had never heard the ROLLING STONES, or a lo-fi suburban STOOGES with no trace of Iggy or Jagger… A pretty cool artifact of an outlying weirdo hit by the first wave of punk. Sneered vocals over thuggish bass and weird rockarolla guitar solos and "futuristic" keyboard squee. When people use "KBD" as a reference, usually they are being lazy, but I would say in this case it's exactly what is contained on the grooves… Glad I wasn't in Riverside in 1976, but this seems like a pretty cool way to kill the boredom and depravity. (LG)
(Artifix)

SHARK PANTS – "Automatic Pinner" EP

Raw, American rock'n'roll played with the energy and speed of punk rock. Huge riffs and a vocal drawl. Reminds me a little of the Estrus sound from years back. Maybe the MONOMEN? Great, catchy stuff. (AM)
(Dirt Cult)

SKRACK / SPASTIX – split LP

SPASTIX play hardcore that's slightly Oi-influenced, has the right mix of grit and melody, and whose songs/song parts run the gamut from blast-beats to mosh breakdows to occasional moody moments. All the right ingredients are here, but the songs are sort of directionless and their side as a whole doesn't really go anywhere. SKRACK does more of a Burning Spirits thing with periodic soaring solos and samples of what I'm guessing are dictators giving speeches. None of their songs really stand out from each other, except for the final one, which is done acoustically with sort of new age-y percussion and sung vocals with a harsh softness to them. Cool idea, but not something I'd need to hear more than once. (DG)
(Matula / SM Musik)

THE SLIT PLASTERS – "It Smells Like Hell Over Here…" EP

Little secret of record reviewing: the hardest records to reviews are those that are neither bad nor good, but just there. Anyone can talk about great records or terrible records because they stick out in your mind. Records like this one, though, by the SPLIT PLASTERS just get forgotten about immediately because, like another peanut butter and jelly sandwich for lunch, they are just there. In this case, the PB&J consists of average bar/garage punk that might have come out on Junk or Gearhead Records—i.e. a 7" that will just get filed away and never listened to. If you're like me, 80% of your record collection is comprised of these. (JF)
(Chorizo)

SOCIAL CHAOS – "Ciclo da Traição" CD

This is some brutal Brazilian eco-vegan grindcrust with D-beat leanings—tons of driving beats and metallic guitar. These guys played with CATHETER recently, which is a perfect match. It's like ANTI-CIMEX meets CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER meets CONCRETE SOX. The vocals are gruff, throaty and pissed. It's raw, aggressive and definitely guitar driven. The lyrics are sung in Portuguese and English and are about how badly humanity is fucking shit up. If this is your genre of choice, definitely give it a listen cuz it's brutal. (MB)
(Filth-Ear / Terrötten / Karasu Killer)

SSA – "III" CD

This Aussie foursome specializes in generic '80s-influenced thrash punk with occasional metal riffage and even a ska intro on one song. The most interesting track is the extra "hidden" track of drunken between-song banter from the band's live shows. (AM)
(Live Fast Die Drunk)

THE STATE LOTTERY – "When the Night Comes" LP

If my memory serves me correctly, this is a supergroup of sorts with members split up between Detroit and NYC (or, more specifically, Queens). When I got their first LP for review a couple of years ago, I think I wrote something about it sounding similar to the WEAKERTHANS, but without all the slow and soft parts. The lyrics are personal, but not really cheesy or emo the way that a lot of bands like this seem to be doing these days. The same holds true for this record, but I can't help but detect a slight AGAINST ME influence poking through here and there. This record also has more instrumentation (saxophones, organs, piano) to round it out. (BD)
(Salinas)

STATUES – "Holiday Cops" LP

This probably sounds like LEATHERFACE (who I've never heard). Does this appeal to people who like the MARKED MEN? Do those who enjoy the literary stylings of the worst magazine in the world, *Razorcake*, like to sit back with a copy of that mag and pop on this long-player? Does Gord from DERANGED have a small child? Did that small child force him to put this record out? Do *adults* purchase records like this and listen to them after? How much does a sleeve this *thick* cost? What kind of *music* is this? I don't give a shit, it's really quite a grating record and I'd rather do without it. (Is this from *England*?) (BB)
(Deranged)

STATUES – "Holiday Cops" LP

Hi-fructose-corn-syrup powered Canadians that sound like some band that woulda played the Last Pogo in '78 aiming for something more along the lines of the FIRE ENGINES. It's got the herky jerk of that era of Postcard (Records) punk, but skewed through a pleasant Canadian power-pop lens. But there's no Scottish *Messthetics*-esque bile here! If FRANZ FERDINAND weren't a huge rock band but instead played basement shows? Maybe more FUTUREHEADS?

Seriously, if you like old DIY Scottish post-punk, but want it cleaned up and a little perkier, this record is the solution to that problem! (LG)
(Deranged)

STENCH – "Obsessed With Evil" LP

Wolverhampton's greatest punk band of all time! Well, I don't know much about the Wolverhampton scene, but this slab of 1983-1984 recordings sure put a smile on my face; there are even some potential classics on here (my nod goes to "No Escape" and "From Hell" (the latter is their take on "Hands of the Ripper" filtering Stephen Knight's Ripper theories). Tip o' the hat to Pure Punk for putting this out. (DD)
(Pure Punk)

STICKS N STONES – "Is It You?/Telling the Truth"

Two hits of power-pop-meets-glam-meets-'77 punk. Loads of that all-important energy and '70s attitude. Like BIG STAR meets NEW PORNOGRAPHERS meets *In the City*-era JAM. Sounds funny but to these ears it all works. Loving it. (SD)
(Trouble in Mind)

STIRLING SAYS – "Balboa" LP

Jesus, fuck, I can't believe this record even plays. Both copies we got are so horribly warped, if it weren't for the spindle hole in the record, I could probably use it as a bowl. All right, so vinyl issues aside, while I wanted to call this lo-fi folk-punk, I can't. Just 'cuz a band uses a violin in some of their songs doesn't make them folk-punk. Maybe folksy indie? Call it what you will, but I don't really find much of interest in this. I'm always wary of local bands that have numerous releases when I've never heard of them or heard anyone talk about them. I guess it's just a completely different scene that doesn't cross over into what I'm into. (BD)
(Adagio830)

STRANGE ATTRACTOR – "Just Looking" EP

An unfortunately overlooked band that hammers the shit clean out of the '60s garage genre by adding a chaotic twist and a '79 punk rock ethos. Art-garage done with a mindless sonic boom. Four tracks of spazzed-out recklessness all tightly held together by songs that actually have hooks and tunes and a magnetic pull to the dancefloor. Four tracks in total, the last being a great cover of "So Pissed Off" by the NIPPLE ERECTORS. Loving this band is so easy; convincing others of their brilliance is another matter. Record of the month. (SD)
(FDH)

SUN GOD – "Time Lord/Black Bag"

I was expecting some HoZac weirdness, but instead got two tracks of HÜSKER DÜ worship. Blown-out, shimmery guitars, constant guitar leads reminding me of a more punk DINOSAUR JR with the pop elements of SAMIAM. This sounds very late-'80s, or even late-'90s if you were in the UK. Really good stuff…very minimal packaging. (TB)
(Big Purple)

SUN GOD / THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY – "The Paul" LP

This one's complicated…two bands split an LP released by three labels. I guess I should expect it coming from Cleveland. THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY is heavy, kinda grungy punk stoner sludge metal doom shit, totally *in yo' face* and surprisingly pretty entertaining. Must be a fun live show. SUN GOD is emo as fukk. I mean, wow, I didn't see that coming. Not the introspective shit, more just like FUEL or JAWBREAKER, kinda raw, "rocking" emo. Noodly guitars 'n' stuff. Y'know, like totally 1996. Sick packaging. Important. (GB)
(Snax / Pizza Pants / Smog Veil)

TROPICAL SLEEP – "(Hadita) Girl With a Diamond Tooth/Bury My Body"

Two hi-fructose, '70s-inflected power-pop morsels from some ex-PETS perpetrators and other San Francisco faces. Tight t-shirts equal tight riffs, big hair equals big choruses. Some serious guitar shredding on these tracks as well. (AM)
(Trouble in Mind)

WEED HOUNDS – "Beach Bummed/Skating Away from the Cops"

Given the palm tree cover art and song titles, when the reverb-heavy guitar hit I figured I was in for some surf tunes, but instead this is more in line with the "hazy pop" that's all the rage with the kids this year. A-side doesn't go anywhere interesting but the flip is much more lively—subtle but solid hooks that borrow from the alt-rock pioneers of the late '80s and'90s, good arrangements, enough of a spark to (barely) qualify it for review in this punk mag… (CS)
(Iron Pier)

WHITE LUNG – "It's the Evil" LP

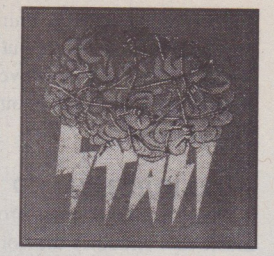
When I listen to WHITE LUNG, I want to be moving forward really fast with either a machete or baseball bat knocking shit over. Like, I wanna be the protagonist in a skateboarding video game. Yeah, WHITE LUNG makes me wanna kick ass in a fantasy world. And yes, I mean to imply that they are skate punk. Mish's vocals are super dynamic and sound like Mike Muir if he became a really excited and pissed off game show host. But when you get this record, be thee warned! The recording is so hyper that it might be wise to only listen to one side in a sitting. They crammed eleven demanding tracks onto this 12", and more than five can really wear you out. (HD)
(Deranged)

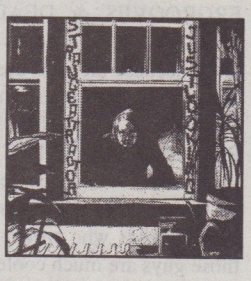
WIMPY DICKS – "Home Grown Terror" CD

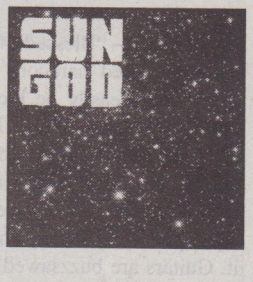
Wow, this is pretty bad. It reminds me of Wimpy-era QUEERS crossed with early CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, but clearly nowhere near as good as either of those fine bands. It goes everywhere from 1-2-1-2 hardcore to shredding guitars and sixteenth-beat drumming, all under painfully cliché and cheesy yet political lyrics. Ouch. (BD)
(Bopp n' Skin)

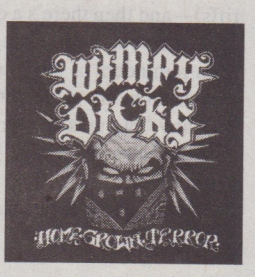
WOMEN – "No Reasons" LP

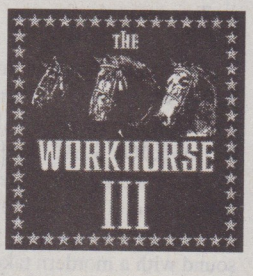
The name can throw you off, but maybe that's just another facet of what makes this band so good and refreshing to these jaded ears. I first heard their EP a year or two ago and thought it was decent but didn't exactly offer to fist fight anyone for the extra copy laying around or anything, so I had so-so expectations for this debut full-length. Let's face it; a lot of hardcore bands can't persevere past the EP. I ended up throwing this on the turntable while packing some boxes, and to make a long story short, I played the entire album three times before I finally gave it (and my household) a rest! WOMEN throw down some very garage-y hardcore in similar vein to all those cool European bands like DEAN DIRGE or HJERTESTOP or PRESS GANG, except these dudes are from Philly. And the cover of two rats being sewn together

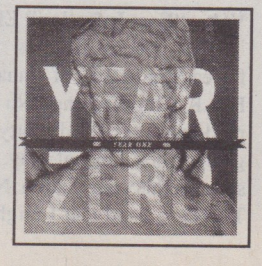












in a sort of Lovecraft re-animator fashion is pretty goddamn cool as well, but where's the freakin' lyric sheet?! Can't have everything, I guess. This is certainly a band you should check out. (BG)
(Resurrection)

WORKHORSE III – CD

This female-fronted group plays the sort of music that straddles the borderline between punk rock and straight-up guitar rock, but more towards the rock side; then again, so do the SEWERGROOVES or DEAD MOON, and those bands rule. I can't believe this band is a three-piece because the jams are solid with crisp drumming, deep bass lines, and noodling guitar riffs all over the place. Now I'm hearing more of a RUNAWAYS meets the CULT or ZEKE or something, and I should confess that this might be a bit too *rawk* for my tastes. But then again I have some friends who would totally eat this up and those guys are much cooler than me, so what do I know? (BG)
(DRP)

WORSHIT – "Blessed" CD EP

Fast, pissed hardcore from Moscow, WORSHIT could easily be kicking heads with Pittsburgh bands like CAUSTIC CHRIST or SUBMACHINE—it's that same kind of straight-ahead, zero-bullshit approach. Smart lyrics, delivered with sincerity and venom and directed with equal passion at society and the punk scene within it. Guitars are buzzsawed properly, kinda sounds like manipulated MINOR THREAT tones (and riffs)—and then there's a cover of "Seein' Red" to drive the point home. Songs like "Diagnosed" are grim reminders of the death and disease that permeates so many parts of the world, but don't expect any "pictures of starving children" bullshit, this hardcore is deeply personal. Six songs in seven minutes, WORSHIT are fukkn impressive, and I am excited to hear more. (WN)
(self-released)

YEAR ZERO – "Year One + No Tongue for Eros" CD

Two records for the price of one—always a good deal. Taking in a heap of LEATHERFACE, mixing it up with that Gainseville sound à la RADON whilst adding some late-'80s influences such as AMERICAN STANDARD and the DOUGHBOYS. All well played, and definitely proud to highlight their record collection through their music. The songs bunch and keep, driving forward whilst holding your attention. A retro sound with a mordern take. Good stuff. (SD)
(Young Modern)

V/A – "East Infection" EP

This record features four bands from the far eastern region of Canada. First off is MESS FOLK with the song "No Jobs," which is angry, plodding, noisy and pretty awesome in a sloppy garage rock kind of way. It's probably the best song on this compilation. Next up is MEAT CURTAINS, a band that I might be able to get into if they played something more than the same four chords over and over for the entire song. It kind of reminds me of a less talented BABES IN TOYLAND. Side B starts off with STRAWMEN, who sound like one of those garage bands from an old Sub Pop compilation, like the WALKABOUTS. The SHATS finish out the record with a simple, jangly pop song that goes nowhere. Next. (GH)
(Foul And Fair)

V/A – "One Hundred in Ten" LP

Remember the *Bllleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh!* 7" comps that Slap-A-Ham put out in the '90s, where 40-odd bands would each contribute a song on one EP? This is the 12" version of that, featuring 100 bands. Yep, *100 bands* on an LP. OK, that's not quite true: it's actually 99 bands and a thirty-second silent track. My bad. Anyway, as you might have guessed, these bands mostly fall in the powerviolence, grindcore, and fastcore categories, although some other varieties of hardcore make their way in, as well as a few noise acts. I'd love to do a serious review of this, but really it would take hours to write and take up at least three pages of the magazine, so instead I'm just going to say this: the LP is good for a listen and as a gimmick, but after a while everything just blurs together and you can't even remember who you're listening to anymore. Much like the aforementioned *Bllleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh!*, *The Son of Bllleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh!*, and *Bllleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh!: A Music War*, you're going to play this once or twice and dutifully file it away, never to be seen again. That said, I'll still almost certainly end up buying a copy. Oh, and if you want to know, here are all of the bands features: GODSTOMPER, SIDETRACKED, AL QAEDA, BACKSLIDER, FUCK THE FACTS, GET RAD, TRANSIENT, YACOPSAE, BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA, WHATSHAME?, SUPERBAD, SEA OF SHIT, GONE TO CROATOAN, NOTHING IS OVER, AGATHOCLES, LUNGE, SOCIALLY RETARDED, AXRXM, MASTIC, DOS AMIGOS, KORROZAO, BANKROBBER, HEIR., GRG, PARTY BY THE SLICE, HIVESMASHER, LOADED FOR BEAR, MEGALODON, 50 WAYS TO KILL ME, MECHANICAL SEPARATION, GRAVEBOUND, EYE-GOUGE, JEFFXSPICOLI, MANCRUEL, BLOCKED OUT, FACE OF DEATH, SEVERED TONGUE, THE MERCER BROS., ONDERROCK, GENDERS, A DEN OF ROBBERS, COERCED, CHAINSAW TO THE FACE, LAST LAUGH, ZLAYER, GORGONIZED DORKS, DOUBLE OR NOTHING, DAN, BIZARRE X, HATE, MUDLARK, PATHETIC HUMAN, MISANTHROPIC NOISE, VOETSEK, PSYCHO ENHANCER, FUGITIVE WIZARD, INDULGE, BRONTOX, DEAD WOMB, I ABHOR, CHEST PAIN, THINK TWICE, INTHESHIT, SOUTH REACH, EYESORE, POWER CUP, TOILET DOG, FED UP, WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE DEAD, OSK, CALL ME RENEGADE, EDDIE BROCK, SOIL OF IGNORANCE, ABLACH, INERDS, RATHER BE DEAD, HENRY FONDA, COWARD!, DAISY CVTTER, COGS AND SPROCKETS, CRAWL, WEAK LINK, MIND WRECK, BRING THAT SHIT, FUCK EVERYONE, AN EDIFICE TOWERING THE EARTH, ATOM AGE, EXTERMINATION ANGEL, BARACK OBAMA, MORBID OBESITY, R.O.C., STILL BIRTH, WAR HERO, DRY CLOUDS, HIGHLIFE, ROTTEN REASON, IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS, SLAPENDEHONDEN, DON GARNELLI, and HUMAN EXTERMINATION PROJECT. Whew. (VX)
(Intellect)

V/A – "Thrash Yourself and Fuck the Rest" LP

A one-side 12", three-way split between the Bay Area's VÖETSEK, BARBATOS (Japan) and MINKIONS (Italy). VÖETSEK starts off with their wonderful fastcore-meets-crossover metal. They really are a metal band these days but don't fall into thrash clichés. The guitar shreds, the drumming is still spastic, Ami's vocals still make my throat hurt just thinking about trying to scream like that and the lyrics still tackle a lot of difficult issues. BARBATOS is completely another story. A one-man metal band that is yet another project of Yasuyuki Suzuki's (ABIGAIL, SIGH, CUT THROAT). The sound is someplace right at the beginning of thrash with NWOBHM influences. I love how raw the sound is, which also reminds me of those NWOBHM 7"s from the early '80s. MINKIONS have a curious sound—'80s crossover mixed with an earlier DRI sound (before they went metal/crossover). Fast, raw tracks with vocals you can understand but also with those mosh-able riffs like DRI. Add a tiny bit of straight-up early-'80s metal and you get the idea. If you wanna get your retro-metal/crossover/thrash on, get this release. (MH)
(Agipunk)

V/A – "Transcendental Maggot" CD

I was ready to hate all over this thing. Who needs a reissue of a ten-year-old CD comp? Particularly one that has barebones packaging and no information at all about the bands? I was forced to reevaluate my position after a number of these Southern-style slower metal songs forced their leaden groove upon me. SOUL PREACHER does a sweet garage-band BLACK SABBATH thing, and BABA YAGA is like a B-rate EYEHATEGOD, still pretty good. Fucking RISE has a six-minute instrumental song which I was digging on! STRONG INTENTION and BLOODRED BACTERIA cover fucking fast hardcore, the latter sounding like a great practice tape. Of course there are a few dull loser tracks, but that's pretty standard. This type of thing has to really hit me to get a good reaction, so props to Tsuguri (formerly known as Meconium) Records for sharing these gems with us. (JM)
(Tsuguri)

CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

1234 Go!: www.1234go.com

Aborted Society: 1122 E. Pike St. #1377, Seattle, WA 98122-3934, abortedsociety.com

Adagio830: Marchlewski Strasse 107, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY, www.adagio830.de

Agipunk: Agipunk.com orders@agipunk.com

Alternative Tentacles: alternativetentacles.com

Antimaster: antimastercrust@gmail.com

Anti-Pop: www.myspace.com/antipoprecords

Artifix: PO Box 641 Moreno Vålley, CA 92556

Badmaster: www.badmasterrecords.com

Beefy: beefyrecords.bigcartel.com

Beer City: www.beercityrecords.com)

Big Purple: bigpurplerecords@gmail.com

Bopp n' Skin: POB 14016, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406

Bullet Teeth: www.myspace.com/hifispitfires

Campary: www.campary-rec.de

Cauterized: cauterizedprod@gmail.com

Cheapskate: 297 Stoodley, Schenectady, NY 12303

Chicken's Call: chickenscall.call@free.fr

Chorizo: www.chorizo.com

Contraszt!: www.diyordie.net

Crew For Life: www.crewforlife-records.com

Crimes Against Humanity: www.cahrecords.com

Damage: Nordqvist Vasavagen 44d, 58233, Linkoping SWEDEN, damagelkpg@gmail.com

Damaged Goods: PO Box 45854, London, E11 1JA, UK, www.damagedgoods.co.uk

Dan Webb and the Spiders: www.myspace.com/danwebbandthespiders

Deranged: www.derangedrecords.com

Deskontento: deskontentorecords.org

Despues Del Odio: myspace.com/despuesdelodio

Die Slaughterhaus: POB 160168, Atlanta, GA 30316

Dirtcult: 713 Stagecoach Drive Las Cruces NW 88011 www.dirtcultrecords.com

Distro-Y: West Winds, Sea Road, Silgo, IRELAND, www.distroy.webs.com

Distort: PO Box 239, North Carlton, Victoria, 3054, AUSTRALIA

Don't Need It: www.myspace.com/dontneedrecords

Doomtown Sounds: kellymotxo@hotmail.com

Dorrterror: www.myspace.com/dorrterror

DRP: PO Box 6257, Wyomissing, PA 19610, www.drprecords.com

Fat Wreck: www.fatwreck.com

FDH: www.fdhmusic.com

Fight Back: Mats Sjorgren, Marbogatan 28, 52230 Tidaholm, SWEDEN

Filth-Ear: www.filthear.be/fegeneralpage.html

Foul and Fair: 34 Fairfield Rd, Lower Coverdale, NB, E1J 0A2, UK

Frankenjew: 1776 Chestnut Ave., Glenview, IL 60025, www.frankenjewrecords.bigcartel.com

Give Praise: www.givepraiserecords.com

Glom Da: www.myspace.com/glomda

Grey Inferno: greyinferno@gmail.com)

Ground Up: grounduprecords.bigcartel.com

Halo of Flies: www.haloofflesrecords.com

Hate Records: Via S. Giovanni in Laterano, 192/194, 00184 Roma, ITALY, haterecords.com

Haunted Hotel: PO Box 348, Yonkers, NY 10710, www.hauntedhotelrecs.com

HellonEarth: 6433 Topanga Cyn. Blvd. 202, Woodland Hills, CA 91303, hellonearthrecords@gmail.com

Hjernespind: PO Box 505, 2200 Copenhagen N, DENMARK, www.hjernespind.com

Holy Shit: www.myspace.com/holyshittrash

HS!BF: 512 E. Center Street, Milwaukee, WI 53212, aappjj@hotmail.com

Inget Jävla Chafs: ingetjavlachafs.blogspot.com

Inimical: PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111, www.inimical.com

Intellect: c/o Jeremy Zierau, 345 Eldert St Apt. 217, Brooklyn, NY 11237, intcollective.com

Innoxia Corpora: www.innoxiacorpora.cz

Iron Pier: PO Box 279, East Setauket, NY 11733

It's Alive: 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869, www.itsaliverecords.com

Joven Hasta Morir: www.myspace.com/jhmdistro

Karasu Killer: www.karasukiller.com

Knock Knock: 200-1 Springmeadow Dr., Holbrook, NY 11741, www.knockknockrecords.com

Lejos Del Cielo: www.myspace.com/lejosdelcielorec

Less Art: PO Box 2963, Denver, CO 80201

Let's Pretend: www.letspretendrecords.com

Lexicon Devil: P.O. Box 346 Coburg, Victoria 3058, AUSTRALIA, www.myspace.com/lexicondevil

Lilla Himmel: www.lillahimmel.com

Live Fast Die Drunk: livefastdiedrunk.blogspot.com

Love Dimension: www.thelovedimension.com

Matula: www.matularecords.de

Medistro: www.myspace.com/medistro

Monster Zero: myspace.com/monsterzeropunkrock

Mosh Part: moshpart@gmail.com

Motorcycle Face: www.motorcyclefacerecords.com

My Dog is a Cat: mydogisacat@gmail.com

N/A: crimewaveisdead@gmail.com

No Front Teeth: www.nofrontteeth.net

No Idea: www.noidea.com

Not Enough: Poststugan 144, 211 65 Malmö, SWEDEN, http://notenough.se

Not Shy Of The DIY: www.notshyofthediy.co.uk

Nuclfear: lukeeller@gmail.com

Orymeyngel: Toyenbekken 4, 0188 Oslo NORWAY

Paper & Plastick: paperandplastick.com

People Like You: www.peoplelikeyourecords.com

Perce-oreille: lustucrust.org/perceoreille_skeuds.html

Perennial: www.perennialdeath.com

PHR: www.phr.cz

P.I.G: PO Box 13536, Des Moines, WA 98198, www.myspace.com/potbellyjason

Pippol Distro: kuidado@hotmail.com

Pizza Pants: www.myspace.com/pizzapantsrecords

Polypore: www.ppr.yolasite.com

Poorest Quality: 1085 Commonwealth Ave. #313, Boston, MA 02215

Portnow International Group: PO Box 13536 Des Moines, WA 98198

Pravda: PO Box 268043, Chicago, IL 60626

Pro-Anti: Via Cortascie, 6516 Cugnasco, SWITZERLAND, proantimusic@gmail.com

Profane Existence: PO Box 18051, Minneapolis, MN 55418, www.profaneexistence.org

Pure Punk: www.purepunk.it

Ragout!: ragoutmusic@gmail.com

Rally: www.rallyrecords.com

Rebel Time: www.rebeltimerecords.com

Recess: PO Box 1666 San Pedro CA 90733, www.recessrecords.com

Red Lounge: www.redloungerecords.de

Resurrection: PO Box 1690, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693, www.getresurrected.com

The Revelevens: www.myspace.com/therevelevens

Ribderherz: www.rinderherzrecords.ch.vu

Rotted Tooth: www.myspace.com/496212530

Sacred Bones: sacredbonesrecords.com

Salinas: PO Box 2802 Detroit, MI 48202, www.salinasrecords.com

Saiman Silakat: saimaansilaket@luukku.com

Schizophrenic: www.schizophrenicrex.com, 17 West 4th St., Hamilton, ON, L9C 3M2 CANADA

Search For Fame: Fanta Nickolaus, Akazien Str. 5, 40627, Dusseldorf, GERMANY

Shaman: 3517 W. Diversey Ave. #1, Chicago, IL 60647, www.shamanrecords.com

Shapeshifter: shapeshifter57@hotmail.com

Silver Sprocket Bicycle Club: silversprocket.net

Sing Sing: www.singsingrecords.com

Sit & Spin: PO Box 31402, Philadelphia, PA 19147, sitandspinrecords@gmail.com

Skrot Up: skrotup.blogspot.com

Skuld Releases: Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272 Renningen, GERMANY, www.skuldreleases.de

Slumberland: www.slumberland.com

SM Musik: www.sm-musik.de

Smog Veil: www.smogveil.com

Snax: www.myspace.com/givemesnax

Snuffy Smiles: 12-A Kasmikousaicho, Shihiku, Kita-Ku, Kyoto 603-8117 JAPAN

Soft Spot: www.softspotmusic.com

Sólo Para Punks: Apdo de Correos 1030 , Getafe 28905, SPAIN

South Paw: www.southpaw-records.com

SP: www.sp-records.com

Splattercat: splattercat.tumblr.com

Stool Sample: PO Box 1998, Monrovia, CA 91017-6998, www.stoolsamplerecords.com

Suburban Mayhem: www.myspace.com/suburbanmayhemindustries

Susspool: www.myspace.com/acrobrats

Sysdumb: www.sysdumbrecords.com

Tadpole: spudtat@hotmail.com

Telephone Explosion: www.telephoneexplosion.com

Tic Tac Totally: PO Box 558383, Chicago, IL 60655

Terrötten: www.terrotten.com

Tofu Guerilla: www.myspace.com/tofuguerrilla666

To Live a Lie: 2825 Van Dyke Ave. Raleigh, NC 27607, www.tolivealie.com

Too Circle: Shingo Maeda, 221-3 Hi-Home Kodaira 510, Nakamachi Kodaira-City #187-0042, Tokyo, JAPAN, www005.upp.so-net.ne.jp/toocircle/

TNS: www.tnsrecords.co.uk

Trouble In Mind: troubleinmindrecs@gmail.com

Tsuguri: 2847 Doc Pugh Rd, Connelly Springs, NC 28612, tsugurirecords@yahoo.com

Turkeyneck: www.turkeyneck.com.au

Urban Pirate: myspace.com/urbanpirateerecords

Vendetta: Marchlewskistrasse 107, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY

Vinyl Rites: www.vinylrites.net

Voltage: Lidicka 73, 602 00, Brno, CZECH REP.

Working Class: www.wcdiscos.com

Worshit: worshithatesyou@gmail.com

Wrench: PO Box 52638, London N7 8YD, ENGLAND, www.wrench.org

Young Modern: myspace.com/youngmodernrecords

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Dan Goetz, Aaron Hall and Brad Lambert.

ABOLITIONIST – There is a very singer/songwriter dude with an acoustic guitar feel to a lot of these songs, like the rest of the band was put together after half the songs were written. The finished product is a pretty rocking collection of songs that mix elements of protest punk, early pop punk, rock'n'roll, and a little folk. I read their contact info before putting the disc in and saw that they were from Corvallis, which immediately reminded me of good times with the WOBBLIES. Maybe it colored my judgment but the two bands seem to have a similar style, but ABOLITIONIST doesn't go in for as much screamy singing, whoah-ohs, and multi-part harmonies. It is more stripped down with a chunkier guitar style, almost chugging at times. It works for me. (Brad) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/abolitionist1859, Dustin Herron, 797 NW Fox Pl, Corvallis, OR 97330)

AGATHA – I am instantly reminded of 1905 musically, though the vocals are on a completely different plane. Female vox spit out with riot grrl fury and occasionally sung, but out of tune in the way that doesn't matter because she is going for it and fukkn means it. The songs meander a bit but always return to steady jangly melodic punk, but it never enters the realm of pop, the shit's just a little too off kilter. Earnest lyrics address gender identity and a desire for community—both physically and emotionally. Put these kids inside Thrillhouse and the room would fukkn explode. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o 2317 14th Ave S., Seattle, WA, agatha206@yahoo.com)

BAD BUNNIES – Musically this falls in the more indie realm of pop punk, but the band members are what is interesting here. BAD BUNNIES is a project handled by a punk schoolteacher with about 20 second graders from Brooklyn, and the kids chose the subject matter (I really wish the lyrics were included) and arranged the songs. All the vocals are from this chorus of kids, singing about vacation and imagination. Parents and teachers take note! (Robert) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, imanlamb@yahoo.com)

BATTERED – The cover of this thing made me think I was in for some kind emo nerdario bullshit. Silk screened cardboard envelope, picture of a dead bird, etc... Instead it's killer Doom Metal, seriously some BURNING WITCH (ex-FALSE LIBERTY, therefore punk) level shit here. Only two songs, but they are fucking *long*. Some pretty strong anti-religion sentiment, going on here, more specifically Catholicism/Christianity, the song "Motherfucker", is just giving it to the J man, some harsh shit indeed, "paper dick"? Must be some Polish slang or something. Only one gripe, and this goes out to all "heavy" bands *lose the fucking cello*! (Aaron) (2-songs cassette, myspace.com/battered666, blindedrec@o2.pl, blindedrecs.wordpress.com)

BLACK AMERICA – Local kids, playing sloppy, juvenile hardcore. I really found this thing annoying to listen to, it sounds a lot like any third tier early '80s LA hardcore punk band, except there are parts that make me think of that awful VANDALS song "Ladykiller", I assume that isn't his intention. The lyrics are critical of just about everything, and reminds me of Brace's shtick with WARKRIME, maybe that's who "Garage Rock Doucher" is about (I'm just kidding bro). I know I called it annoying, but it's not necessarily bad, if you catch my drift. (Aaron) (11–songs CD-R, lyrics included, can't locate contact info, try the internet)

BOOK SLAVE – Desperate shouting over equally desperate, dissonant guitar, sans other instruments, with sort of a shoegaze or '90s Northwest indie-rock-coming-from-hardcore sound in a way that they could've had a record on Excursion in the '90s. The songs don't vary that much, but sort of drive the point home in their similarity. I'd love to see this band live. (Dan) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, vaguedan@hotmail.com, myspace.com/thebookslave)

THE BOSTON STRANGLER – SSD and DYS are all over this Boston band's sound, rapid fire and pissed hardcore. This is pretty by the numbers shit, but it's fucking good, and whoever said that every new band needed to be groundbreaking needs to start playing free jazz. Hate and rage seep through the lyrics, "now you're out of breath with your back against the wall // who's gonna be there to break your fall? // no one," any questions? (5-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Ban Reilly, 5 Ruths Way, Ipswich, MA 01938, birthdisinfectant@gmail.com)

BREAK – Really raw rehearsal recording featuring four blistering hardcore tunes. I think that given the proper treatment these songs would be rather melodic, but that the breakdowns would lose my interest. In this rough presentation, however, I find everything to be raw and punk. This appears to be a band in their infancy, the joys of DIY at your fingertips is demos in *MRR* before you have lyrics. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, breakthebandup@gmail.com)

BREAKDOWN – Ultra slick modern hardcore along the lines of something NAKED AGGRESSION might record these days, but with male vocals. This has a certain SoCal beach punk feel to it, but that might be their aesthetic seeping into my perception. (Robert) (3-song CD-R lyrics included, myspace.com/breakitdownhardcore)

BURKE, MAT – This is folky alternative rock. This makes AGAINST ME sound like BAD BRAINS...I'm not saying its bad, I'm just saying what it is, and for what it is its pretty OK. But I prefer punk rock, and just 'cause it's fast and you say "fuck" sometimes doesn't make it punk—and the harmonica doesn't help. (Robert) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.mat-burke.com)

CELL MATES – This band dishes out some serious guitar work, verging on amphetamine laced surf in the intro, and then fading into more subdued (but still raucous) jerky jams guaranteed to get yer feet stompin'. They call this shit punk rock where I come from, and while you could write this off as some " old sounding" throwback band, you would be an idiot because these tunes are infectious, and CELL MATES' combination of blistering paced no frills hardcore and ultra catchy slower parts (not breakdowns or heavy mosh parts, just slower parts) is killer. This demo is light, as in the opposite of musically heavy, and it works for CELL MATES just fine. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, c/o Wallride Records, 4401 Ethel Ave., 21074, www.wallriderecords.com)

CELL MATES – This sounds like a bit of a throwback to mid to faster tempo '80s USHC with a heavy nod to dirty rock'n'roll. The guitars are generally fast and chunky with leads that aren't wanky, but wail it out and then get right back to business, sometimes into a moshy breakdown. Vocals are spoken more than shouted and go well with the band's tendency to change speeds during songs. This is circle pit music. (Brad) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/cellmates410, Wallride Records, 4401 Ethel Ave., Hampstead, MD 21074)

CRACKBOX – Melodic but filthy punk from New Orleans, CRACKBOX just feels sweaty. The singer sounds like a female Stza (that's the dude from CHOKING VICTIM), and these songs have more character than most bands of this ilk that get stuck in a crust pop rut. The singer kinda sounds like she's getting tired by the end of the tape (which is fair, her pipes are on maximum output during every tune), which gives the tape a live feeling. I like things that feel alive. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, myspace.com/crackboxpunk)

DARK CIRCLES – Barebones snotty punk in the vein of NEW BOMB TURKS, but sloppier. It's the fast and fun side of early '90s punk without all the pop (OK, well, there's a little bit, but not enough to muck it all up and shit). "Dumb Tattoos" and "Adderall Slug" should give you a pretty good idea where these brats are coming from. Simple garage-y blasts in three chords or less, raw and punk. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, $3ppd c/o Brian Brainwreck, 74 Dwight St. #2, New Haven, CT 06511)

DELIQUESCE – This thing is all over the place, but every place it goes is noisy and chaotic. I am reminded of catastrophic '90s screamo (MOHINDER) as much as '90s German metalcore (not the mosh-tastic stuff, I'm talking about JANE, AKEPHAL and the like). Low-fi as shit, and it's a pretty painful listen to be honest, but there are good songs in here. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, sbmn03@yahoo.com)

DESKONNOCIDOS – A few months back I was told to check these guys out, I didn't. Well now I have a tape with all their EPS and some unreleased tracks. I wasn't expecting this to be so dark, I don't listen to a lot of shit like this, I'm thinking WIPERS? CRISIS? Death Rock? I don't know, some dude with long hair and a beard told me they sound like PARALISIS

PERMANENTE, beats me, never heard 'em, but there you go. I do know this is about as cheerful as the waiting room at Kaiser Permanente, shit's bleak which is appropriate for our lovely San Francisco summers. I'm into this shit, and will try to track down some of the vinyl copies of this stuff. The lyrics are in Spanish, but printed in English, and a Polish label put it out, how about that? (Aaron) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, tododestruido@gmail.com, blindedrec@02.pl)

THE DIYONYSIANS – There's something unusually spontaneous and genuine about how this recording was captured. It listens like a hazy radio transmission of a bunch of miscreants seeking refuge from the apocalypse, downing the world's remaining boxes of red wine while sitting around a fire in the forest or some beach, playing these songs and arguing about song beginnings and (non-existent) production values while the rest of the world burns. The music itself falls somewhere between the OBSERVERS and the BLACK LIPS, but also at times brings to mind a demented take on '50s ballads and '60s garage stuff, with vocals that sound like Jonathan Richman if the apocalypse had happened in 1972 and he'd given up sobriety for his last night on earth. This demo is incredibly captivating, and I have sky-high expectations for what this band will come up with next, if they don't dissolve before then. But what's with the minimal packaging? I want to know more!! (Dan) (7-song CD, lyrics not included, thedyonysiansphx@yahoo.com)

THE DRY HEAVES – Fast and furious streetpunk with a killer guitar tone and a frenetic pace that hopefully translates to the live show. Songs like "Working Class Heroes," "Praying To The Porcelain God," "Get A Job," and "Skins & Punks/Gutterpunks" (nice modern touch) should give you the general idea, but this is better than the average band that would sink to such lowest common denominator song titles. The vocals are the weak spot, but the energy level more than makes up for it. (Robert) (19-song CD-R, no lyrics, oithedrummer@yahoo.com)

EVERYTHING IS RUINED – Melodic, anthemic and raw punk. Equal parts THIS IS MY FIST and later SOCIAL DISTORTION. This sounds like a sweaty house in Tennessee, filled with dirty smiling faces drenched, for 20 glorious minutes, with the sheer joy of life. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/everythingisruined)

THE FUCKING BUCKAROOS – Acoustic hillbilly punk from the Bay Area with banjos and slurred faux southern accents. This was recorded in 2006. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, $2ppd from rtpugh@gmail.com)

GREX – Mellow, meandering and slightly psychedelic acoustic political folk music played by modern day hobos who appear to vaguely identify with the punk community. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.giantrecordcorporation.org)

THE HAMMER – Dual vocal metal crust from Connecticut, with ripping solos and fist banging beats. My tape is duped like shit, so I have to search for the crust through the hiss (and in only one speaker at that!), but the HAMMER are carrying on a fine tradition of killer CT hardcore crust punk—taking the likes of the TOTAL END, DISSENSION and DEFORMED CONSCIENCE and giving it just a little more metal. They add a touch of cheese as well, but I think it's unintentional, so that makes it even better. Oh yeah, the PRIEST cover is totally unnecessary. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, myspace.com/thehammerct)

HELLO MY NAME IS RED – Clean and jangling indie rock. It's like if the DEAD MILKMEN were slower and tried to sing serious songs, or some new band made up of nice shirt wearing dirty haired boys that might be featured on Jimmy Fallon live and touted as a big thing. The songs are OK, and there's a super noisy guitar overdub on the third song that I like. (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, c/o David Pacheco 323-316-4989)

HIRNSÄULE – It's a shame that a release so painstakingly put together is relegated to the demo section, but this comes to us on CD-Rom, and rules is rules, so a demo it is. Multilingual catchy punk from Germany with a vocal delivery not unlike Sir Jello at times, though nowhere as charismatic (or grating). Ultra high energy shits that is played as if these youngsters are old pros, you certainly get the impression that this is far from their first rodeo. Great clean guitar leads and riffs that get right down to business, perfect for a drummer who seems to be all about getting down to business. The whole thing is packaged in a handmade screened cardboard sleeve with a DIY 20+ panel fold out with lyrics and art... the thing looks fukkn great, and sounds it as well. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, lyrics included, $7 plus postage from: Thomas Lindenbaum, Voxtruper Str. 12, 49082-Osnabrück GERMANY, www.hirnsaeule.de)

IX ZEALOT – Prior to this I think the only Salt Lake band I'd heard was XCLEARX, this band does not sound like them. These are three long songs of very brutal, heavy doom/black/death influenced metal. Some of the riffing and the drummer's style does bring to mind a few of the '90s metalcore bands on Life Sentence, and Goodlife records, just slowed way down. I get the feeling these guys are probably around there 30s or late 20s and had a few of those records in their collection. What it really reminds me of is the slower MORBID ANGEL songs, just without the off the wall solos and shit, the vocals have a similar occult style too, I dig it, even though I have no clue what the fuck he's talking about. (Aaron) (3-songs CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/ninthzealot)

ANDY KERR – Cassette reissue of the 1997 LP by ex-NOMEANSNO guitarist ANDY KERR, and it kinda sounds like a dude from NOMEANSNO went off on a more mellow and slightly more introspective solo career, which seems appropriate. Still plenty of the wit that Vancouver's most technically proficient old men are famous for, but the blistering chops are traded for more personal lyrics (the song "Compilation Tape" addresses unrequited affection in the form of a painstakingly crafted mix tape) and occasional acoustic guitars. If you like your NOMEANSNO but you would like it to feel a little more grown up, then here you go. (Robert) (13-song cassette, lyrics included, Rock & Roll Masturbation Records c/o P. Ulrich, 2 crs d'Herbouville, 69004 Lyon FRANCE, vegas666@free.fr)

KINGSHEAD – This makes me think of HELMET playing raspy late '90s tough hardcore, with little dabs of other AmRep offerings that pop up every couple of songs. Pretty killer that they manage to make me think of bands from 15 years ago (or 20), but they sound perfectly suited releasing this music now. Monstrous guitars and massive breakdowns...the only modern band I can place them with is Germany's the NOW DENIAL, as both manage to simultaneously fuse and transcend the various sub genres of heavy hardcore. Only six tunes here, but they are top notch. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o 1469 Reynard Cres., Virginia Beach, VA 23451, imnotchrist@gmail.com)

KLEINS96 – Melodic punk. Lots of vocal melody and crunchy guitars that sound an awful lot like PROPAGANDHI in a flattering way. The drums also bring back memories of Fat Wreck circa 1994, but there's more variety in the songs, and frequent NYHC styles backing vocals. These guys practice *a lot* and it shows. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.harvestkingrecords.com)

THE LAST BARBARIANS – I don't know if you could stretch the punk rock umbrella far enough to cover these guys, but you can hear the punk influences in there. They play a fast kind of spastic rock with what sounds like a funk style. Kind of like if you put a BIG BOYS LP on at 45 rpm. And they just kind of remind me of that general weirdo Texas sound from the '80s. The DICKS would probably play with them. One thing I'm certain about is that these guys can play their instruments; my fingers would fall off if I had to play bass for this band. (Brad) (2-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.thelastbarbarians.com)

THE LORRAINAS – This tape's cover is a photograph of the band's four ladies and aging dude drummer cut and folded into a J-card, with song titles and other info written on the back, and the band's name written on a tape label stuck on the spine. As their name might imply, this band takes their cues from the RAMONES, but unlike the misguided RAMONES worship of whatever Lookout/Honest Don's bands from the '90s, they get it right, with songs that are catchy and tough, and just dripping with hormones and the urge to go out, cause trouble, find someone to make out/go to bonetown with, and then get teenage kicks all through the night. Some will inevitably think this is cornball, but I think it's great. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, lashaa@gmail.com)

LUMBER LUNG – Shouted and shrill female vocals and swarming discordant guitars scream '90s to me, like this band could have been born in a California coastal town 15 years ago. There are more than enough straight ahead rock parts to make LUMBER LUNG pretty hopelessly catchy, but the vocals and song structure give them an edge and keeps them from falling in line with the mundane. Awesome package (something I rarely say about a CD-R) with letterpress cover and lyrics printed on vellum, just to ramp up the nostalgia factor a few notches. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, $3ppd c/o 330 W. Victoria Street, Santa Barbara, CA 93101, lumberlungmusic@gmail.com)

MONKEYTOWN – Equal parts AGAINST ME and some other indie band I can't put my finger on, with liberal use of the harmonica and attempts at making every song a crowd pleasing sing along smash hit. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/monkeytownaustin)

NIGHT PROWLER – Holy shit! A good, straight up hardcore record from right here in San Francisco? I guess anything is possible, total '80s Boston worship. They have a song called "Mindless Violence", I am going to assume they took it from the FIT FOR ABUSE EP of the same name, that's a pretty good comparison as well as old VIOLENT MINDS. Four fast songs and slow jammer similar to "Nightstalker" by pre-Bosstones band IMPACT UNIT, I'm beginning to see a pattern emerge her, detailing harsh comedown of the summer of love, Vietnam, Manson, all that shit. I hope this is a real band not just a recording project it fucking kills. (Aaron) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, kramrecords.bigcartel.com,markpalm604@hotmail.com)

NIGHT SIEGE – I think these Austin dudes have seen WORLD BURNS TO DEATH a few times.

Nothing wrong with that. Charging, anthemic hardcore with gnarly vocals, some POISON IDEA, thrown into the mix, actually a lot of shit is thrown into the mix, including more modern hardcore elements, so it's not just another rehash of the same old shit. At times it gets a little too melodic for me, but it does provide some variety. Pretty good shit. (Aaron) (4 song CD-R, nightsiege@hotmail.com)

NIMBUS TERRIFIX – Oof, sorry guys but I could not get into this one. The recording isn't helping much. It just doesn't come together. I think it's mainly the vocals that are killing it for me, it makes this sound like a fast LICKGOLDENSKY or something…I hated that band, so maybe that's my problem. Otherwise it's chaotic fast hardcore, but with weird semi funky bass lines that I could also do without. Ex-DEAD RADICAL and BARBARIAN LORD, so maybe this was just kind of rushed. (Aaron) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, bwastbeat@gmail.com)

NO KOMPETENZ – Stripped down deliberate UK82 sounding punk rock from a band who clearly spent more time on crafting classic songs than they did on artwork. I can't even read the song titles, but these basic and energetic four chord jams do the trick. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, no contact information)

NUCLEAR CULT – Mandatory shit right here! This is some of the fastest, angriest shit I've heard in a while. Ex members of Y and PINK FLAMINGOS, this is even a step up from that shit, just a total assault of noise, vocals are perfect, they even do a VIOLENT TUMOR cover. Even though it is very extreme, it has a total old school vibe to it, as opposed to nu-power violence style. Get into it. (Aaron) (9-song cassette, lyrics included not very nice PO Box 2 Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303-0002, USA, chaosonmusica@gmail.com)

PERRY H. MATTHEWS – Total '90s noise rock along the lines of JESUS LIZARD. Most bands that get that comparison can't hold a candle to David Yow's vocals, but this dude manages to pull it off pretty well. Clean guitar leads straight out of East Bay Ray's leftover tray and jerky song structures that do more than just hold my interest. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, c/o PO Box 6172, Omaha, NE 68106, www.doomtownrecords.com)

RADIATOR HOSPITAL – Oh, the things that one young man can do when given unlimited time and a multi track recorder. Michigan bedroom punk with JAWBREAKER and LEMONHEADS undertones, but really this is just too raw to make any accurate observations. There's something quaint about this that keeps me listening, but I couldn't recommend this to anyone but the most dedicated primitive pop fans. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, donation/stamps/trade c/o Sam Cook-Parrott, 215 College Ave., Apt.1, Grand Rapids, MI 49503)

RAT DAMAGE – Sacramento's RAT DAMAGE have been evolving since I first saw them about two years ago, and if this is what they are to become then look the fuck out. Meaty mid-tempo hardcore with enough disdain to fill a dozen SFA records packed into this four song cassette. The guitars overpower the whole recording, the way a punk record should sound, and when Ken growls "a pig is a fuckin' pig," you know he means it. RAT DAMAGE aren't all ire, however, the song "Kids" is a perfect look back at the (our) past from the perspective of someone who's involvement in the punk world hasn't waned over the last two decades: "then we lost ourselves/those dreams got shoved on the shelf/and now we're almost dead." The guitar riffs here borrow as much from hard rock as from hardcore, but to say that it simply works would be an unfair understatement, and the resulting attack moves from frustrated power to moody mystery without ever losing attention. Highly recommended. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, www.fybsrecords.com)

RAZORHOOF – Melodramatic metalcore, if that's even a legitimate genre title, that's not too produced and has an interesting swagger to the drums. Probably good for what it is, but songs that average four minutes and don't go anywhere don't really hold my attention. (Dan) (6-song CD, lyrics included, razorhoof.com)

RED FLAG – Michigan breeds one man bands like it used to breed quality automobiles, and sometimes those cars are a pleasure to drive. This model, South Haven's RED FLAG, would be well suited for graduating to an actual band, as many of these songs have a Midwestern, hook heavy charm that gets lost in the bedroom/drum machine haze. Most of these tunes clock in around the minute mark, and the hits here are top quality ("(I Won't Be Your) Facebook Friend" and "Waiting For Something" specifically), but it's hard to get over what's missing. It's like when you get into a four year old Ford Focus, but just yesterday you were driving one of them new Hybrid Fusion things so you know how good your driving experience really can be, but then you drive to the store anyway, and it's fine, but you really kinda want it to be better. You still get your sandwich, and you get home safely, but you are left wondering how sweet that drive would have been if Andrew had had the wherewithal to put together a real live band and turned "Slipping Through My Hands" into the total punk classic song that it *could* be. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, c/o Andrew Lersten, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49090)

ROUGH FRANCIS – Please don't refer to your band on the cover of your demo as "Vermont's Wildest Rock 'n Roll Group" and then bust our of the gate with ultra wimpy acoustic guitar laden BIG STAR styled jams. I like BIG STAR, I even like CHEAP TRICK sometimes, but I don't like DANKO JONES, and by the time ROUGH FRANCIS breaks loose on "Waiting" I could only think of JET without the tambourine. And I don't really think that JET is all that wild, but then perhaps Vermont is really unwild so that it doesn't take much to be the wildest? If the bands I referenced tickle your pickle, then this might just do the trick. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/roughfrancis)

SECRET SECRETIONS – Manic fast hardcore ska/punk three piece from Stevens Point, Wisconsin. Ultra chaotic with vocals and guitars spilling over themselves before the whole song dissolves into a laid back SCHLONG-esque ska cool down...and I haven't even made it to the second tune. SCHLONG mixed with CHOKING VICTIM, only two songs hit the two-minute mark. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/secretsecretions)

SECRET TOMBS – The tape came from a dilapidated but charming Pittsburgh suburb with a thinly veiled challenge from the band: a declaration that they cannot be described in a "this meets this" fashion. Don't you understand that we only do one thing here in the Demo Dungeon at MRRHQ? All we do is come up with inane, non-descriptive and utterly useless variations of " this meets this" meant to frustrate band members and befuddle potential fans... and now you try to take this from me? How dare you, SECRET TOMBS, how fucking dare you. I would describe this as NEIL YOUNG meets CALL ME LIGHTNING, or perhaps TAD meets early CULT. I could say that JESUS LIZARD meets SAMHAIN pretty much nails their sound, but then comes a noisy rock guitar lead and I'm wondering if maybe pre-*Toys In The Attic* AEROSMITH meets *Insesticide*-era NIRVANA might be more appropriate. But since I can't use any " this meets this" descriptors, I'll just say that this is loud rock music. Some parts I really like, some parts not so much...it's like something really good meets something that someone else thought was a great idea but the two good ideas are having a hard time trying to figure out how to take each other's pants off. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, $5ppd c/o 620 Charles Way, Braddock, PA 15104)

SEX OBJECTS – Noisy, electronic basement punk...the things kids can do with computers these days! A couple of the slower tunes could easily slip into some modern sounding category like "cold wave," but I don't find SEX OBJECTS self-indulgent enough to really pull off that moniker. Distorted and ugly sounding, with a vocalist who sounds like he would rather be doing something else half the time, but in a premeditated and cool way. Remember that JAY REATARD electronic record? Yeah, well this ain't as good or as crazy as that, but you get the general idea... and I'll still give it a thumbs up. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, c/o 32031 Williamsburg, St. Clair Shores, MI 48082, mikefleshwave@gmail.com)

SHARK MATTER – With a name like SHARK MATTER and a record entitled "Chum Bucket," I thought that there would be more of a shark theme. I mean, sharks are pretty much the perfect killing machines, how could you *not* write some killer jams about them? Instead we get groove-laden garage rock that is a little slow, causing the vocalist to carry out some lyrics in kind of a cynical and bored sounding twang. The result is a weird kind of bluesy punk that probably goes over good live. I can't figure out if these guys are a tongue-in-cheek thing or not, but they sound kind of sarcastic. (Brad) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, sharkmatter@gmail.com, www.sharkmatter.net)

SICK FUCK – I just plowed through three mostly acoustic demos and tossed two corporate pretend punk promo discs, so to say that SICK FUCK is a pleasant addition to the muck that's swimming between my ears would be an understatement. Burly New Jersey hardcore that's fast, heavy, and wastes not a single second fucking around. The ascending guitar riff in "Who Will Save The Widow's Son" is enough to sell me outright, but SICK FUCK do everything else right as well. Get crushed by the slow, but they don't waste a lot of time doing it—get in, get out, then get back to the business of hardcore. Solid shit. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd from grounduprecords.blogspot.com)

SIGNALS – *Maleficia* This cassette only release probably doesn't fit *MRR*'s "punk" criteria, but I'll take these dark synth drenched proto-industrial tracks over some third rate pop punk any day. Keyboards make up the bulk of the sound, with generous use of samplers and found instruments and affected vocals quash any doubts one might have as to the direction SIGNALS are taking. This is total late '80s/early'90s electronic industrial music, with guitars and more than enough balls and originality to completely hook this reviewer. Side B starts with "Harmful Magic," a psych/prog extended jam that screams MAGMA and allows the guitarist to wail away for what some folks might consider "too long" (I could listen to it all morning). Derivative? Probably so, but SIGNALS sound totally original to these ears, like they are taking their influences and building on them instead of aping

them...great shit. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, $5 from: www.linearbtapes.bigcartel.com)

SNAKEPIT – A high energy banger from Toronto, super pissed song assail MTV, gentrification, hipsters and humanity as a whole with an early '00s ferocity. DS13 comes to mind, as does TEAR IT UP, but SNAKEPIT are more deliberate than either. "I'm not waiting for the world to burn // I'm gonna be the flame." Great shit. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o Stephen Perry, 21 Foundry Ave., Unit S, Toronto, ON M6H 4K7 CANADA)

SOBRIETY HIGH – Already finished, according to the internet, but this Western Mass hardcore outfit left us with a lurching four song assault tinged with hate, anger, and a serious low end rumble. Tough as shit and uncompromising in their attack, there are plenty of chugs and breakdowns (including one that starts with a sweet mosh call: "I'm calling you out!"), but a hint of melody gives SOBRIETY HIGH the staying power that lots of band of this ilk lack. No hint of subtlety here, these dudes go straight for the throat. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, galambisrecords.webs.com)

TERMINAL GIRLS – *Discophobia* Like the SPITS, but with no guitars and a drum machine, playing fast electroclash dance punk. If you are still reading after that sentence, then this is your new jam. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o 32031 Williamsburg, St. Clair Shores, MI 48082, terminalgirls@gmail.com)

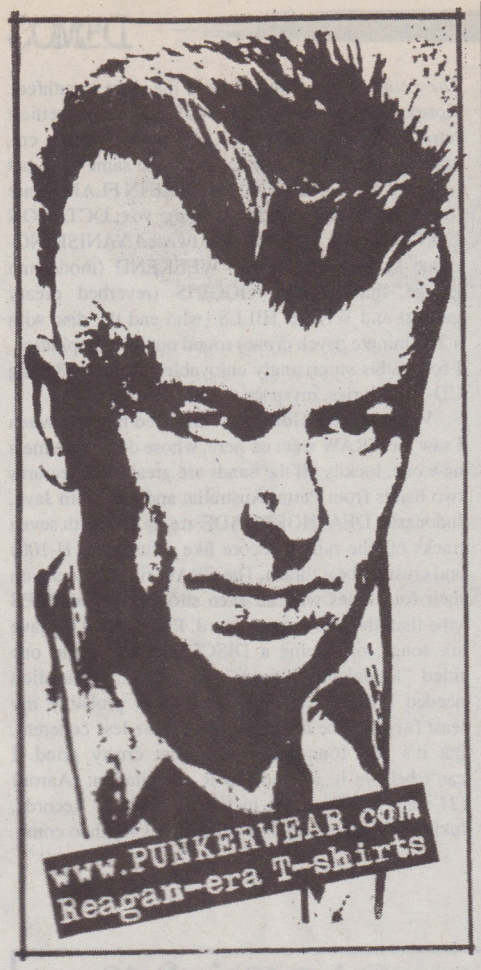
TERMINAL GIRLS – *Invisible Ills* See above review, but these songs are a little darker, and the vocals are more demented sounding. "Man Inside My Brain" is a legit good song, even when delivered with just bass and electronics. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o 21620 Hoffman, St. Clair Shores, MI 48082, terminalegirls@gmail.com)

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – Get out your dancing shoes, this demo got my feet tapping by the end of the opening riff. The band hails from Sweden and has an aggressive poppy-ness to their sound that makes me want to see them live, but there is also a darker, melancholy vibe in there that convinces me that these kids would be fun to drink with. The woman singing for this band just straight up sounds rad, full-throated and packed with attitude, no screeching, but more like singing with an underlying howl. Think JOAN JETT or a female Spencer from MURDER CITY DEVILS. The guitar work also kept me interested through every song, solid garage rock ethos but in a mid-tempo punk band. Shares members with SISTA SEKUNDEN and PRETTY WHORES. Recommended. (Brad) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/terriblefeelings, terriblefeelings@gmail.com)

TODESKRIEG – This one is a ripper, two man hardcore out of LA, kind of a mix of old school grind and Swedish hardcore The songs that aren't just 30 seconds bursts of speed totally remind me of BLACK UNIFORMS. Only drag is that the recording is a little thin, and they use a drum machine, I would love to hear this shit with a fuller recording. Unfortunately, I think this was a one off deal, and the band already broke up. (Aaron) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, noizepug73@aol.com)

V/A – "The Leopard Tape" – Despite the title, this is a CD-R packaged in purple leopard, I guess *The Leopard CD-R* didn't have the right mouthfeel. Horror-billy from THE THINGS; Europe's prettiest retro psych band WITCHCRAFT with an album cut, and DR. MESMER play basically the same style but looser; WELCOMIN' COMMITTEE IN FLAMES are '60s garage punk with female gang vox; OCTAGON CONTROL are my fave with twisted VANISHING-esque synth punk; WILD WEEKEND (mod/synth garage shits), THE WIGGINS (reverbed dreary garage) and WHITE HILLS (who end the disc with a 20+ minute psych drone) round out the compilation. I found this surprisingly enjoyable. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/dottordark)

V/A – "Noisy Goreng" – Grabbed this one when I saw the CRAW were on here, whose demo tore me a new one, luckily all the bands are great. This features two bands from Perth, Australia, and two from Java, Indonesia. DEATHGRENADE are up first with seven tracks off the rails hardcore like a fusion of H-100s and crusty d beat thrash. The CRAW rip it up again on their four tunes with an even stronger VOORHEES vibe than the last songs I heard. PROJEKBABI have six songs, one being a DISCLOSE cover and one titled "Kawakami Forever", no further explanation needed I hope. KRASSKEPALA are probably my least favorite, the songs are just a little less coherent, but it's still four tracks of decent crusty grind. I can't believe it, a good CD-R compilation. (Aaron) (21-song CD-R, lyrics included, Nuclfear Records, lukkeler@gmail.com, livefastdiedrunk@yahoo.com)



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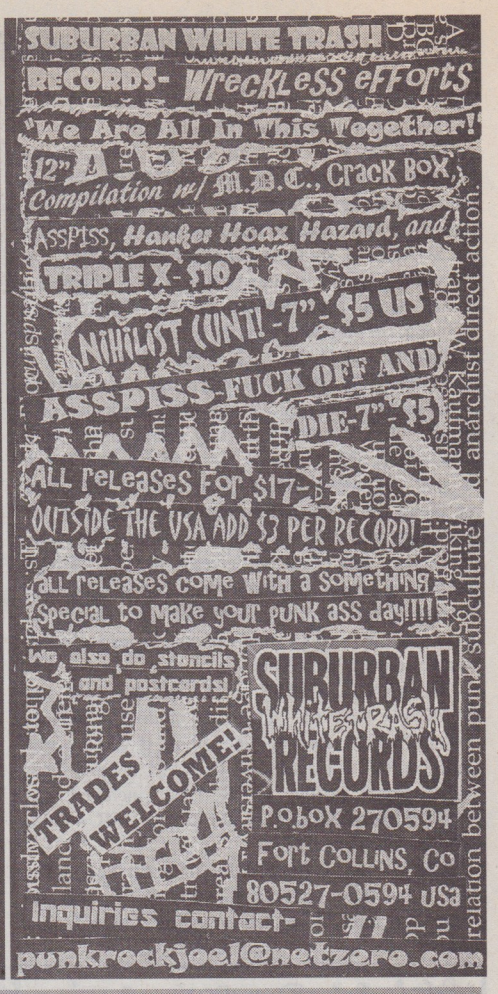

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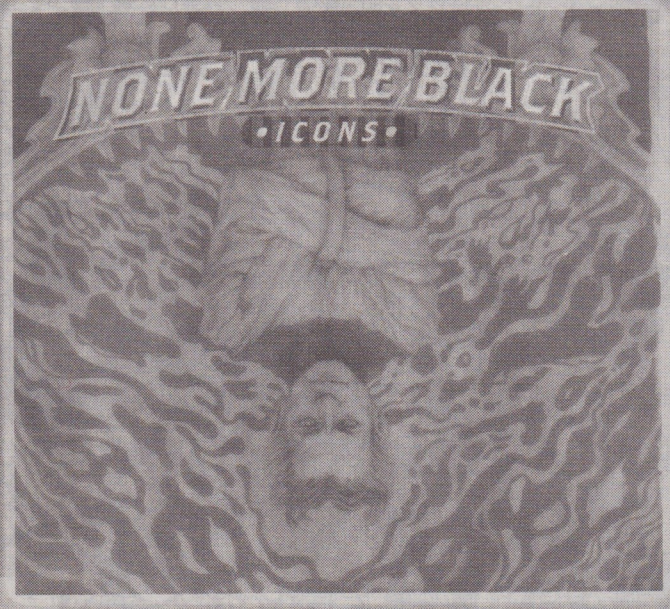

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Reviews by:
(DA) Diane Anastasio
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(TB) Tim Brooks
(DG) Dan Goetz
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(BG) Bob Goldie
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens
(VX) XYosefX

ABORT! #23 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs
A compilation zine of science fiction short stories. It's all pretty in the vein of Ray Bradbury, lots of post apocalyptic, technology-taken-over, darkness of the sinister future type stuff. The writing varies from story to story but is decent throughout. Almost all the stories are on the depressing side, but a real good read all together. (MM)
Jonathan Spies / 45 E 7th st #106 / New York, NY 10003

ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO #45 / $1 + 3 stamps / trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
Wow, I can't believe that *Absolutely Zippo* is still around! I remember this rag from the golden age of zines back in the late '80s / early '90s, when dumpster diving and scamming were all the rage. Living in Florida at the time, *Absolutely Zippo* and *Cometbus*, along with *MRR* of course, instilled a vision in my head that the East Bay / SF scene was the mecca of everything punk. *Absolutely Zippo* was among the pioneers in the personal journal approach from the eyes of an anarchist searching for meaning in a nonsensical social environment; the typical format of band interviews and reviews was secondary to that of observation and reflection. And so here we are with issue forty five, meaning that obviously some time has been taken off between issues, but nothing has really changed at all over the years—the words are still punched out on a typewriter, complete with grammatical errors and all, and the photocopied images are still grainy and sloppily cut-and-pasted. In short, this is fantastic! Topics this time around include a lengthy and honest consideration of Green Day's role in the modern pop culture world, specifically in light of their recent success with the play *American Idiot*. Knowing that Green Day was sort of connected to this zine back in the day makes the essay even more significant being printed in these pages. There are also a few pages of travel journal from a journey up and down the state of California on little to no budget, short rants on postmodernism and punk, and some reviews as well. Just as good as always, I'm already looking forward to the next issue...but will it be another year? (BG)
Absolutely Zippo / PO Box 4985 / Berkeley, CA 94704

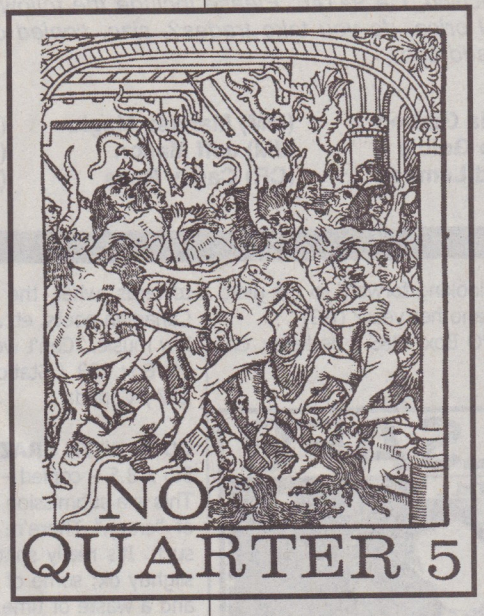
BROKEN PENCIL #48 / $5.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 68 pgs
It's great that zines have so much support that I can talk shit on this "magazine of zine culture and the independent arts" and not worry that a delicate support system will be decimated. The columns and comics are dull and uninspiring. (Seriously, these are the blandest comics I've ever seen.) The piece on the homeless zinester (hyped on the cover as "make $20 a day selling your zines on the street") has the timid, balanced approach known to be safe for college, liberals, etc. The state paid to have it written, but I've seen Canadian zines where the state paid for "advocacy journalism" of a more radical nature. There are a lot of zine reviews, but no punk zines. (They do review the Toronto punk history book, *Treat Me Like Dirt*.) There is some material I'm more neutral on, like how to assemble an arcade-style video game and a piece on mail art. This magazine gives me the impression that they tailor their material towards what the state will pay for—great Canadian poets, etc. This thing is like nice, mellow music. "Can't we all get along?" (JM)
PO Box 203 / Station P / Toronto, ONT / M5S 2S7 / Canada

COOL WITH CRAZY / free or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 42 pgs
This is a submission based zine with the subject of "crazy." There're stories and drawings and such. It's really shitty. Some of the stories are slightly ok; some of them are fucking offensive and a waste of time. Overall fucking worthless. (MM)
wecoolwithcrazy@gmail.com

ESCHEW #2 / $5 ppd
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 40 pgs
Eschew is a collection of comics presented in the same spare and quiet style that is evocative of old issues of *Optic Nerve* or *Eightball*. Both the art and the writing is of quality even if the subjects—favorite sweaters, adolescent mayhem and video games are a bit thin. Robert's put a quality publication that will hopefully develop further as future issues are created. (CR)
Spark Plug Comic Books / PO Box 10952 / Portland, OR 97296-0952
robertsergel@gmail.com

FAILSAFE #? / $?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 28 pgs
The cover of this rag says it all: It's a blown out picture of Mike Palm from Agent Orange with his hands in a kind of "whaddya want from me" gesture, raised eyebrows and caustic bugged out eyes. He has spikey hair and studded bracelets and a shirt with a skeleton on it, beneath the banner "...PUNK AND BEYOND..." as if this is what we have to look forward to: still wearing an outfit that you could buy from Hot Topic except for the wrinkles. Apparently this magazine is unofficially about aging—I run across a lot of zines like this where the person who puts it together seems to be either really out of touch with the music of today or just unapologetically more interested in shit that went down 25+ years ago. The outcome is of course interviews with old people who are

sometimes not even playing music at all anymore and don't have much to say or can't even really remember any juicy shit about the olde days. This zine is a little different than the typical fare. For one thing, at least everyone he interviews still plays music. Mike Palm (from Agent Orange,) Alejandro Escovedo (from the Nuns and Rank and File,) Lindsey Anderson (from Vatican Commandos) and Hocky (from Instant Agony) round out the interviews featured. I am also interested in olde tymes but I usually try to find out about it from original source material—not everyone can be Lance Hahn (in fact, no one can) HOWEVER the stories that come out of this batch of interviews are worthwhile. For one thing, Alejandro calls out the editor for not being that interested in his current project and you can feel the tension there. It's exciting. Also Lindsey does dish some details about her experience playing music when not that many women were respected for doing so, it is off the cuff and you can tell she hasn't been suffering over it (which is positive!) I do get the sense that he picked her to be interviewed because she is more accessible than some of the other former members (like Moby for example?) and not because he was as interested in her unique feminine contribution, but hey, whatever. Also Mike Palm seems to be exuberant and still engaged, however dorky looking, and he has some tidbits about sharing a scene with Middle Class and the Adolescents. Still...the question remains, as it is not answered here in any sort of satisfying way, what is to come of us as we get older? How can we still participate without obsessing over our projects from our youths, continue to care, be relevant and inspiring and not become alienated by the new punks that come up after? You decide. (JB)
failsafezine@yahoo.com
63 Milton Street / Derby DE22 3PA / United Kingdom



GERMINATION #1 "Spring" / $2-3 ppd
5.5 x 6.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Since I got it, I have carried this zine around with me everywhere, tenderly smoothing out the crunched pages and licking off the coffee/smoothie drops that have become stains. I ruminate the layers, sift through diagrams and reassess my views as I learn more about my own politics and ignorance. I show it to everyone, wishing I could just give it out but it is way too precious to leave my hands. Not only is it incredibly beautiful—hand lettered, intricately illustrated and simply but classically sparse in its layout—but also completely politically cogent and right on, inspiring, thoughtful, and invigorating in every way. It is the narrative of an ongoing project, an urban vegetable farm in San Francisco that is activist medium and community mission, small business and deliberate, compassionate model for making the world we want to live in. Caitlyn and Brooke started the project when they realized the city didn't have the jobs they wanted, and they saw a distinct opportunity to put all their politics into action, and enjoy challenges that arose. They discuss the impossibilities they face with the courage and gusto of activist diehards (maximum idealism,) tempered with the reality of living in a Capitalist framework, yet retaining integrity with highly articulated, educated arguments and explanations. They cover many aspects and issues of small and large scale food economies in a concise booklet. I don't have to tell you how expensive land is around here, and how nobody values the role of farmers in the economy. But food production is tied to every facet of oppression on a global scale, and because there is no choice about whether we eat or don't eat, most people choose not to think about it. I ask you to. Not that everyone should stop what they are doing and grow their own food right now (although it isn't a hopeless pursuit, just an unrealistic endeavor for a lot of people.) I just want you to think about the artificially low price of food, how it is dependent on devastatingly underpaid immigrant labor and subsidized by a government that doesn't consider any "cost" of environmental impact (not to mention our health.) Vegans, anarchists, environmentalists, primitivists, intellectuals, foodies, luddites, punx, feminists, and all crossovers or segments of subculture I have just left out, all of us have something to gain from the ideas here. It's more than a zine, it is by far one of the most thoughtful DIY publications I've encountered in years. I can't recommend it highly enough. (JB)
www.littlecitygardens.com

GET DORKED #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 21 pgs
These dorks are goin' for a *Bomp!*-esque read, with a little too much of a rockabilly edge for this reader to get too into it. If you like your reading material laced with a hint of pulp fiction, B-movie action, sordid '50s rock'n'roll gossip, with an added helping of Mummies reunion news, this little booklet will neatly do the trick! (LG)
Get Dorked HQ / 1828 N 51st St / Seattle, WA 98103

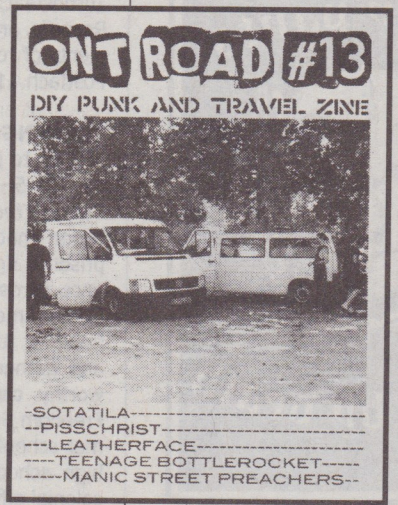
GO FUCK YOURSELF #1 **/ ONT ROAD** #13 **/ $2**
5.5 x 8.5 / copied / 40 pgs
Don't be fooled by the #1 next to *Go Fuck Yourself* as this isn't editor Anth Palmer's first trip to the rodeo. Stalwart of the UK scene Palmer may be familiar to some as creator of Duhh, Dingo Baby and singer of Embittered. I've known Anth for a couple of decades and it really is a treat to see him back in print. His new incarnation is mostly personal stories of his travels across the globe (From LA to Russia to China). His writing style is engaging—less perzine and more Bukowski or Fante. Short, sharp and to the point. He also chucks in a great little interview with sludge merchants Thou. Great to have you back mate! The flip *Ont Road* is a perfect fit with Anth's style. Luke also has a bunch of travel writing (a tour diary of a Euro trip with Pisschrist and Sotatila) as well as writing about Darts and Football, which is great reading and a refreshing change from most "punk" zines. There's some music writing in there too (Leatherface, Teenage Bottlerocket etc). I loved both these zines and charged through them in one sitting. Highly recommended. (TB)
Luke Blackburn, 14 Hessle Mount / Leeds, LS6 1EP / United Kingdom

HEY RONNIE #6 / $2 or write for int'l rate
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
It's good to see this zine get better with every issue, and it just hit me that this is one of at least two zines and several demos that have come out of 1142 Illini Dr, O'Fallon, IL, so kudos to the residents of this house for your continued activity. This time around, Martin does a worthwhile interview with Nuclear Family, a St. Louis scene report that's more entertaining than informative, a review of a show he attended in Wisconsin, some demo reviews that definitely show promise, and ends things with a piece on *We Jam Econo* that's OK, but doesn't offer any new perspective on a film that came out a few years ago. The cut-and-paste layout does the job well, he comes up with a cool assembled page background and front and back covers, and the photos and flyers are reprinted clearly. He writes in an above average style that's flippant at times and earnest at others, and pretty hyper and enthusiastic throughout, but I feel like this zine would benefit from him laying off the hyperbole and hero worship and developing his own voice. That said, everyone has to start somewhere, the zine writers he's influenced by have had at least a ten-year head start and their own missteps, and I offer this criticism mostly because I think this zine has a lot of potential. But for fuck's sake, get a stapler. (DG)
c/o Martin Meyer / 1142 Illini Dr. / O'Fallon, IL
martinpoop@msn.com

THE INNER SWINE vol. 16, issue ?, summer 2010 / $2 ppd
5.5 x 8 – copied – 104 pgs
One thing this pig Jeff Somers is doing right is keeping his cost low. The summer installment of his long running festival of ranting and complaining is totally thick (no ads) and priced to lose money on every issue. For all the negativi-

ty he displays, there must be some love of writing and publishing underneath. You can check out a lot of his writing on the web to see if his grim, cynical stabs at humor are appropriate for you. If you're asking me, I'm sayin' don't bother. This issue continues his trend of getting less interesting as the years go by, and you can bet not a moment was wasted/invested in the editing process. (JM)
POB 3024 / Hoboken. NJ 07030 / www.innerswine.com

MEDIA JUNKY #12 / $1 ppd
5.5 x 4.5 – copied – 16 pgs
I suppose if you are reading this –or any zine review in this magazine, you like zines. If this is the case, I'd imagine that you'd enjoy *Media Junky*—a collection of zine reviews in a readable but rough cut-n-paste style. Most of the zines reviewed are of a political nature but Jason's coverage is wide enough to include chapbooks and poet. Also included are two pages of music reviews. This very solid effort achieves its goal of promoting DIY publications. (CR)
Jason Roberts / PO Box 8512 / Albany, NY 12208



MUSEO #176
7 x 8.5 – copied – 7 pages
This reads like a pamphlet you'd find on the ground, authored by some wingnut with a Public Access show, with the formatting of a text-only webpage from 1994. Incoherent ramblings about "post-band music," "government reform ideas" that include city hall employees escorting civilians, his theory that being underweight is linked to unresolved fear, ideas he has for TV shows that sound pretty awful, and so forth. I don't really know what the fuck he's talking about most of the time, but he seems pretty proud of his own accomplishments, whatever they are exactly. Maybe he and Goddess Kring should go on a date. (DG)
c/o Tom Hendricks / 4000 Hawthorne #5 / Dallas, TX 75219-2275

NEGATIVE REACTION #14 / no price
8 x 6 – copied – 44 pgs
Cool punk fanzine from Great Britain. Standard fanzine layout: interviews, reviews and political commentary—although there was no intro or column from the editor. The page on the back of the front cover jumped straight into an interview with LAST ROUGH CAUSE. Which was a bit odd. The intro/letter from the editor is always such a great way to get a feel for the zine. You know where the content is coming from. If it's written by some excited 16 year old, or some 38 year old burnout who just likes talking shit. I just had to read the dang thing to find out. It feels like the writer was somewhere in between. Someone a little older but still really excited about what's happening right now. Coverage is mostly about music in the UK, but they also interview a Swedish band, Perkele. Other bands interviewed Loudmouth and Keyside Strike. Also in the book review section, there was a positive review of Stephen Blush's American Hardcore. Making me seriously question the integrity of Negative Reaction. Just kidding, but seriously, that book sucked! Record reviews, DVD reviews, zine reviews and even an article shit talking on Tony Blair. Wait a minute, when did this come out? (FS)
trevhagl@hotmail.com

NODE PAJOMO / $1 USA, $2 world
5 x 4 – copied – 24 pgs
This is basically a mailart networking zine. It has listings for everything from addresses for mailart exhibitions to zines looking for contributors to mixtape exchanges. Kind of made me think of *Baitline* but it more stays within the confines of things concerning mail. There were little art stamps and weird tiny flyers stapled inbetween all the pages, which made me pretty giddy. Real cool project. (MM)
PO BOX 2632 / Bellingham, WA 98227

ONE WAY TICKET TO CUBESVILLE #8 / † 2.50
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pages
The only bad thing I can think of saying about this fanzine is that I sometimes had a hard time translating the UK slang, for instance, nobody ever told me that "bog" means toilet over there and I wondered why it was suggested I read the zine while sitting in a swampy marsh. Other than that, this 'zine was pretty excellent. The interviews include rad bands like Cock Sparrer, Ahab, Discharge, and (the terribly named) Star Fucking Hipsters. There are food pages and an historical essay on the Ranters, 17th century radicals who sound a lot like punks but during the English Civil War. I also dug the cut-out action figures, the punk rock pub quiz, and the Vinyl Countdown section. Witty and with more character than the average fanzine, Cubesville is a testament to what can be done with some scissors and glue sticks. I also hadn't heard that nautical-themed doom gods Ahab has a third record out, I'm going to go and order it now. (BL)
Cubesville / PO Box 4388 / Manchaster / M61 OFL / United Kingdom
Cubesville@hotmail.com

PLASTIC BOMB #71 / 6.50 Euro
8 x 10 – printed – 80 pgs – German
As always this long running German zine is great to look at. Can't understand a lick as it's all German, but if you speak the language I'm sure you already subscribe. Leaning towards more of the streetpunk world his issue has the Freeze, Eye For An Eye, Leatherface amongst others, tons of reviews, political articles etc. Also comes with a sampler CD with 31 bands from across the globe playing everything from Oi!, ska to hardcore (the best being DEADLINE, COBRA and DOA). If you can muddle through any German you'd be a mug not to get this. (TB)
www.plasticbomb.de

PLOPPY PANTS #11 / £1.50 in the UK, £2 in Europe, £4 US/worldwide
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 39 pgs
I'm sure this zine has already taken shit (ha!) for its unfortunate name, so I won't dwell on that. I will say, however, that this is my first exposure to this zine and that I am impressed. In this issue, he interviews Terveet Kadet, Injakmati from Indonesia and Metralleta from the Basque Country, and his interview questions take on a conversational tone that also show that he's researched his subjects and is doing the interviews as much for his own curiosity as that of his readers. Other than that, pretty much all of his writing is enthusiastic and informative, whether he's writing about Dio, why he went vegan (even as a vegan myself, I find most writing on the subject nauseating, but his piece is a rare exception to the rule), reviewing records, or summing up the best of 2009. The layout is cool, a tad comical without letting goofiness get in the way, and peppered with visual referenced to Motorhead and the "G-beat" which I think he put there to elude his readers, or maybe I'm just oblivious. (DG)
dirty_little_punk@hotmail.com

QUIERO SOÑAR DESPIERTA / $1 or trades
5.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
Ok. So the descriptions I am going to give this will not do this Spanish / English language zine justice. Actually, I can pretty much guarantee that what ever description I give this will send you running in the opposite direction, but I am gonna say right now that this zine covers some fairly awful shit in an insightful and smart way. This is written by a queer Latina woman and reads sort of like a collection spoken work pieces / stories. So, yeah it's a perzine. It covers personal stories and revelations about sexual abuse, sexual assault, self-abuse, being queer, cultural differences and the struggle to find a place and love for your culture, which sometimes pulls you to love and hate the self, and others within your culture, at the same time. It is done in a poetic way with out the cheese and pretension that I absolutely despise. This girl is in the shit and making her way out. She makes no apologies and is raw in exposing herself. So even though these topics could be self indulgent, this zine reads more like the travel upward and anger finding strength against those who have wronged her. Well done and inspiring. (MB)
carinaruizaguilar@gmail.com / 850 Camino Pescadero #8 / Goleta, CA 93117

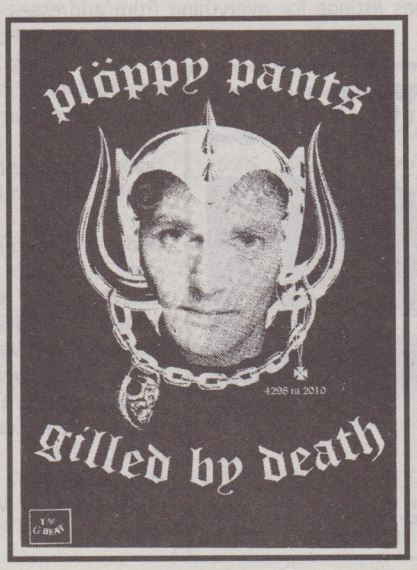
RAZORCAKE #57 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 112 pages
This issue focused less on music and more on politics and culture than the usual Razorcake. There is an interview with Noam Chomsky that

is more interesting than reading his books and explores a few of Chomsky's views on current events that you might not have heard yet. There is also a pretty long essay about filmmaker Pedro Almodovar, as well as the second part of the interview with The Undertakers, and a Q and A with Snoop Dogg. In the reviews section they thrash the Young Generals demo 7 inch pretty prominently, which will make for a fun phone call I'm about to make to my friend Curt who sings in that band. (BL)
Razorcake / PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

SLINGSHOT #103 / $1.00 trade okay, free to prisoners
11.5 x 17.5 – printed – 20pgs
Super awesome far leftist political rag here. Slingshot is a long running radical politics zine from Berkeley California. It consistently comes out like clockwork four times a year, and is always a great read. The coverage ranges from thoughtful social commentary to political editorials. Covering the local to the international, and everything in between. There are too many topics to name them all, but among the more interesting articles were: questioning monogamy, squatting in San Francisco, gender politics in the Olympics, and surviving in Haiti. They are easy reads on complex topics. Open your mind! Punks love reading. (FS)
Slingshot / 3124 Shattuck Ave. / Berkeley, CA 94705

STANDARD ISSUE #10 / Free
8.5 x 11 – printed – 32 pgs
This is a free Ottawa Canada zine that focuses on a garage-y, Terminal Boredom type stuff of which I am no part, but this shit is funny as all hell and gets me genuinely interested in giving the bands interviewed a listen. The interviews are funny, sometimes goofy and read like a good conversation at a shitty party (that's a good thing). There are interviews with Dirty Donny, Mean Jeans Get a Life Losers and Indian Wars. The record review section is called "Shitty / Not Shitty," as these are the final two verdicts chosen to describe each record, and covers everything from Dark Throne to Marked Men with various reviews of the album artwork as well. I have to admit that my favorite stuff in the zine has little to do with music and more to do with the articles in between. There is "The Sanguine Article" that focuses on stories of an operating room orderly, a section dedicated to movie recommendations for those that are no stranger to the bong, a guide on how to shrink heads that is somehow hilarious and culturally sensitive at the same time, and, among other things, comics of which I am a huge fan. The writers of this zine are definitely "bros" (even one lady Bro) crossed with that weird, awkward egalitarian friendliness that Canadians are sorta known for. Not that the zine loses any edge. The writing had me "laughing out loud." For real. This shit makes me wanna go to Ottawa to hang out because a town with a killer free zine like this and funny dudes that can keep up with the party can't be half bad. Can't wait to read the next one. Get your hands on this, it's fucking good!
(MB)
Jensen_ben@hotmail.com / PO Box 87002 / Ottawa, ON K2P 1X0 / Canada

SUBCULTURE SPIRIT #2 / 2.5 Euro
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 72 pgs
I really like genre specific zines that dig deep into their chosen field. This Canadian Oi zine has a bunch of interviews with bands like the Templars, Corps, Marching Orders as well as older bands like the Buzzcocks And Pointed Sticks, all of which are more than decent. As well as that there are articles about a skin run



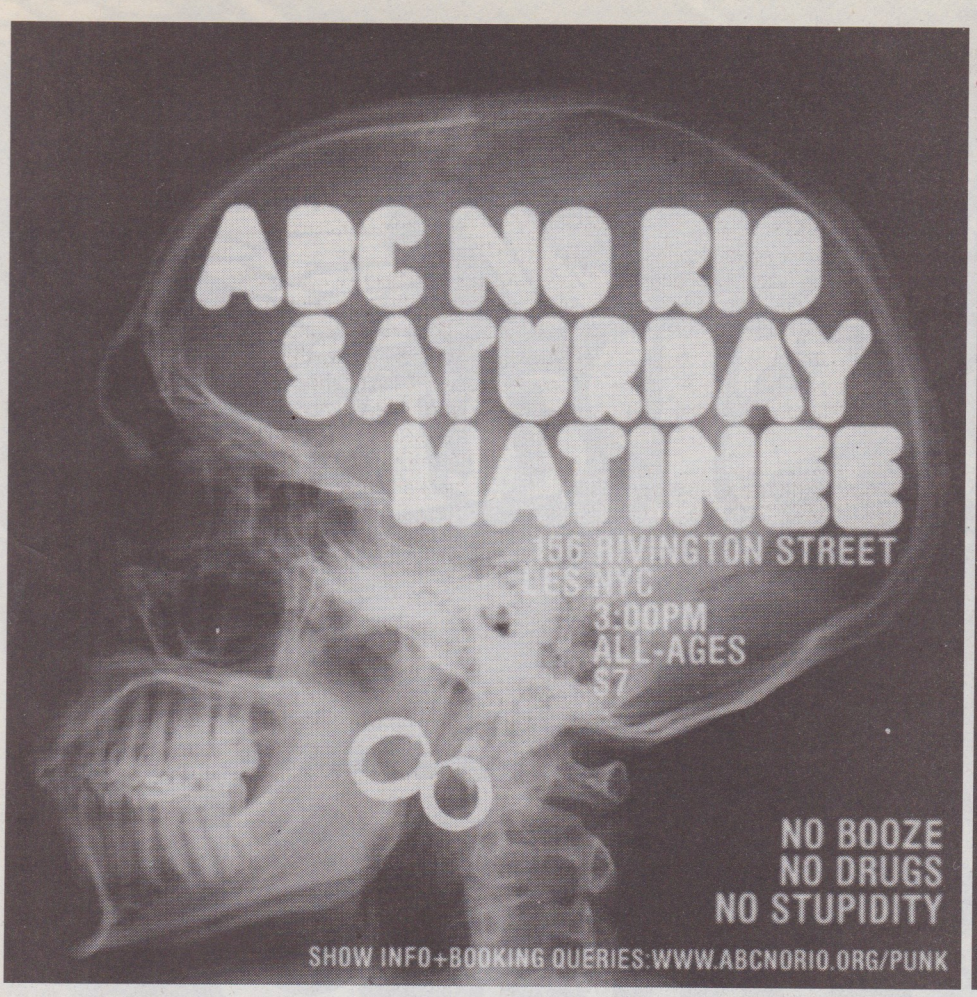
tattoo shop, Northern Soul and a top ten by the creators of Crazee Kids Sound blog (the folks who brought us the *Boot Power* comps and opened a lot of folks' eyes to hard Glam). I can take or leave a lot of Oi, but I really enjoyed reading this zine. Well worth checking out if you have even a passing interest in the genre. (TB)
subculturespirit@hotmail.com

TNS RECORDS FANZINE #9 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
There is no shortage of promotional material masquerading as culture. This "zine" is basically one huge advertisement. Not that there is anything wrong with that per se, they aren't pretending it isn't a catalogue, and if you are a fan of the label you would want to get their updates and read short interviews that really just publicize the upcoming tours. I just don't understand why it ended up in my box instead of the record reviewers section—I don't review records for a reason*. It came with a CD of one of their newest bands, Bootscraper, whose cover art looks like Santana's circa Rob Thomas musical collaborations and sounds like a Weird Al version of Flogging Molly but the promo clip says "for fans of Gogol Bordello and Tom Waits." I can't tell why the kids are so into Steam Punk. At least it is clear that the label is run by a group of really enthusiastic music lovers as a totally non-profit project. To be fair there is also a section of columns that range from liberal political pontification to gushing over the bands of the moment, and exposure of an organization called Sophie whose aim is to end prejudice and intolerance among subcultures. There are also some reviews and pictures. (JB)
*My roommates Sean and Hannah were instrumental in the record review part of this
info@tnsrecords.co.uk

TRUST #142 / 2.5 euro
8.5 x 11.75 – printed – 68 pgs – German
I don't read German, but I can see that the photos look great, there's plenty to read, and the layout isn't fancy for its own sake. There is a long interview with the old New York band Yuppicide, but I can't tell what occasioned the talk—if they toured Europe again or some dude died or what. Also interviewed are C. Aarme, Turbostaat, Death Before Dishonor, Discorporate Records, and Sniffing Glue (the band). There are plenty of reviews of all kinds of punk stuff. (JM)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE Vol.23, #3 / $16 annually (free to prisoners)
17 x 11.5 – printed – 8 pgs
Turning the Tide is a consistently reliable publication that keeps tabs on anti-racist activism, prisoner rights and other movements of resistance across the world (but mostly focusing on North America). More than simple coverage, however, the journal actively promotes events and gatherings, as well as lending support to worthy causes such as the George Jackson Freedom Summer Coalition (an alternative summer school program for students of middle and high school age) featured in this issue. Anti-colonial efforts in Puerto Rico are addressed this time around, as well as updates on activism in Canada. What I found to be most interesting was the brief history of the British Petroleum Corporation written by Mumia Abu-Jamal. BP was once known as the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and plundered Iran's resources and people, setting the precedent for events leading up to much of the problems plaguing the Middle East today. Another noteworthy article in this issue regards Rand Paul, the Tea Party and the rise of mainstream acceptance for right wing politics that cater to racist sentiments in the US. Being only eight pages, the journal is a quick yet highly informative resource to stay updated on current events. Write to the address below and lend your support. (BG)
Anti Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232-1055
www.antiracistaction.org /
antiracistaction_la@yahoo.com

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #27 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 72 pgs
Another issue of the zine obsessive's *Reader's Digest*. It seems like zines are dying out, especially when you think in terms of the '90s zine explosion, and this little guide nobly traces some of the architects of said explosion, and points you in the direction of the people who continue forth in the world of xerox immortalization. There are columnists who recommend zines, a section of zine reviews and... in short enough about zines to keep the most rabid mail hound in home made reading material for the rest of the year. (LG)
www.leekinginc.com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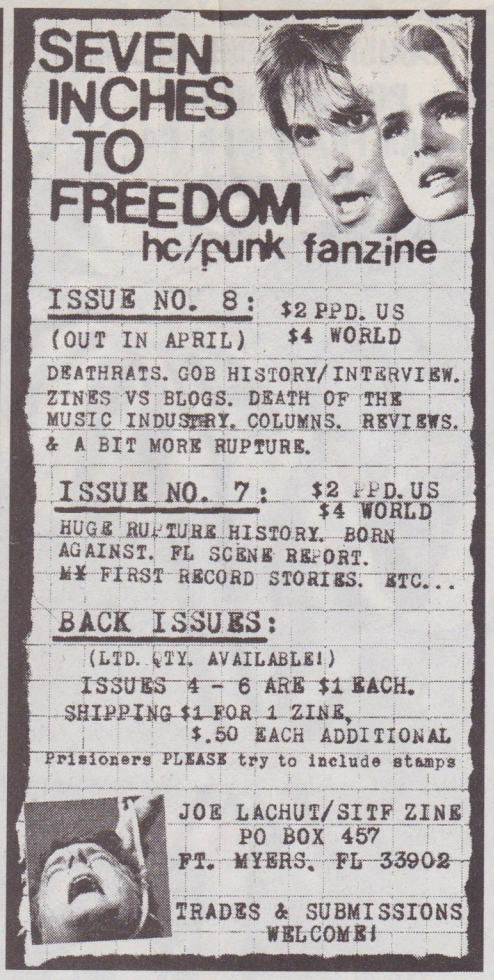
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